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China Series

John S. and Caroline Service Oral History Project

Caroline Service

STATE DEPARTMENT DUTY IN CHINA, THE McCARTHY ERA, AND AFTER, 1933-1977

Volume II

An Interview Conducted by
Rosemary Levenson

Copy No. 1

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CAROLINE SERVICE, aged 87, wife of JOHN STEWART SERVICE, died on November 18, 1997 in Oakland, California.

Mrs. Service was a native of Kansas City. She met her husband at Oberlin College. They were married in Haiphong, French Indo-China, in 1933. The Services served successively in Kunming, Beijing, and Shanghai. After World War Ii, they were posted in Wellington, New Delhi and Liverpool, from whence they retired in 1962.

Mr. Service was a victim of "who lost China" hysteria, popularly attributed to Senator Joseph McCarthy which led to his dismissal from theForeign Service in 1951. After a unanimous Supreme Court decision in his favor, he won reinstatement in 1957. Mrs. Service recounted her participation and reaction to those events in an oral history and in the chapter "Partners in Catastrophe" in Jewell Fenzi's book MARRIED TO THE FOREIGN SERVICE. Mr. Service was awarded DACOR's Foreign Service Cup in 1994 for distinguished achievement after retirement. An honor and recognition shared fully by Mrs. Service, which Mr. Service himself outlined in his moving remarks on that 1994 Foreign Service Day.

Mrs. Service is survived by her husband JOHN STEWART SERVICE, of Oakland, California; one daughter, Virginia McCormick of Chevy Chase, Maryland, two sons, Philip Service of Flagstaff, Arizona and Ambassador Robert Service of Washington, D.C.; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Jack & Caroline Service
Palace Museum
October, 1971

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INTRODUCTION

Caroline Service and I first met in Washington, on December 8, 1945. We shared the bond of being married to Foreign Service Officers, and of having lived in the Orient. My husband Marshall and her brother-in-law, Richard Service, had shared an apartment in 1941, preparing for the Foreign Service examinations. Richard was our host at this meeting, and Jack was still abroad. I felt especially drawn to Caroline, knowing something of what she had been through. After enduring a long wartime separation, Jack had returned the previous spring a hero. His reports from China as General Stilwell's political adviser, and especially his 1944 reports from the caves of Yenan where he came to know the leaders of the Long March, had earned him an unheard of double promotion. Then came the shock of his arrest June 6, 1945, in connection with the Amerasia case, and the birth of their last child on the day of Jack's appearance before the grand jury in August.

I found that throughout all these traumas Caroline remained, then as now, spirited, warm, outgiving, and philosophical. I was eager to foster this new friendship, but we were assigned to our first overseas post in New Zealand, departing almost immediately.

By wonderful coincidence, Jack was appointed our deputy chief of mission some six months later. Now our friendship had a real chance to develop. Her varied experiences as a Foreign Service wife, her wideranging mind, and her good common sense taught me a great deal in Wellington and has continued to do so in the more than thirty years of our correspondence. Our letter-writing started in the fall of 1947 with our transfer back to Washington. The more we wrote, the more we enjoyed it, with brisk discussions of world events and trends, as well as the ups and downs of family life. We started saving each other's letters in the early 50's, and found this to be a more stimulating way to record our lives than to an unresponsive diary.

The darkest period of Caroline's life was the dreadful accusation of Communist-sympathizing by the self-serving Senator Joseph McCarthy. The Services were en route to Jack's fine new post in India when he was ordered home to appear at the Senate hearings. While Caroline waited in New Delhi, I tried to help by attending all the hearings and writing her every detail. It was before one of those hearings that I saw Senator McCarthy come up to Jack (thinking they were alone in the room), and slapping him on the back, he said heartily: "Now, John, don't take any of this <u>personally</u>." Thus showing that he himself did not believe his charges. This self-servingness and Jack's innocence did not prevent Secretary Acheson from firing Jack, an action later declared illegal by the Supreme Court.

During the difficult nearly six years until the full clearance by the Supreme Court, Caroline's letters became more philosophical, and often looked back to a happier past.

In reading this memoir the great cost to the Service family of these unjust events will become apparent, as will the amazing strength of character and lack of bitterness that they showed. Courage, cheerfulness, and dramatic events, both happy and painful, have been distilled into richness of spirit.

Lispenard Green

Washington, D.C.
November, 1977

INTERVIEW HISTORY

Caroline Schulz's marriage to John S. Service, Foreign Service clerk at Yunnanfu, took place in Haiphong in 1933. Twice evacuated from China during the next seven years, Caroline nevertheless expected to spend the next forty odd years between diplomatic posts in China and Washington. Although the Services did not know it at the time, the Amerasia case (1945), when John Stewart Service and five others were summarily arrested for alleged violations of the Espionage Act, marked the end of Jack Service's Foreign Service career as a China specialist. While Jack was unanimously cleared by the Grand Jury, the hysteria surrounding Amerasia foreshadowed the paranoia of the Cold War and the McCarthy period and marked Jack early as a likely victim in the witch hunt for the men "who lost China."

As the criteria for loyalty clearances kept changing, Jack Service, like numerous other government employees, was repeatedly cleared by loyalty review boards. Between 1945 and 1951 he was posted to Japan, New Zealand, Washington, and India. Although Caroline and the children sailed on to India, Jack was recalled in mid-Pacific to be available to respond to McCarthy's changing attacks. Finally, in December, 1951, he was summarily dismissed from the State Department on grounds of "reasonable doubt of his loyalty."

The Services went to live in New York where Jack worked for a manufacturer of steam traps and Caroline cared for the children and worked as a typist and factotum in a variety store. From the day of his dismissal, Jack started to work on his appeals, first to the White House, and then through the long, slow trial procedure. Vindication came when the Supreme Court ruled that Jack's dismissal had been illegal because it contravened the State Department's own rules, and a federal judge ordered his reinstatement in the Foreign Service.

Caroline's view throughout was that "time and history will vindicate Jack." (p. 147) The quotation is from one of the many letters she wrote to Lisa Green, friend for over thirty years.* These letters, contemporary with the (mostly painful) events of the fifties in the Services' lives, set up a counterpoint with the reflections Caroline adds from her current viewpoint. One of the most frustrating aspects of the ordeal was her sense of helplessness--the inability to present the truth to the appropriate forum

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*To be deposited in The Bancroft Library.

and thereby to correct history for Jack and for the family. Twice Caroline interposed, confronting ex-Senator Hiram Bingham and columnist David Lawrence. Senator Bingham's response was that "many people have had grave injustices done to them." (p. 141) Lawrence's response was little better. Any further action by Caroline was prohibited by Jack's lawyer. At a later point in the interview, Caroline when asked why she smiled while recounting a particularly unpleasant experience says, "I smile because I'm thinking, when I say I can't bear it, of course you do bear things. You bear whatever, finally, you have to bear." (p. 169)

Jack's Foreign Service career ended as consul in Liverpool. Since 1962, the Services have lived in Berkeley. Jack took his M.A. degree in political science and then proceeded to become principal specialist at the University of California's Center for Chinese Studies. The Services, now on their third trip to China since 1971, can truly say that "time and history" have vindicated Jack.

When the Services were asked if they would recount their memories, both were hesitant. Caroline finally consented because she could now speak in her own voice, no longer bound by the protocols of discretion that muzzle the wives of government employees at least as firmly as their husbands. Caroline Service's memoir forms a valuable supplement not only to Jack Service's but also to the Regional Oral History Office's distinguished series on women where the memoirist herself is the prime mover.

Funding

Paul Casamajor of the University of California's Forestry Department proposed that the Regional Oral History Office of The Bancroft Library do a memoir of the Services. Mr. Casamajor had been a student colleague of Jack's forester brother, Robert, and had just read E.J. Kahn, Jr., The China Hands. Professors Chalmers A. Johnson and Frederic E. Wakeman, Jr., faculty advisers to this office's China Series, enthusiastically endorsed the project. The Center for Chinese Studies gave a small seed grant, and a letter to the Oberlin Alumni Magazine of July, 1976, brought additional donations from the Oberlin "family," Jack and Caroline's alma mater. Major funding was provided by a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

The Interviews

The interviewer and her late husband, Joseph R. Levenson, professor of Chinese history at the University of California, Berkeley, had known the Services since 1962 when Jack and Caroline returned to Berkeley. In fact,

Jack had turned up as a student, somewhat to the chagrin of a professor teaching Chinese history who yet had never been to China. Nevertheless, a firm friendship had grown up between the couples. It was with delight that a new dimension was added to the relationship as the interviews progressed.

At a preliminary luncheon Caroline and I laid out our basic strategy. The framework would be chronological, and since the transcripts were to be edited, Caroline was reminded that there would be opportunities to insert names, dates, or anecdotes, forgotten at one session, in their appropriate place in the manuscript.

There were nine taping sessions of varying lengths from September 23, 1976 to December 7, 1976. All but one were held in the Services' house in the Berkeley hills, either in the breakfast room with its view of the Golden Gate and the hummingbirds at their feeder, or if the western sun got too hot in the bedroom with its view of an enclosed patio. One session at the Levenson house to avoid the noise of workmen involved a noisy dog. The sessions were always punctuated by coffee and cookies; sometimes Jack, recuperating from a heart attack, would join us for lunch.

Caroline kept closely to the agenda on which we had collaborated. Usually the sessions would start with addenda to the previous week's chapter, and then proceed with little need for prompting from the interviewer.

Editing and Completion

The transcript of the tapes was edited by the interviewer. Chapter headings and subheadings were often taken directly from Caroline's own vigorous prose. The final typescript was proofread by both interviewer and interviewee, and completed in June, 1978 while the Services were in Lhasa. Mrs. Lispenard Green, Caroline's longtime correspondent and friend, kindly agreed to write the introduction. The process of selecting illustrations and supplementary material was a fascinating one which involved poring over old scrapbooks and framed memorabilia, as well as Jack's color slides from the Services' 1970's China trips. The evocative frontispiece of Jack and Caroline outside the Palace Museum, in a way, says it all. Americans were and are visitors in China. Now more Americans can visit than were able to for the last thirty years. Perhaps Jack and Caroline Service have had something to do with that.

A half hour color videotape documentary of Jack and Caroline Service is planned and will be made by Rosemary Levenson with the Educational Television Office of the University of California, Berkeley. Old habits of discretion persist. Therefore, it is Caroline's decision that until 1988 her written permission be obtained by those wishing to read this memoir.

As Caroline concludes (p. 230) in talking about the renaissance in the Services' lives since 1971, their return to China, the honorific luncheon at the Department of State honoring those Foreign Service officers who had suffered for their views on China, and an honorary degree at Oberlin College, "It's wonderful to still be alive and see it happen...We couldn't have imagined it would happen either. We thought, 'Well, all right, history will vindicate Jack.' But, he's already been vindicated. He doesn't have to wait for history."

Rosemary Levenson
Project Director
China Series

June 12, 1978
Regional Oral History Office
486 The Bancroft Library
University of California at Berkeley

FOREWORD

When Jack and I were asked to do this oral history, I assumed that my part would be on the order of a footnote to Jack's experiences in China and during the McCarthy years. But what I have said has turned out, inevitably I think, to be my own story as well as a supplement to his.

This has been a century of tumult; one of the most violent and murderous to afflict mankind. Jack and I were caught up in the cataclysmic events which have propelled the Chinese people into the modern world. This massive movement of ancient China had inevitable repercussions in this country; repercussions which wrenched our life for many years.

What happened to us cannot be compared, however, with the nationalistic, religious, and political fury which has destroyed so many of the world's people. We have gone through an ordeal, certainly. But we have had the twin supports of our family and our friends. And there can't help but be, in looking back, some acknowledgement of our own recuperative powers.

Many friends have been mentioned in this memoir. I would also like to thank the many whom I have not been able to name. Friendship is one of the cores of my life.

My thanks and great affection to Rosemary Levenson who has guided me through this oral history. There have been mutual laughter and tears; and a thoughtful consideration on her part which has eased this progress through "remembrance of things past."

Caroline Schulz Service

Berkeley, California
September, 1977

I BEGINNINGS

[Interview 1: September 23, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

Family Background: German and German-Swiss

Levenson: I wondered whether you would start with your family background, perhaps with your father's background?

C. Service: Yes, well my father's background was German--completely. My grandfather was born near Kassel, I think, and came to this country when he was a young man of about twenty-six. I've refreshed my memory on this. I'm pretty certain of this. He went first to Savannah, Georgia. He was born in 1841. After a year in Savannah and another year or so in Baltimore, he went to Wheeling, West Virginia. He was a shoemaker by profession, and he also had a shoe shop. He married Gertrude Niesz. Now, I'll spell that, N-i-e-s-z. She was German too, and she was born in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

They had seven children of whom my father was the second. They had four boys and three girls. Two of the girls died in infancy. The oldest boy became a bookkeeper. My father was the second child and the second son. He went into the army. Then there was a third son who became a housepainter, and a fourth son who also went into the army, and a third daughter who lived. She died at the age of ninety-five.

My mother's family were German-Swiss and her maiden name was Muehleman. The spelling was later changed to Muhleman.* They came from near Berne, Switzerland, and they came as a family to the Ohio Valley. Several brothers emigrated. I believe in Switzerland they were ribbon manufacturers or worked in factories that made ribbon.

*Katherine Julia Muhleman

Heilige Schrift

Hiermit wird bescheinigt,

Daß Joseph Louis Mühleman gebürtig

aus Ohio Township, Monroe Co. Ohio und

Anna Carolina Adams gebürtig aus

Newport Ky am 16ten Oktober

1873 durch den Unterzeichneten in Newport Ky

Ehelich Verbunden

worden sind.

In Gegenwart der Zeugen

Martin Noll

Julia Adams

Solches bescheinigt mit seines Namens Unterschrift

C. G. Fritsche

Prediger der B.M.K.

Published by A.H. SIEBS & CO, 131 West 4th St, Cincinnati, O. and for Sale by all Booksellers.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1872 by A.H. Siebs, ... Cincinnati in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

C. Service: They took up farming. This was in a place called Buckhill Bottom, [chuckle] Buckhill Bottom, just north of the small town of Hannibal, Ohio, which had maybe four hundred people in it. This little town was about thirty-six miles south of Wheeling.

My father's family and my mother's family were all German Methodists. The church services were all conducted in German. My father's family used German as their home language. My mother and father both spoke and understood German--my mother too because of the church, and because there were so many Germans who settled in this section all along the Ohio River right down to Cincinnati, St. Louis, all that section.

My father was smart and he wanted to have an education which he did in the Wheeling public schools. Then he decided that he should go to one of the military academies. He tried first to go to Annapolis. He passed the exams but when he went for a physical he was told he had one shoulder blade lower than the other or higher, as the case might be. [Laughter] And so he was rejected. Then he decided he would try for West Point. In the meantime he went away to Ohio State for about a month but didn't like it and came home. So, people went away and came home in those days too. Then, he took the exam. There was a congressman, Mr. Atkinson, who had a place that was going to be vacant at West Point. My father took the exams and he came out top. He got the appointment to West Point.

He went to Washington [D.C.] this time to have a physical exam. When he was there he said he went around and shook the hand of President Benjamin Harrison because apparently it was an "at home" day. In those days anybody could go to the White House and shake the president's hand. Isn't that something?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: He'd never been to Washington and that's why he asked if he couldn't have the physical exam there. He passed the exam, and this time there was nothing wrong with his shoulder blades. He went back to Wheeling and worked as a bookkeeper until it was time for him to go off to West Point.

By the time he went to West Point he had very serious hives which would not heal, all over his legs. He also was supposed to have $100 to take to West Point. When he got to West Point they gave him a lot of examinations, as they did everybody, and they said that if the hives cleared up in three months they'd keep him. I don't know about the $100, but I believe my father had only $50 and the other $50 was deducted from his West Point pay.

C. Service: The hives cleared up, West Point kept him, and my father graduated number one in his class. There were fifty-two in the class. He became a lieutenant in the [Army] Corps of Engineers and his whole career was in the Corps of Engineers in the United States Army. All of my girlhood we were moving around, living mainly in different cities. We lived on only two army posts while I was growing up, but my father served with troops, in all, four times.

Parents' Courtship, Further Education, and Marriage

C. Service: During my father's furlough year he visited Hannibal, Ohio. One of my mother's uncles, Uncle Fritsche, was the minister of my father's church. Mother's two Fritsche cousins said, "You must come down to Hannibal with us because we have a dear little cousin whom we think you would like." My father was twenty and my mother was seventeen. They met that summer. The furlough summer at West Point comes between the sophomore and junior years.

My mother and father met. They fell in love. They did not become engaged then but they were married five years later. From the time they met I do not think that they ever had any idea of marrying anybody else. Anyway, they were married two and a half years after Father graduated from West Point.

He had to send money home to help buy his parents a house. My grandparents--none of them had any money. I mean they were really quite poor and they were perhaps a bit improvident. I don't know. But my father and his elder brother, Will, decided they must buy a home for their parents. So, before Father could get married he had to do this.

How he did this out of a second lieutenant's pay I don't know! Houses must not have cost much.

Then my father decided that my mother should have a little more education before they married, because she was really from a small town--had never been anyplace in the world. He, by this time, had been out in the world and he was meeting people in the army, and he wanted his wife to have a little more of a--a little more polish perhaps. So, he paid for my mother, with her parents' consent, to go one year to a place called National Park Seminary, which was a private girls' school outside of Washington. I think it was quite a well thought of place in those days. It has long since gone but it was there many years. I think it was still running up until the 1920's. My mother spent a year there getting a little more education, a little more polish, becoming a little more sophisticated, let us say, and the school fees were paid for by my father.

Levenson: That's very interesting.

C. Service: I think it is too.

Levenson: Was it a college?

C. Service: It wasn't a college; it was a finishing school. It was really a finishing school. My mother wanted to learn, desperately. I mean my mother always wanted to learn. She always wanted to improve herself. My mother had a passion for improving herself, others too I might say! [Laughter]

They were married. They were married on October 12, 1898. That was Columbus Day. They were married in Hannibal and they were married in German. It may have been the English church, but the service was in German by Mother's Uncle Fritsche.

Then, they crossed the Ohio River in a boat and they took the train to Wheeling and to New York and then they went by boat to Charleston [S.Ca.] which was where my father was stationed then. It was their first home. That's where my oldest sister was born. I have two older sisters. Gertrude was born in 1899, on Sullivan's Island in Charleston Harbor where the family went to keep cool in August.

My second sister Katherine was born in Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island in New York Harbor. Two islands. She was born on June 22, 1903. Father at that time was with the Engineer office in New York City.

It was after that they went to Cuba. After the Spanish-American War the Americans took over the protectorship of Cuba, and they decided to put a navy base at Guantanamo Bay. They sent down my father, who was by that time a captain, to build a fort, build a blockhouse, do various things there. The navy was already coming in. My two older sisters were there and my mother. They were there from 1905 to 1907. That was my father's only foreign assignment. He didn't get abroad in the First World War which was a great disappointment to him.

After Cuba my family went to Sioux City, Iowa. Then they were stationed in Kansas City, [Missouri] for five years, where my father was [U.S. Army] District Engineer. It was there that I was born.

Caroline's Early Childhood

C. Service: I was born on November 30, 1909.

I want to add my full name which is Caroline Edward Schulz. I was named Edward for my father. Being the third girl I was a terrific disappointment, and so my parents gave me Edward as a middle name. Now, this was very influential, I think, in my life because I doted on my father and I think I was his favorite daughter. Katherine was closest to my mother. I just think this was because I was the youngest and because we were very sympathetic to one another-- Having his name has always meant a great deal to me. I did drop it when I married, but I want to put in the fact that I was given his name and not some feminine variety of it, but his name.*

By this time [1909] my father was a major. My mother and father's life in Kansas City was very good. They'd been married, what, eleven years by then. They had an assured position. My father was doing well in the army. They had a comfortable salary. But they always had to send money home to their parents. However, they had stepped up in the world much more than they had ever assumed that they were going to perhaps. They wanted to. They both had a great desire to excel and to better themselves. I would say this was a driving impulse in both of them. But, they never, never left their families behind. They always had their sisters and brothers visit them. Their parents visited them.

In both families, my father's youngest brother, Wes, and my mother's brother, Harry, were the only other ones who really wanted an education. Wes went to West Point and became a brigadier-general. In my mother's family there were a younger sister and a younger brother. The sister never wanted to know anything much. Very jolly but never-- But the brother, my Uncle Harry, went to Purdue. He majored in engineering. He was in the First World War and went to France. Then he got a job with the Ontario Hydroelectric Power Company in Ontario, Canada. He eventually became a Canadian citizen, married a Canadian woman, and lived in Toronto, Canada. He always wanted very much to study, to learn.

---

*My sister Katherine remembers that a number of names were put into a hat and I was persuaded to pull one out. I pulled out Edward! So if I'd pulled out another name I might not have had Edward for my middle name; but I prefer to think it was "inevitable." C.S.

C. Service: Perhaps my parents both came from backgrounds, originally, in Europe of rather knowledgeable people who had little chance to improve themselves. I really can't say what they could have been. But they admired learning. They were interested in learning.

After I was born we stayed in Kansas City till I was two and a half and then my father was transferred to New Orleans. We lived in an old house. We had lots of help, you know, a cook and a maid and a washwoman, a seamstress and a nurse for me. It all seems very strange. My mother took to it like a duck to water! We all did. [Laughter] We loved it.

Levenson: Why not!

C. Service: Yes, why not? Of course, because life was really very easy and very pleasant. We liked New Orleans very much and the Engineer Corps had a nice little yacht the "Tonti" which every so often we could also take a little ride on. We once took a trip through the bayous, on a bayou boat. My oldest sister by this time was a young lady and she went to one Mardi Gras. She went to at least one of the balls, because she was sixteen. I can remember a dress she wore, pale green gauze.

It was really a very happy childhood when I think back to it. In 1916, my father was transferred to St. Paul, the other end of the Mississippi River. We were there in the spring of 1917 when the United States entered the war. My father wanted very much to go overseas or do something, but he had a serious hernia operation which may have kept him-- Anyway, he did not go overseas. We were in St. Paul less than a year when he was transferred to Deming, New Mexico. This was in the fall of 1917.

In Deming our life changed. From living a kind of a pleasant, upper middle class life--we went to a place where there was no housing. So, a bungalow of sorts was built for us and we lived in that. It had beaverboard walls and so on. The dust sifted in. Deming was pretty much in the desert. Camp Cody, where my father was stationed in command of the 109th Engineers, was a big camp. We were there from September until the next April only.

At this point my mother had, I suppose, what you could call a nervous breakdown. I don't know why. Maybe because life had shifted so. She was in her early forties then. Anyway she went to Coronado, [California] to a sanitarium. She was there for several months and eventually we girls went and stayed with her. My father was transferred to Vancouver Barracks, right across from Portland, [Oregon], Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and he went up there.

C. Service: Finally, in June I think, my mother and my two sisters and I went to join him. We got off the train and we were told he was being sent to Camp Leach, Washington D.C.!

This was less than two years after we left New Orleans. We'd been to St. Paul and Deming and Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and now Washington D.C.

Levenson: And Coronado.

C. Service: And what? And Coronado, yes, but that was because my mother was there. My father went on to Washington and we stayed that summer with my Aunt Louise, my mother's sister, in a place called Lake Mills, Iowa.

I had a very good time. I always had a good time because I was the youngest and people didn't make me do very much. Oh, I'd help make the beds and dry the dishes. But, you know, there were always people to play with. I remember this. There were always lots of people around to have fun with.

We arrived in Washington in September of 1918. I remember this very well. It was just before my ninth birthday. We walked out of Union Station, and there was the Capitol!--the Capitol dome. It looked just as it does today. We lived in a couple of rooms in a house on Rhode Island Avenue. That was all my father was able to get because Washington was just jammed with people. Father lived at Camp Leach which was out where American University is today. But then it was an army camp.

By this time Gertrude had gone to Simmons College in Boston. Katherine and Mother and I lived in this house on Rhode Island Avenue. We couldn't have lived there very long because pretty soon we were living on Park Road just off Sixteenth Street. We were living in a third floor room, the three of us, my mother and Katherine and I. We were making our breakfast over one of these little burners that's got some sort of liquid heat in it. [Gestures]

Levenson: Oh, Sterno?

C. Service: Yes. That's how we got breakfast. What we did for lunch I do not know. But we ate our dinner every night at an underground restaurant down the street. When I say it was "underground" it was in the basement. My father spent his time at Camp Leach. Goodness knows when he came home how they managed to get any privacy because Katherine and I were always there. Katherine and I slept in a double bed and Mother slept on a cot. Then when Gertrude came home at Christmas, they were able to get another room on the third floor.

Levenson: How did you get on with your sisters? There was quite an age gap.

C. Service: Yes. With my second sister--I'm very close to her. She did a great deal for me when I was growing up. My oldest sister was more remote. We've always been good friends. We've never had any family feuds or anything, but I am much closer to Katherine than to Gertrude. Katherine and Gertrude are quite close, but Katherine was the one who did things for me, who took care of me a lot. She was terribly good to me. She lives right here in Berkeley now and we've always been close. We're very unlike, but we're very good friends.

Seven Grade Schools

C. Service: When we lived on Rhode Island Avenue I had gone to a public school, called the Fort or Force School. Anyway, I was in third grade in Deming, but the people in Washington didn't want to think I was. They put me in first grade. Now, I was eight years old, almost nine, and they put me in first grade. This really incensed me. I can remember how mad I was. I think they wanted to see if I could read. I don't know. Well, the next day I think I was put up to the second grade and pretty soon I was in the third grade.

Levenson: Which was where you belonged.

C. Service: Yes, right. So, that didn't last very long but it made me mad at the time. Then, when we moved to Park Road I had to change schools. So, I went to something called the Powell School. It may still be there for all I know. The other school disappeared. It was on Massachusetts Avenue. I think during the Second World War it was a place where you got ration books or something of that sort.

At the Powell School I don't know what grade I was in, but everybody decided I wasn't where I should be. So, I was given a little tutoring and I think I may have been put in grade three-B about this time. I was nine years old. In January we were transferred to Milwaukee. Now, we'd only been in Washington since September. But in January my father was made District Engineer in Milwaukee. We moved to Milwaukee and somehow or other I was inserted into the fourth grade where I then belonged. [Laughter]

April 2, 1919. Caroline A. Schulz.

The Fly.

The Fly is a very dangerus insect. It also has two little pads on its feet which take up the dirt and on the out side of the pa[illegible]here are two claws so the fly can go on smooth things or fuff things. You shood not leave manor around because the fly lays her eggs in it so it is best to bery the manor write away. If a man has tibirkyilosis and spits on the street the flys come around and get this on their feet and then go to somebodys house and walk on the food. The person who eats that food will porboly get tibirkyilosis. When the fly lays her eggs they h hach in one day.

In fourteen days the fly is a full gron fly and is ready to lay eggs so you see how many flys there are. There is no need of putting skearns on your proch because you can get rid of the fly by bery the moner write away and keeping every-thing neat.

The fly has four eyes two very large eyes and two very small eyes. The fly also has six legs. Where every the fly walks it leaves backtirey and so if a fly walk over your food it leaves backterey. If you eat that food you will porboly get backterey and then you will porobly give the people backterey. The fly eats only sticky things like merlasis and other things like that. If the fly eats to much it will through it up. Of corse it would not be nice to have a fly through up on your food.

And I no you would not like to eat the food after the fly has throughen up on it I do not think I would like it.

It is very unhelful to eat what the fly had walked and throung up on. So you see it is best to get rit of the fly write away. Many children get sick in the summer on acount of the fly.

You can make a fly trap. So I wish you and every body would get rid of the fly and I will try to help get rid of the fly and I hope you will to.

This theme was written when I was in 4th Grade at the Milwaukee Normal School, Milwaukee.

Copied Dec 12, 1930

Caroline A. Schulz

C. Service: The teacher was a woman named Miss Strong. She was a New Englander and she was a fine teacher. She made all the girls do a little manual training and she made all the boys learn how to sew because she said boys should know how to put buttons on their clothes. She was a character, a disciplinarian, but very, very good. I remember her well and I liked her.

In Milwaukee we stayed--let's see, January of 1919. We stayed there until September, 1920. So, we had a year and a half in Milwaukee, part of fourth grade for me and all of the fifth. My sister Katherine went to Milwaukee Downer Seminary and graduated from high school and Gertrude continued at Simmons. In Milwaukee we lived in an apartment, a regular apartment. [Laughter] Into this apartment we squeezed a maid named Alma. How we got a maid or what she did there I don't know. But, anyway, we had a maid again. So, life was sort of returning to the New Orleans pattern, except in a very small way.

Then in the summer of 1920, my father was transferred to Seattle to be--I don't know whether it was Division Engineer or District Engineer--whatever it was out in Seattle. He was District Engineer--there are districts and divisions. Gertrude was going to go with us to Seattle. She was going to change from Simmons to the University of Washington.

My mother decided this was a chance to improve us a bit--we would go out on the Canadian Pacific, which we did. From Milwaukee we went to St. Paul and then across Canada on the Canadian Pacific. We had a day at Banff and a day at Lake Louise. I thought they were both marvelous. At Banff I saw the first woman I'd ever seen smoking. I remember it. I saw this woman smoking in the hotel dining room at Banff. Couldn't believe it. I pointed this out in a loud voice. [Laughter]

Then we were in Seattle three years and I had sixth, seventh, and eighth grades in one school. But, by the time I'd graduated from grade school I had gone to seven grade schools. I started school in New Orleans--New Orleans, St. Paul, Deming, two in Washington D.C., in Milwaukee, and Seattle. Is that seven?

Levenson: Yes. That's a lot.

C. Service: I graduated from grade school in Seattle. Seattle was fine. We loved it. A delightful, pleasant life for my parents. We had a house there again and also a maid, a maid from Luxembourg. Her name was Lisa. I remember her well because it was my first really close contact with a Catholic and a Catholic of, let us say, limited background. She was sure we were all going to hell because we were Protestants. She used to tell me this. She'd say, "You're all going to go to hell."

Levenson: Did it upset you?

C. Service: No, because I didn't believe her. Oh no, I knew she was wrong because my family were very good, religious people. No, I couldn't believe this. I don't know why. I thought maybe she was joking. But she'd tell me this. It made a big impression, the fact that she should think that this would happen to us. I'm sure I must have tried to tell her, "No, no, the other way around." [Laughter]

Hawaii and High Schools

C. Service: When I was thirteen and a half we moved to Hawaii and my father was in command of the Third Engineers at Schofield Barracks. This was his first duty with troops except for the war years. Oh, I loved Schofield Barracks. I loved Hawaii. They had a little high school on post of about--oh I suppose there may have been thirty to forty high school students. A few students went to Honolulu, to Punahou and to places of that sort. But most of us who lived out there just went on the post. The teachers were army wives. It was a good high school, I had a lovely time, and I enjoyed it. I, of course, was beginning to be interested in boys at this point. We went to school only from about 7:45 in the morning till 11:30. That was the school day.

Levenson: How marvelous.

C. Service: It was wonderful! The rest of the day was free. We had to study but there was always tennis and there was horseback riding and there was swimming. It was just fun. We had a lot of fun. We stayed there until February, 1926. By this time I was half way through my junior year. Then my father was transferred to Chicago to be District Engineer in Chicago.

We went to Oak Park, Illinois, in 1926. I had my senior year in high school in the Oak Park and River Forest Township High School. And without a doubt it was the most miserable year of my life. I just hated it because I did not know anybody. The high school was enormous! I had no friends. Nobody asked me out. I felt terrible! I spent a lot of time weeping. And my poor mother--

Levenson: When you say enormous what do you mean?

C. Service: Enormous, about three thousand students in this high school. From a high school of about thirty students-- Oh yes, between

C. Service: Schofield and Oak Park I spent three months in the high school in Williamstown, West Virginia, which was like nothing else I ever went to. Nobody there studied at all.

Levenson: What did they do?

C. Service: Well, they just frolicked around because most of them weren't going on to college. It was a small high school in a small town. Today I'm sure it's quite different. We were across the Ohio River from Marietta, Ohio. We were always having picnics and weiner roasts. The students did things like plays and they had good voices. Most of them played the piano or sang. They were very musical people.

There were two churches in town: a Presbyterian and a Methodist. Everybody went to one or the other of them. I don't think there was anybody of any other stripe or variety, religious stripe or variety in the place. There may have been a small Catholic church. But anyway, you either went to the Epworth League, which was Methodist, or you went to the Presbyterian one. I went to the Methodist one, mostly for fun. We always had a good time. There was always a group of kids and we went rollicking around. By this time some of us drove and we'd go driving around. The summer was lovely. It was a carefree kind of thing, but nobody studied very hard. [Laughter]

Oak Park was a different kettle of fish. At Oak Park I probably worked harder than I ever would work even in college, because although Schofield was good I didn't have the background in some things. I did like to study and I wanted to achieve something.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

Family Religious Practices: Congregationalist

Levenson: Could I stop you here for a minute and ask you some questions?

C. Service: Yes, surely.

Levenson: You spoke earlier about your parents' religious background. What was your religious background?

C. Service: Oh. By this time my family had become Congregationalist. They were brought up as Methodists, but in Kansas City they had gone to a Congregationalist church. This is where they'd met Tyler Hemingway and his wife. They remained Congregationalists then

C. Service: for the rest of their lives. I was christened in the Congregational church in Kansas City with some water from the Jordan River, believe it or not, that somebody had brought home in a bottle. [Laughter] So, I was brought up as a Congregationalist. My own religious views are practically nonexistent today, but I went to Sunday school always. We always went to church. My father and my mother both were believers in God and in an afterworld, particularly my father. I'm not so sure about my mother. He was more religious than my mother. So, we always had a church affiliation. I joined a church in Seattle. It was a Congregational one. The one here in Berkeley is where my mother's funeral service was, the First Congregational Church over on Dana and Durant. Does that answer that?

Levenson: I think so. It sounded as though you took it lightly and agreeably. It wasn't a weighty thing.

C. Service: No, it wasn't. When I was in high school in Oak Park I went to the Congregational church young people's meetings on Sunday and stood around hoping somebody would pay attention to me. Nobody did! [Laughter]

As I said, my family was quite religious, but in an optimistic, liberal Protestant way of being religious. Somewhere between high school and college I became unreligious. I'm an unreligious person I would say in the sense that-- When I read somebody's a devout this or a devout that I say to myself, "I'm a devout nonbeliever." Why must people just be devout in those other ways? Obviously religion does help many, many people, and many people need a traditional religion. Many people could not live without a deep and abiding faith in a god or a higher being who is guiding them or watching over them. But, I have never had this feeling since I was seventeen or eighteen years old I'd say.

Nobody in my family ever talked about-- Well, Mother would say she'd pray for things. That is true. My father to his dying day believed in a future life. But, there was no feeling that religion was going to save us, maybe because we didn't need it. Our life was quite good. I don't know. I can't explain it, except for me it has never been an important factor in my life. Religion has never helped me through any of the crises of my life. My father loved to play and he loved to sing hymns, but they were all the kind of things such as "Shall we gather at the River?" You don't know these--

Levenson: Of course I do!

C. Service: Do you? "Shall we gather at the River?" and "Whosoever will, will come." I think that was one. He loved the Christmas carols.

Now, Christmas was very meaningful in our family. My father loved the Christmas carols. He sang most of them in German. We always had a wonderful Christmas. He played a lot. My sisters and I would get dressed and then Father would play the piano and we'd all come into the living room where the presents were, marching in tune to the Christmas hymns that Father would play.

Family Politics: Republican

Levenson: What about politics? What were your parents?

C. Service: Oh, my family were staunch Republicans! Staunch Republicans! But, during her last years my mother was a registered Democrat. McCarthy and Nixon made her change! In fact my mother and father became engaged in 1896 when my father went back to Wheeling to vote for McKinley, and the Republican party paid his way from Willets Point, N.Y., back to Wheeling so he would vote for McKinley. You couldn't get absentee ballots.

Levenson: That's buying votes, isn't it?

C. Service: Well, I don't know whether it is or not, but don't you think that's something?

Levenson: I do indeed.

C. Service: My father would have voted for McKinley anyway no matter what. It wasn't buying the vote in that sense, but they said they'd pay his way back if he would come back. So, my father must have said, "Hurray." This was his chance and he got on the train and went and he voted for McKinley and he went down the river to Hannibal and took a little diamond ring that he'd gotten at Tiffany's--it was minute but it came from Tiffany's--and he and my mother became engaged. I think it was something like November 3 or whatever the day was. Isn't that astonishing?

Levenson: It certainly is.

C. Service: Do you think that's proper? I doubt it.

Levenson: It wouldn't be considered proper now.

C. Service: No, no, it would be considered terrible.

Levenson: I wonder how he applied for the money. Did they approach him?

C. Service: Oh, they approached him. I don't think he applied for it at all, but they wanted him to vote. I guess, well maybe they said, "If we pay your way back will you vote?" I have no idea.

Levenson: That's fascinating.

C. Service: I think it is too. He would say how the Republican party wanted him to come back and vote. I suppose he thought of it as maybe today you'd think somebody would drive you to the polls. Anyway, McKinley got elected. My family were always Republicans, always.*

Levenson: I suppose he really couldn't be active because he was in the army.

C. Service: No, he couldn't. The thing is he could never vote away from Wheeling. I think it was the only time he voted while in the army. He graduated from West Point in 1895. I don't suppose he ever again had anyplace he could vote until he retired.

[tape off]

C. Service: He voted here in California but, except for that one time, he never voted anyplace else he lived.

Levenson: How did your mother feel about the suffragette movement?

C. Service: My mother was very ardent. She was also a Temperance Union type. She joined the W[omen's] C[hristian] T[emperance] U[nion]. My mother was a feminist. She didn't call herself that because she didn't know the word but she was that.

Levenson: How did that go down in the regular army?

C. Service: Well, you see, I don't think this ever entered into her army life. I'm thinking more of her personal feelings about things. No, it didn't enter into her army life, but my mother was a forceful woman and she always felt women should have the vote. She didn't believe in the double standard either. I mean she always felt that men should not criticize women for doing what

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*I have checked this story with my sister Katherine. She does not recall it at all. Still I will leave it in. C.S.

C. Service: they themselves did. Now, my mother did not smoke or drink or anything of that sort, but she always was a great believer in women's rights and that men and women should be equal. Women's equality is what she would call it.

Levenson: Did she work for women's votes, for the suffrage movement?

C. Service: No. No, I 'm sure she didn't. Well, in New Orleans there wasn't any chance. And then my mother didn't really get over the nervous breakdown she had in 1918 for many years. I wasn't aware of it at the time, but I realize looking back she was always going to bed with sick headaches. She really wasn't awfully well. She lay down a great deal and her head ached a lot. Who knows what her real problems were? I have no idea. So, she didn't do anything outside the home. She never worked and she wasn't an activist, but she had these beliefs which were very strong. Perhaps she was frustrated.

Levenson: Did her poor health-- It doesn't sound as though it depressed your childhood.

C. Service: No, I don't think it made much impression on me. I think if it affected anybody it affected my oldest sister who is ten years older than I. I think it may have bothered her a lot because she was a young lady and there were things she wanted and couldn't have.

Family Finances

C. Service: Although my family had risen in the world there was always a money pinch. My father had no money except his salary, and they always had to be sending money to their parents, and they always had to help out my Aunt Louise or my Aunt Huldah. There were always calls on their money besides their three daughters.

This I can remember, the hours they spent going over budgets and trying to figure out really literally whether they could afford to get Gertrude a dress to go to a dance. There would be agonizing arguments over things of this sort. Over the price of curtain material! So, money was always a problem.

One of the reasons Gertrude had to leave Simmons and go to the University of Washington was that my father simply couldn't afford to pay for a private college in Boston and pay the railroad fare back and forth. So, she had to transfer. She didn't want to. Eventually she liked it, and she lived in Seattle fifty years and married there. But, it was basically a financial problem.

C. Service: By the time I went to college, Gertrude was married to William A. Hausman, and Katherine was working as a librarian. So, they could afford to send me to Oberlin without really too much stress and strain. They had no other children then to worry about. But, money was always a problem for them.

We were a very close family. I think my parents were extremely-- I've been re-reading some letters that my mother wrote to my father, oh long ago when I was a child. There was a great desire to do well by their children and to take care of "the girls" and see that things went well during all these moves; they hoped "the girls" would be happy in school, and noted that Katherine or Gertrude or Caroline needed certain things. Letters bring it out even more than we ever were aware of at the time. They didn't talk about this, but I'm sure my sisters and I felt it.

Levenson: Felt cherished.

C. Service: Yes, very, very cherished. Yes, always. My father and mother argued a lot. They argued over money more than anything. My mother wanted to spend some and my father wanted to save it. It was that type of thing. But, we were very much loved and--cherished is the word.

Responsibilities of the Army Corps of Engineers

Levenson: You mentioned when you were talking about your father's career that only a few times was he in contact with troops. I wondered what his primary responsibilities were the rest of his career.

C. Service: River and harbor work. The Army Corps of Engineers has to do with dams, river, harbors, and so on. This is all under the Army Engineers. When my father was the 9th corps area engineer at the Presidio, the Golden Gate Bridge was being built. Well now, all the part that goes through the Presidio had to be approved by the army and I suppose the rest of the bridge too because all waterways are under the government.

All the waterways you see, all the bridges, all the canals, all the rivers, all the harbors, everything is under the Army Engineers. This is basically what all Army Engineers do. They plan and approve. They hire civilian people to do the work, but they have to approve of everything. It has to go through their office. Now, there's often a lot of criticism about Army Engineers because they want more dams or they want more canals--something, you see. Some of this is pork barrel stuff that congressmen want.

C. Service: But, I've never heard of an army engineer's being venal. I've never heard of any case of scandal--and it would certainly be made public--where anybody ever accepted a bribe or where anybody ever became rich. No army engineer that I know has ever betrayed his trust. Now, they may not always have done what everybody thought they should or should not do, especially, now, the environmentalists. But, that's a different thing entirely.

So, I'm very proud of the Army Corps of Engineers for its fine record. The men always were chosen from the top of the class at West Point. Very few of them ever made any great military record because they were not militarily inclined. [General Douglas A.] MacArthur was an exception to this, and there have been other exceptions. MacArthur graduated first in his class and went into the Engineer Corps, and he had a brilliant military career. But, most people who became engineers were not particularly interested in the military side. They were rarely with troops except, let us say, during a war.

Father was with troops during the First World War and then at Schofield Barracks. Then, in the late 20's he was sent to Fort Humphreys, Virginia, (now Fort Belvoir). This was the Engineer School. That was a very good job and Father really enjoyed that, being commandant there.

He wasn't at all a military type to see either, to look at. He was very short. Barely got in West Point. Didn't get in Annapolis. [Chuckle]

Levenson: Did he talk about his work at home much?

C. Service: No, but he often worked on things at home. He was often scribbling. He spent a lot of time reading things, working on things, but he didn't talk about it much, perhaps because there were no boys in the home.

He and my mother were very socially inclined. They loved to go out and they liked to play bridge. They liked parties. The whole family really liked things of this sort.

My father, strangely enough, was quite musical. When I say strangely enough it's because the rest of us aren't. My father played the piano, he played the violin, he loved to sing, and he was quite musical. He did a little dabbling in primitive types of art. He liked to paint and draw, but it was really pretty primitive stuff. He had a lot of little talents. My father was quite talented in a small way. He didn't have as much drive as my mother. He was rather more content with things. He would have liked to be a brigadier-general if somebody made him one, but it wasn't the end and purpose of his life.

How Oberlin College was Chosen: the Hemingway Connection

Levenson: Earlier, you said you wanted to achieve something, and had to go to college right after high school. Was this an assumption--

C. Service: It was an assumption that all of us children would go to college. None of us had any other idea. My two older sisters are graduates of the University of Washington. My parents put a great deal of emphasis on education. My mother had not had really a good higher education, but she always was learning. My father had had a good one by going to West Point. But, education to them was vital and it was never assumed that because we were girls we would not go to college. I do not think any of us three girls ever thought we wouldn't go. None of us wanted to do anything else. We had no talents in the sense of being artistic, or musical, or having a drive to do something else. So, college was the natural thing for us to do.

So, they looked around for a college for me, my parents did. This was the day also when parents just decided some of these things. "You will go to Oberlin," said my father. And why would I go to Oberlin? Well, partly because my family knew the Hemingway family.

Levenson: Oh really?

C. Service: The Hemingways lived in Oak Park, Illinois, and that's where we lived in 1926-27. Where I was born, in Kansas City, my father and mother had been devoted and close friends of Ernest Hemingway's Uncle Tyler Hemingway and his wife Arabell. This was a friendship which they had always kept up. When my parents moved to Oak Park, Ernest Hemingway's grandfather was still living; his Aunt Grace, who was a maiden lady, lived with her father and took care of him.

My father had gone to call. We met all the Hemingways around. We met Ernest's parents and his uncle and aunt. The Hemingways had a great Oberlin connection. Many of them had gone there.

My father began to think of Oberlin and he wrote to Arabell Hemingway. By this time Tyler had died and she had remarried. He wrote to her and said, "Would you recommend Caroline?" She said of course she would. My father just decided this was a good place because he knew people who had gone there, particularly the Tyler Hemingways. Also, I think the editor of the Kansas City Star, a man named Henry Haskell, had gone to Oberlin. My father had known him. My father thought Oberlin a very fine institution.

C. Service: I was accepted at Oberlin. I had good marks and I was accepted at Oberlin. In the fall of 1927, I went away to college. I went from Chicago, from Oak Park, to Oberlin.

Levenson: Did you ever meet Ernest Hemingway?

C. Service: No, I did not. I never met Ernest Hemingway. I knew a number of Ernest's cousins. Hemingway Hines was a classmate at Oberlin and a very good friend. He was Ernest's first cousin. There were two of his girl first cousins who were the daughters of Willoughby Hemingway in Oberlin with us. Isabel and Adelaide, I think. And another cousin, George Hemingway.

Levenson: What impact did Ernest's books have on the Hemingway family?

C. Service: They were horrified by The Sun Also Rises. In 1926 when we moved there they really felt greatly distressed. I do not know that his own generation did, but certainly the older generation, his grandfather particularly, felt that Ernest had disgraced the family. That was a very outspoken book for its day. Now it seems so mild you can hardly believe it. [Laughter] But, then as the book got marvelous reviews and as time went on I suppose they must have been proud eventually. The Oak Park public library kept The Sun Also Rises in the locked book section. My sister Katherine, who got a library job there, told me this.

Reflections on Changing School Ten Times

Levenson: Is there anything you'd like to add about your school experience?

C. Service: No, except my own thought on the subject, that I went to ten schools before going to college--seven grade schools as I've said before and three high schools. So, that's ten schools in twelve years. And, I don't really think it had any bearing on my education. By that I mean I don't think it hindered me in any way. Now, it's true there were gaps in my education. I've never been good at languages perhaps because I never got really started in high school on them. But, I never felt displaced. I didn't like Oak Park because I didn't have a good time. I hardly made any friends in Oak Park, though I did make one good friend with whom I still correspond. But, I never felt that this was a scholastic hardship.

I always felt too--which I must have gotten from my family because I certainly wasn't thinking in these terms--that travel was a great advantage, because in those days not many people did much traveling. I had been places that nobody else had ever been.

C. Service: I hadn't been abroad but I'd been to places like Seattle, and then we went to Hawaii. To me that was all wonderful. So, I don't think that I ever felt it was a handicap or a disadvantage to have gone to all these various schools.

But, perhaps one of the reasons I loved Oberlin so was that I spent four years in one college. And of course Oberlin is where I met Jack. Do you think that's enough for today?

Levenson: Sure.

[end tape 1, side 2]

Above: Katherine Julia Muhleman, 22 yrs. old and U.S. Lieutenant Edward Hugh Schulz, 25 yrs. old, married October 12, 1898 in Hannibal, Ohio.

Left: Caroline Edward Schulz, 7 mos., with her father in Kansas City, Missouri, 1910

Right: Mrs. Schulz with Gertrude, 10 yrs. old (standing); Caroline, 1-1/2 yrs. old; and Katherine, 6 yrs. old in Wheeling, W. Virginia, summer, 1911.

Below, left: Grandmother & Grandfather Schulz, (Gertrude & Henry Schulz), Woodlawn, W. Virginia, circa 1914

Below, right: Caroline Edward Schulz, 9 yrs. old, Washington, 1918.

II OBERLIN COLLEGE, GRADUATION, DEBUT, AND A JOB

[Interview 2: September 29, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

Meets Jack Service

C. Service: Oberlin. We talked last time about how I happened to go to Oberlin. My father and my mother really picked the college out for me. I had no objections. In fact I was very happy to go there. A lot of people from Oak Park went there besides the Hemingways. A number of my classmates went, my senior classmates. Oberlin had a strong Congregational affiliation. It was started as a Congregational college, and then became nonsectarian. But, the people who founded Oberlin were New England Congregationalists.

I arrived in Oberlin on September 15, 1927. It was a perfectly beautiful fall day. I took the train from Chicago with a friend and we had to change in Toledo. Today there are no passenger trains going to Oberlin, but then the New York Central did have a little spur line that went from Toledo around to Cleveland. On this train there was a girl, obviously going to Oberlin, with two young men whom she sat and talked with the whole time. One of them was Jack. I did not know that. We reconstructed this later. But, I remember I was very impressed with the fact that this girl had <u>two</u> boys to talk with when my friend and I had no boys to talk with!

I met Jack very soon after and knew him all my four years in college. Now, I'm going to switch this around a bit. I'm going to put meeting Jack first. I lived at Baldwin cottage in Oberlin, and sometime during the year Jack got a substitute job there as a waiter. So, I saw him very often. I saw him three meals a day. Neither of us had any interest in the other. We both were interested in other people. We knew each other fairly well, but not as well as we knew other people. Jack was extremely

C. Service: handsome and attractive and shy! He was very much smitten with a dark-eyed girl. Then in his sophomore year he became a full waiter at Baldwin and he waited table there for three years. I, by this time, had moved on to other houses. I lived each year in a different house.

Jack all the sophomore year had been going with a girl named Dolly Hiatt, a very pretty, petite, dark-haired girl. At the beginning of our junior year he and she broke up. I'm using terms now which I would have used then. I've always been very glad I had nothing to do with this breakup because I think it was very hard on Dolly.

I, in the meantime, had been going with a very nice red-haired chap, Stewart McKelvey, but he had jilted me. I'm really going back to college days to think in these terms! After that I'd had no beau at all except an occasional date. In fact I didn't have many dates at all the second half of my sophomore year and I was feeling very blue about this.

When I came back for my junior year my father came to Oberlin with me, and my uncle was there for some reason, my Uncle Wesley Schulz. We had dinner at the Oberlin Inn, and also having dinner at the Oberlin Inn was Jack with his mother who had just come from China to see him. He had not seen her for two years. I believe that Marty Wilbur was there. Marty Wilbur became Professor C. Martin Wilbur, Columbia University. Eddie [Edwin O.] Reischauer may have been there too. Eddie Reischauer later became ambassador to Japan and the noted Japan scholar at Harvard. He was a classmate too. Since we hadn't seen each other since the summer before, we stopped and said hello to each other, and we introduced his mother and my father and uncle and so on.

Well, about three weeks later--two weeks later, sometime in there--I was walking down the street and I met Jack and another friend Dudley Reed. We stopped and talked a minute, and then they walked on and I walked on. Then Jack turned and called to me--I was called Cary in college--he said, "Cary, are you busy next Saturday night?" I said, "No." He said, "Will you go to the All College with me?"--All Colleges being dances that were held on Saturday nights. I said, "Yes, I'd love to."

Well, I was thrilled, absolutely thrilled. I rushed home and I told my roommate--this was a Monday; Saturday was several days off--I went home and I told my roommate, Kay Kuhn, that Jack Service had asked me for a date and what should I wear and that I was thrilled to death and so on.

C. Service: I had a dress that I had persuaded my mother to buy me against her better judgment--purple skirt and a lavender blouse. I considered it my best dress. I had not worn it. I thought I'd wear that. Then I thought, "No, if he asks me for another date I'll keep my best dress for the second date." So, I don't know what I wore but it wasn't the purple and lavender.

Anyway, on that very first date--how it came up I don't know--I discovered that Jack hated the color purple, hated it. Wasn't I lucky not to wear that dress? I never wore that dress. I've never worn purple. Occasionally I do get something lavender.

We walked down the street to the All College. We stopped at an eatery called Gibson's--it has been in Oberlin forever--and we went in and Jack said we'd get a coke. Each of us got a nickel coke and we sat beside each other on two stools at the counter. Suddenly he said to me, "Have you singed your eyelashes?" I said, "Why no, what do you mean?" He said, "Because you have the shortest eyelashes of any girl I've ever seen."

Levenson: What a thing to say. [Laughter]

C. Service: That was a romantic beginning, wasn't it? I said, "Well." I don't know what I said. I'm sure I didn't say anything except, "Well." I didn't know what to say about something like that. But, that didn't seem to bother either of us.

So, we went on. We had a very pleasant evening. Jack was learning to dance and one of my few accomplishments is that I'm a very good ballroom dancer. We got on very, very well and had a fine time. From then on I would say we fell in love. We went together all our junior year; then our senior year things were not too happy. But, nevertheless, we went together for two years in college.

Levenson: What was unhappy in your senior year?

C. Service: Well, we weren't getting along so well. I don't really think I want to say much about it because it's extremely personal. It's just that I think that we were both terribly young. I was probably more in love with Jack than he was with me at that point. And so, when we left college we really broke up. We didn't write or see each other for about nine months. When we did see each other again Jack proposed to me. I would say he fell in love again then. We were married two and a half years after we left college.

Perhaps it was the stress and strain of our senior year. Jack was only twenty-one. We're the same age. I'm four months younger. I think perhaps it was a recurrence of what he felt about Dolly Hiatt, that she was too serious, for him--so young. I don't know. I really don't know to this day, except that we just didn't get on very well.

C. Service: Junior year though was absolutely divine. It was heaven. Jack was--is--an unusually attractive person. I've always thought him so. He was certainly handsome. He was a big man on the campus. I was well enough known but I was not pretty. I'm not saying that I was unattractive, by no means. But, I was not pretty and I was not one of the girls, people, that would have a great whirl anyplace.

I think now I'll stop there with Jack, except to say that my junior year in college brought together the strongest influences on my life: my father, Jack, and Oberlin. These were the three most important influences in my life.*

Extracurricular Activities

C. Service: I'll talk about Oberlin now. I see you have on your agenda extracurricular activities. I was never very interested in any extracurricular activities except going to dances. But, I had a lot to do with the dramatic association, the Oberlin Dramatic Association. Jack worked for that too, and that was one of the things that brought us together. We knew each other there for two years. Then, when we fell in love and began seeing a great deal of each other, why, we always were together when they had plays because I had a lot to do with the costuming and Jack helped with the stage management. I had wanted to act but I had no ability with acting. So, I ended up with makeup and with costumes.

That was really the only outside activity I did. I think I had something to do with the annual yearbook. But, I got into that because of Jack. I wanted to be with him. I wanted to see him really practically every minute of my life, it seems to me, at that time.

I also joined something called the Oberlin Peace Society. Now, the Oberlin Peace Society was organized by the president of the college, Ernest Hatch Wilkins. We met with Ernest Hatch Wilkins and with various other people. I can hardly remember. Jack would be able to tell you more about this. We were supposed to have some influence in bringing peace to the world. Imagine! I joined because I wanted to see Jack. I was interested in peace too, but I'm sure my main interest was in seeing Jack.

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*As I grow older I recognize the great influence of my mother too. C.S.

C. Service: I was not athletic, so I did nothing in the sports line. Jack was a long distance runner and a very good one, and also he ran the half mile, the mile, and the two mile. It would be meters now, but in those days that's what it was.

Studies History and English

C. Service: I was a history major. I'd always decided to be a history major long before I went to college. I liked history. I liked studying--not everything. I was very bad at languages. I really enjoyed the work that I was doing, and I was a good enough student so I did become a Phi Beta Kappa. But, it was more because I was conscientious--I never turned a paper in late and that kind of thing--and because I enjoyed what I was doing.

I took a great deal of English too. I had a marvelous English teacher named Ruth Lampson. She was one of the most influential teachers that I ever had. She was rather sharp-witted, acerbic. She made you think. She had original ideas about the people she was talking about. I took freshman English from her. I took a course in Mallory, mainly because she taught it, because I really didn't care much about Mallory. I took one other course from her. Now, that I cannot remember. I also took a couple of Shakespearian courses from a Professor Jelliffe which I liked very much.

Basically my college was a very happy experience as far as studying and classes. Now, I do not think that in any way we worked as hard as students do today. I do not think there were so many pressures on us. I do not think there was the competition. We went to college. We stayed there four years. Very few people dropped out except when the Depression started. When I was a junior I was asked to study for honors. I said no.

Levenson: Why?

C. Service: It would have taken up too much time that I didn't want to give. I couldn't have done the few other things I wanted to do. I really didn't want to study <u>all</u> the time.

Also, I think by nature I'm a person that likes to set a limit to what I do. I'm not a super-achiever by any means. Even today I will decide I'm going to do so much on a certain day. When I get to the end of it I will stop. Even if there may be more I could do, or perhaps should do, I'll wait. But neither am I a procrastinator. I never put off things in the sense of saying,

C. Service: "Okay, I'll do it someday." If I say I will do it, I will do it. But, I want to do it in my own sort of time scheme, and I think I'm inclined to put things into blocks and do so much and so much. Studying for honors would have taken more time than I wanted to give. I've never had any regrets about that.

Also, I don't think I thought in terms of the career. I often wonder what I did think about, because I don't think I began to think very much until I was about thirty years old!

I'll go back here. The atmosphere of the college community was very pleasant. We just were there. Oberlin really was the town. It was much smaller than it is today, well not much smaller, less than five thousand people though. The college and the town blended together. I don't think there was a town and gown situation. There might have been in a few things, but it was never very evident to me in any case.

The Depression started at the beginning of our junior year--October what, when did the stock market crash? October 29, or something like that, 1929.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: Well, I remember because we had a college picture taken the day before, the 28th. I remembered this afterwards when looking at the date on the picture and thinking that was the day before the stock market crashed. The crash didn't have much impact that year, but by the time we came back for our senior year the Depression was affecting people. A few people had to drop out. People did not have as much money. It did not affect me personally because my father was in the army. So, my own life was not changed by this, except that a number of my relatives lost their jobs. But, this was after I'd left college.

Spirit of the College

C. Service: Oberlin was influential in-- I call myself a liberal. I'm still a liberal today. I've become more liberal as I've grown older which is usually not the way things go. But, my mother was this way too. My mother became far more liberal as she grew older.

In my own family there was very little prejudice. I never heard anything, no prejudice against Jews. There was no prejudice against Negroes. We'd lived in the South a lot. There were questions that were never discussed, it is true. But, I'm sure there were no feelings of this kind. My mother had definite likes

C. Service: and dislikes. I hardly ever heard my father say anything mean about anybody. Now, I said, as you know, we had a Catholic maid and that she told me I would go to hell, things like that. But, I never heard any prejudice against Catholics. But, when I say that, I also realize that practically everybody we knew was Republican and was Protestant.

Levenson: And white.

C. Service: And white, right, except for maids and people who worked for us who were colored, as we called them.

Well, in my freshman year at Oberlin, in Baldwin cottage, there were two colored girls. I wish I could remember their names. I can't. But, I can't remember a lot of names. They were sophomores. One of the things that freshman girls had to do was to make the beds of the sophomores for one week. We drew names. Well, I drew the names of the two colored girls to make their beds every day for a week which I did. The only thing that I thought about it was that it really was a switch because my recollections were of New Orleans where we'd had lots of colored help. They had done all the work. They'd made the beds, they'd taken me out, they'd dressed me, they'd given me baths, and so on. Now, I was making the beds for two colored sophomores. It only passed through my head, "Well, this is fine. This is okay." I'm sure anybody else who would have drawn their names would have had the same feeling, but I did connect it with the fact that we had had so much colored help and that things were different at Oberlin.

Levenson: Are you sure a white southern girl of the twenties-- Perhaps she wouldn't have come to Oberlin.

C. Service: I was going to say she probably wouldn't have come to Oberlin.

Levenson: But, I'm sure she wouldn't have felt the same as you.

C. Service: Well, but she would have probably, being once at Oberlin. I don't think there was any race prejudice there. There were a number of colored students. I don't recall any feeling about them. It's true that there was no mixed dating that I remember. But, Oberlin did open my eyes to this kind of thing, the history of Oberlin too, the fact that it had been the first coeducational college in the world, that it had been the first to take in Negroes and women on an equal basis with men, with white men, because that's all there were before--white men. I think when my father decided to send me to Oberlin it wasn't for any of those reasons, but I think these things impressed me at Oberlin.

C. Service: I went through college very happily. I don't think I had any great thoughts about anything. We had to take two courses in religion: one our freshman year and that was on the book of Saint Mark, and one our senior year which was more or less philosophical and in which we were supposed to write our philosophy of life. Now, I can tell you when I was a senior in college I had no philosophy of life. I doubt if many seniors had. I can't imagine what drivel I must have put down because I really knew nothing about these things. I think I was a good student because it was easy for me to learn things and I could hand things back to the professor that he had taught me. But, as for original thought? How many people have an original thought, especially when they're in college?

Levenson: I thought that Oberlin tried to inculcate a service ideal to its students at least in the earlier years.

C. Service: I think in the earlier years it did, in an overt way; and I think that that has always been important; but some people, like me obviously-- I did get an awakening from Oberlin but more from the atmosphere of it than from any definite thing that was said or done.

The rules were strict. We weren't allowed to ride in cars. I think Oberlin still does not allow cars, except for some special reason. Freshmen women had to be in at 8:00 p.m., sophomore women at 8:30 p.m., junior and senior women at 9:40 p.m. On Saturday nights we had 10:00 p.m. permission except for a big dance when we had 11:00 p.m., and once in a while 12:00 midnight! But, these were just little peripheral things. Once in a while we skipped out. Once in a while we didn't come in when we were supposed to. This happened.

Everybody felt that the world was going forward. The world was prosperous. The United States had come out of the First World War a world power. Until the Depression hit, everything was just going to be fine. People worked hard. If you worked hard you succeeded. If you succeeded you got a little more money and so on. It was this kind of simplistic thing. Nobody could conceive what the world was going to go through in the next ten, twenty, thirty years. It was all optimistic. It was an optimistic framework.

Levenson: What about Oberlin's connection with China?

C. Service: I wasn't thinking in terms of China. But, when I met Jack one of the fascinating things about him was that he had been born and brought up in China. I thought it was absolutely fascinating. I wanted him to say something in Chinese. But, if there was anything Jack hated it was being asked to say something in Chinese

C. Service: because he didn't want to. Finally one day he croaked out a few bars of a hymn in Chinese and that satisfied me. Jack cannot sing. But, anyway he said those and one or two other words.

But, there were a lot of people in Oberlin who were from China. There was Marty Wilbur who had been brought up in China. I'm not sure he was born there. Eddie Reischauer was born in Japan. A chap named Sid Willis had been in China. There was a Phil Bowen who had been born and brought up in China. There was a Janet Fitch. She's related to the Fitches here in Berkeley. She was there. She had been, I think, born and brought up in China. There were some foreign students too, not many.

Levenson: Were there many students from China?

C. Service: I'm not sure that there were any actual Chinese students from China then, no. But, Oberlin did have a school in Shansi--Oberlin in Shansi. Today there are Oberlin schools in Taiwan and in India, but the organization is still called the Oberlin-Shansi Memorial Association. So, there was this link.

And then we had the Memorial Arch which you probably have seen in Oberlin which was a memorial to the Oberlin people, missionaries, who had been killed in the Boxer Rebellion.

So, when I started going out with Jack then I began to think about China and I thought, would I ever go to China? It seemed highly improbable because I just couldn't conceive of going to China. It was like going to the moon. But, I was very, very interested in what he had to tell me and about his life in West China, the experiences that he'd had as a child with his brothers, some stories about his mother and father.

When I went to Oberlin my father was in Chicago as District Engineer. Then he was transferred to Cleveland as Division Engineer. That was my sophomore year, and I went to Cleveland for summer vacation. At the beginning of our junior year when I started going with Jack my family was still in Cleveland. Then my father was transferred to Fort Humphreys, Va. to be Commandant of Fort Humphreys and the Engineer School. I was thrilled with this because I thought at an army post what a good time I'd have, dances, young men, all the fun I anticipated. [Laughter]

So, my last two years at Oberlin I went home to Virginia and I loved it. I loved the vacations. The vacation between my junior and senior year, my second sister married. She married Albert W. Bruce. They live here in Berkeley now. Anyway, that whole summer was taken up with the wedding.

Secretary of War Patrick Hurley's Open House, 1931

C. Service: Jack was supposed to come see me late that summer and then he didn't. He was in Michigan. That's what started things off on the wrong foot our senior year. He did come to visit me at Christmas, our senior year, and we had a very good time. Oddly enough--these things mesh into the future--[Brig. General Patrick] Hurley, who was later Jack's nemesis in many ways, was secretary of war in the Hoover administration, and he had an open house on New Year's Day [1931], he and his wife.

All the top ranking army officers around were invited, commandants of the posts and so on and so forth, the chiefs of the various branches. So, my father and mother, of course, received an invitation because Father was commandant of Fort Humphreys. They went off to an open house at the Hurleys', and Jack and I stayed home. I've often thought what a strange thing that was! Who would have thought that Jack's and Hurley's paths would ever have crossed?

Levenson: Do you remember your father expressing an opinion of Hurley as secretary of war?

C. Service: No, but if Father had expressed an opinion it would have been a good one. My father was a person who rarely disliked people. Also, he had great respect for people who had risen in the world because he himself had, and so he would have thought Hurley was a fine man. I'm sure of that. It never occurred to him to think anything else. And he was a true-blue Republican always, my father. Because Hurley was Republican, the administration was Republican, my father would never have thought anything except that they were good people. I don't know whether Hurley was a good secretary of war or not. He was a very vain man certainly.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

Debut in Washington, D.C.

Levenson: What did you do when you graduated?

C. Service: Now, when I graduated--you won't believe this but it's true--I went home. It never occurred to me to do anything but go home. I did not look for a job. I simply went home to Fort Humphreys and I made my debut the next fall [1931] in Washington society which is unbelievable to me today. This was my mother's idea.

C. Service: My mother must have thought, "Here's Caroline coming home. What am I going to do with her? Here we are at Fort Humphreys with lots of young bachelors and Caroline should have a good time and Caroline should make her debut in Washington."

So, my mother went up to Washington and she saw Mrs. [Helen] Hagner who was one of the two people who arranged debuts. And I made my debut. I had an afternoon tea dance at Fort Humphreys in the officers' club and I had the post band. There was a caterer. Well, I guess the man who ran the mess did the catering. So, for my family it was not as expensive as if it had been done in Washington. Any army girl who lived on a post could use the post facilities to give a party as could anybody else on the post. So, in this sense--but it must have cost my parents many hundreds of dollars which I don't know that they could afford. You know, the Depression was on then.

But, my father went along with it. I went and made endless calls in Washington. I wrote my name down at the White House. I was invited to a party at the White House because I was one of the year's debutantes. I went to endless debutante parties. I was not particularly popular. I was one of the few college graduates. Most of the girls were eighteen and nineteen. I was twenty-one. I'd graduated from college.

Levenson: I was going to ask if you weren't a little bit elderly. [Laughter]

C. Service: Yes, I was indeed. There were one or two others. Of course, I had a great variety of young men at the post that I could ask to go with me. I didn't have to have them ask me. If I were going to a debutante party I would ask some bachelor, "Are you busy? How about taking me into town or going with me?" Most of them were quite agreeable to do this.

I had one very devoted beau who later became a major general in the air corps. He is dead now. Lee Washburne, he was a devoted beau. But, for the rest I just would ask somebody to take me.

But, when I think about it now-- In terms of the present day-- Of course, I shouldn't think in those terms. But, what a waste of time, what a waste of money, how totally unimportant it really was in my life! I cannot remember any of the other girls. In fact, I can remember going to the White House and having a terrible-- Oh, what a terrible fiasco!

Levenson: Was it the Hoovers in the White House?

C. Service: Yes, the Hoovers were in the White House. They were giving a party for their two sons and I was invited. You know you were just invited. They invited people on the debutante list.

Levenson: How did you become a debutante officially? What made the difference between a party at the mess and a coming out party?

C. Service: Well, I'm not too sure. When you went to see Mrs. Hagner you were put on her list. There was another woman too. Then, whoever gave a party had to get it on their calendars. And everybody who was on the debutante list just got invited automatically.

Levenson: Do you know what gave these two women their commanding position?

C. Service: I haven't any idea. I haven't any idea, except one of them issued a book which I think her daughter or daughter-in-law, somebody named Hagner, is still issuing in Washington--the blue book which lists everybody with any social standing in Washington.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: And they issued that and I think my father and mother and I were in it. My father and mother were in it because my father was Commandant at Fort Humphreys and I was put on the list as their daughter. That gave us our position. You had to go and see them--Mrs. Hagner or the other woman; I think her name was Mrs. Dunlop--and then they made the arrangements to give a debut. You were told what to do and what kind of invitations to get. You got them engraved and you sent them out. Ridiculous! Ridiculous! [Laughter] Except I went along with it quite willingly. I did not think it was ridiculous in those days.

But, I didn't have all that good a time. I didn't know enough people. I was a stranger really in Washington. I had a fairly good time because there were enough men that I could call on and they all were very good about dancing with me.

Levenson: And you were good at dancing.

C. Service: Yes, right. So, it worked all right but I didn't regret it when it was over.

Levenson: I'm sorry. I interrupted you. You were going to tell me about the White House.

C. Service: The White House. Well, I went to a party and I went with Miles Reber who was one of the lieutenants at Humphreys. He was one of the military aides at the White House. I went with

C. Service: him and a girl named Betsy Pillsbury to this dance. You didn't have to have an escort. When we got to the White House I was sort of on my own. Betsy had some friends. Anyway, one of the aides--not Miles but somebody else--came rushing up to me and said, "You're to sit at the head table for the supper." I really thought, "This can't be so because why should I be singled out to sit at the head table?" But, he said, "When the supper-time comes you're to go to the head table."

So when the suppertime came we all filed into the state dining room. There were lots of little tables. I started making my way to the head table when another aide came up and said no, no it was a big mistake, I wasn't at the head table. By this time all the tables were filled up and my few friends were someplace else. Well, I had no place to sit! There was an empty chair however--there were obviously enough chairs. So, I went and sat with people whom I didn't know. I was embarrassed to tears. I really am not easily embarrassed, but this embarrassed me no end because I was left standing when everybody else had sat down. I've often wondered how they made this mistake. I was crushed over the whole episode. I was very happy when the evening was over. The dance was in the East Room. I <u>was</u> glad to be asked to the White House, but I wish it had been a happier evening.

Levenson: Did you meet the president, shake hands?

C. Service: I don't have any idea. Isn't that awful? I don't have the slightest idea. I suppose the Hoovers were there.

I did meet Mrs. Roosevelt later. When I was still at Fort Humphreys before I got married Mrs. Roosevelt had a tea and she invited Mother and me. I don't know what the occasion was. There were a lot of people coming to tea. I can remember meeting Mrs. Roosevelt very, very well. People were invited to the White House in those days. If you just lived around Washington you went and signed the book. I wonder if people can do that anymore. But, you signed the book and if you signed the book, why, you probably got invited to something during the year. So, Mother and I signed the book and we were invited to tea. Mrs. Roosevelt was there and I remember her very well. She was very gracious. She was gracious to everybody. I'm always glad that I saw her.

The Hoovers once came down to Fort Humphreys. So, I must have met Mrs. Hoover because when I got married she wrote my mother a very nice letter. So, I did meet Mrs. Hoover and I think we went to call and we went to an afternoon tea given by Mrs. Hoover. Everything in those days was smaller. Mrs. Hoover did write a lovely letter to my mother.

Strayer's Business College and a Temporary Job on the *Washington Post*

C. Service: After I made my debut I went to business school because it was obvious I was going to have to have a job or do something. I wasn't just going to sit. Jack and I did not decide to get married until the next January, [1933].

So, in September of the year before, '32, I went to a place called Strayer's Business College in Washington. I took a business course. I was going to be a secretary. I was very, very bad at both shorthand and typing. All the girls who were just out of high school were much better. I was good at the things I had to do with my head but not with my fingers. However, I persisted and I did finally finish a one year course at Strayer's Business College.

By this time I was engaged and definitely going to China in September. But in, I think, late July or early August of 1933, I substituted at the Washington Post for a girl who worked on the society page. I was there three weeks, and at the end of that time she came back. Eugene Meyer had just bought the paper and he was there, walking around quite a lot. Everybody saw him. I applied for a job and I was told I could have one, but I do not know if it would have been a job as a secretary or on the paper or what. But, they did say they would keep me on. I do not know why I applied for a job because I was going to China to be married. Perhaps I wanted the assurance that I could get a job. I got $25 a week which was the wage that the other girl was getting. In other words $100 a month was what she got for working on the society page. I thought it was a lot of money.

Levenson: It was pretty good pay in those days, I think.

C. Service: Yes, it was.

Engagement to Jack and the Foreign Service Examinations

C. Service: To go back a little. When Jack and I met again, the spring of 1932, we began to think in terms of marriage. It is true I turned him down--I'd been very hurt--but the thought was there. I would have liked to marry Jack right away after college. If it had been today Jack and I would probably have been living together. But you see in those days nobody would have dreamed of that. In fact you could not even get married at Oberlin.

C. Service: You would have had to leave. Since then I've heard of one or two people who did marry and kept it secret. But, we would have been expelled from Oberlin if we had gotten married.

Anyway, by the summer of 1932 Jack and I were writing again. He had come to see me at Humphreys and then he came out here to Berkeley and took the Foreign Service exams. He saw some very old and dear friends, the Yard girls, in Evanston. Now, I think I better say something about the Yard girls.

Jack's mother's best friend in China was Mabelle Yard, the wife of Jim Yard, a Methodist minister. The Yards had four daughters, the Services had three sons, and I think the parents would have been very happy if one of the daughters and one of the sons had made a match. During some of his vacations from Oberlin Jack went to see the Yards who by this time were living in Evanston. When I started going out with Jack he talked about the Yards so I heard about the Yard girls from almost the minute I met Jack. I did not meet any of them till we moved to New York after Jack was fired from the Foreign Service. Since then I've known all of them. We've become dear friends. Their names are Elizabeth, Priscilla, Molly, and Florence. Florence is married to Louis Harris, the pollster. (Elizabeth died in April, 1977.) The other girls married equally interesting people.

Jack had stopped to see the Yards on his way west after he'd been to see me at Fort Humphreys. Jack said we wanted to get married and he needed a job and what should he do? He was going to come out to Berkeley and go to school. Jack stayed an extra year in Oberlin doing postgraduate work in art history, but he decided he didn't want to go on with that. When he saw the Yard girls one of them said to him, "John [Paton] Davies has taken the Foreign Service exams and passed. Why don't you try them?" This was held against Jack, I think, at some later point, against Jack and John Davies that they had, you know, infiltrated together! They'd played Communist games when they were children in West China, [laughter] if you can believe such nonsense.

Anyway, Jack thought well John Davies had passed; he'd try the exams. So, he came out to California and he telegraphed the State Department that he wanted to take the examination. It was a three day exam. He took it to see what it was like, not thinking to pass. But he did pass. Then, he came to Washington in January, 1933--and that's when we became engaged--and he took the oral exams. He passed those and so he was put on the list. Now, they did not give the exams again for three years because of the Depression. Jack and the people who passed in '33 were not appointed to the Foreign Service until the fall, 1935. So, even though he passed the exams he did not have a job.

HEADQUARTERS
THE ENGINEER SCHOOL
FORT HUMPHREYS, VIRGINIA

November 11, 1933

DAILY MEMORANDUM)
)
No. 265)

I. Officer of the Day for today - Lt. Browning.
Officer of the Day for Sunday - Lt. Pearson.
Officer of the Day for Monday - Lt. Keller.

II. Medical Officer of the Day for today - Major Johannes.
Medical Officer of the Day for Sunday - Major Gist.

III. Field Officer of the Day for the week-end - Major Reinecke.

IV. Commander of the Guard for today - Staff Sgt. Peterson.
Commander of the Guard for Sunday - Staff Sgt. Henry.
Commander of the Guard for Monday - Staff Sgt. Daniel.

V. Announcement. Colonel and Mrs. Schulz announce the marriage of their daughter Caroline to Mr. John Stewart Service on November 9, 1933, at Haiphong, French Indo China. Mr. and Mrs. Service will reside at Yunnan Fu, China. Their address will be - care of the American Consulate.

VI. Tide Table for Sunday:

High tide	2:18 A.M.	and	3:01 P.M.
Low tide	9:07 A.M.	and	9:37 P.M.

Tide Table for Monday:

High tide	3:12 A.M.	and	3:50 P.M.
Low tide	9:54 A.M.	and	10:32 P.M.

VII. Movies for tonight: "Devil's In Love" with Victor Jory & Lorretta Young; "Loose Relations" Andy Clyde; and "Out of the Ordinary" Hodge Podge.

Movies for Sunday: "Tugboat Annie" with Marie Dressler & Wallace Beery and "Paramount News."

The second show will start at approximately 7:50 P.M.

By order of Colonel SCHULZ:

J. R. D. MATHESON,
Major, 13th Engineers,
Executive Officer.

OFFICIAL:

E. J. PETERSON,
1st Lt., Corps of Engineers,
Adjutant.

mea

C. Service: He decided to go out to China and see what he could do in Shanghai. When he got a job I would come out and we would be married. This was January. The January of '33 we became engaged. I went out to China with his mother, sailing from San Francisco on September 8, and we landed in Shanghai on September 29, 1933. Today is September 29. So, it was actually what, forty-three years ago today that I landed in China, in Shanghai, with Jack's mother!

Jack in the meantime had gotten a job with an American bank at $50 (U.S.) a month. The Depression had hit Shanghai. (Later on this bank failed.) He kept going around to the consulate to see if there were some jobs available. Finally they told him there was a job available in the American consulate in Yunnanfu. Today's it's called Kunming. This job paid $1800 a year. The man who had been assigned there from Mukden or someplace like that had said he wouldn't go because he had too many children--Yunnanfu was really in the backwoods--and would Jack take it?

He cabled me at Fort Humphreys and said he had this chance and should he go? My father said, "No!" My father said, "If you're going to China you're not going back to a place like that." So, I cabled and said, "No, don't go," whereupon I got a cable saying he'd taken it! Best thing he ever did because later the bank failed. Not the best thing he ever did, obviously, but he was very smart to do it.

Marriage in Haiphong

C. Service: I said, "I'm going anyway." Well, my family had nothing against my marrying Jack. There was no feeling that I should not go to China and marry Jack. But, it seemed so far away, and Yunnanfu was really far away. In order to get to Yunnanfu I had to go to Shanghai. I had to take a coastal boat to go down to Haiphong by way of Hong Kong, and then I had to take the train from Haiphong up into China, the French railroad.

We wanted to be married in Hong Kong, but Jack had worked such a short time he had little leave coming to him. He got this job in June, [1933]. John Davies was in Yunnanfu too but he soon got transferred. Yunnanfu was a two man consulate: a vice consul and a clerk. Jack was going to be the clerk. There was a consulate in Yunnanfu because the Canton consulate was too far away to help Americans. There were about, oh maybe about a hundred Americans somewhere in Yunnan province. Also, I think, our government wanted to keep an eye on what the French were doing up there.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

November 23d, 1933

My dear Mrs. Schulz:

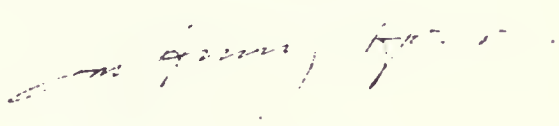
Thank you so much for remembering me at such an important time ! I was so glad to have the announcement of your daughter's marriage. I hope that you are very pleased over Caroline's happiness, and that the future holds much joy in store for her.

If Caroline and her husband ever get to the part of the world where we are at the time, I do hope they will let us know. I should so like to renew my acquaintance with her.

With most cordial felicitations to the young people in which my husband joins me,

I am

Yours sincerely,



C. Service: Jack could not get leave to be married in Hong Kong, so it was decided we would try to be married in Haiphong. In order to get married in Haiphong we had to be married under French law. There is nothing more difficult, or at least there wasn't in those days, because although it was a civil service, banns were supposed to be published for three weeks in advance, three separate weeks. We were not going to be there three weeks. I was going to arrive and we had to be married right away. My family did not want us to travel alone, unmarried, up to--you know, it all sounds antediluvian, doesn't it?--up to Kunming. Kunming and Yunnanfu are the same place. I use the terms interchangeably.

So, we got a lot of papers together. We gave them to the French consulate. We had to have them all translated into French in Shanghai. Then, they were sent to Haiphong. Finally the governor-general of Indochina--they were sent to him--said that he would waive these rules and we could be married as soon as I arrived in Haiphong.

So, I arrived in Shanghai on September 29. I'd had some pains in my side and it turned out I needed my appendix out. Whether I really did or not I have never known, but the doctor said, "She'd better have her appendix out." So, a week after I got to Shanghai I had my appendix out, a week or two weeks--anyway, it doesn't matter.

But, it delayed my journey and I did not leave Shanghai until October 27, on one of these little Butterfield and Swire coastal boats which had room for eight first class passengers and then hundreds of deck passengers, all Chinese, I assume, with great big steel grilles between where the officers and the first class passengers were and where the deck passengers were. There were armed Russian guards too because there had been quite a lot of piracy along the China coast. Pirates got on as passengers and then took over the ship. So, then they had all these guards and all this steel grillwork.

We got to Hong Kong, stayed there a couple of days,--I stayed with the consul general and his wife on land; I wish I could remember their names, Jenkins?—and then we set off for Haiphong. We were supposed to arrive in Haiphong on a Monday. Jack in the meantime had gotten leave to come down from Yunnanfu to Haiphong.

We did not get to Haiphong until Thursday, November 9, because we had a terrible typhoon. We were tied up in Hoihow harbor on Hainan island--no, we were anchored. There was no place to tie up and the wind was terrible and the water was raging. It was really a terrible typhoon.

Levenson: Were you afraid either of the pirates or of the storm?

C. Service: I was afraid of the storm. I wondered if the ship was ever going to get to Haiphong. I was still a little weak from the operation. I thought, "Maybe this boat is going to sink." It was a terrible typhoon. The officers were up all night, the water was sloshing around, and here we were. Bitter cold--it wasn't supposed to be--but a typhoon, the wind, it's cold.

Finally, after three days, we could set off. We got to Haiphong on the ninth. Jack had been there since Monday. If I hadn't come then he would have had to go back. We got in about 4:30 p.m. That was a Thursday. The next day was the Annamite king's birthday, a holiday. The next day was Armistice Day which the French celebrated--the eleventh--that was a holiday. The next day was Sunday. So, if I had not gotten in on Thursday afternoon we could not have been married immediately.

Going through customs was waived, everything. I was rushed off the boat, we were rushed up to the Hotel de Ville, and we were married by the mayor of Haiphong in a civil service. He was a large, corpulent man [gesturing a very large stomach] with a red, white, and blue sash around his middle. The ceremony was all in French of which we understood very little. We were given a little booklet proving we were married, with names for twelve children. [Laughter]

Levenson: Good Catholic custom.

C. Service: Yes, right. Our witnesses were a Standard Oil couple, Mr. and Mrs. Page. There were almost no Americans in Haiphong. We spent the night at somebody's flat, another American, a Mr. Glass, I think. But anyway, we spent the night in a flat belonging to another American.

We were up at 6:00 a.m. We had sent a cable to both our parents the night before, that we were married. We had to catch the train at 6:00 a.m. to go up to Lao Kay on the border.

After the wedding in Haiphong we were married again four days later in Yunnanfu; we had two weddings, both legal! The French one on November 9, was really the marriage. Then, we traveled for three days to Yunnan, got there Sunday night, the twelfth, and the next day we had a religious service at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Arnold. He was the Y[oung] M[en's] C[hristian] A[ssociation] secretary. Mrs. Arnold made a cake. We had a delicious little meal--a wedding reception. There were a few foreigners there, the English nurses from the

Mrs. Hoover

requests the pleasure of the company of

Miss Schulz

on Wednesday evening

December the thirtieth

at ten o'clock

Small Dance

Mrs. Roosevelt

will be glad to receive

Colonel and Mrs Schulz

Miss Schulz

on Monday afternoon

May the fifteenth

from 4:30 to 6:00 o'clock

Colonel and Mrs. Edward Hugh Schulz

announce the marriage of their daughter

Caroline Edward

to

Mr. John Stewart Service

on Thursday, the ninth of November

One thousand nine hundred and thirty-three

Haiphong, French Indo-China

At Home

The American Consulate

Yunnan Fu, China

C. Service: hospital, and Charles Reed was there as the official consular witness. This wedding is registered in the State Department. So, we had two legal weddings four days apart.

Levenson: Insurance.

C. Service: Yes, right. [Laughter] The minister was Arthur Romig. He was a Presbyterian minister and he was the son of Presbyterian missionaries who had been out in China for a long time. I mustn't leave out the <u>two</u> weddings because that's always been a very interesting thing to me and also because it pleased our families. They wanted us to have a religious service. So, that was done.

III CHINA: 1933-1940

Early Married Life in Yunnanfu (Kunming)

C. Service: It was a three day train trip to Kunming--the first day to Lao Kay. That was the border. We crossed the border. The second day we went to a place called Amichow. Funny name, doesn't sound right at all but I'm sure that's it. On the evening of the third day we got to Yunnanfu where we were met by a number of the foreigners.

Jack and I were taken to the consulate where we were going to live with Charles Shadrach Reed II. He was the vice consul. He lived in the main part of the house and we lived in one wing. We lived in one big room and one small room and had one room that was a bath. There was no running water. There were no usable electric lights. It was a very primitive place. We had breakfast separately but we had lunch and dinner with Charles Shadrach. Yunnanfu was a very amazing place.

Levenson: What had you expected and how was it different?

C. Service: I don't know. I was very unhappy at first.

Levenson: You were frightened first of all by the terrible trip. Did you have deeper apprehensions than that? It would be very surprising if you didn't.

C. Service: I had what?

Levenson: You were frightened by the trip obviously, but did you have much deeper apprehensions?

C. Service: I was terribly homesick. I was terribly homesick. It took me quite a long time to get over this. Also the dirt oppressed me. And China was-- I mean Yunnan was very benighted. Opium was

Wednesday, Oct. 11. (1933)

My Darling,

Back at work with nothing to do. Last week we were able to pad the summary of business so that it looked as though we were really busy. But this month I don't know what we are going to do. So little mail, and when we do get it there is nothing to do. Instructions that don't need any action or answering. I've got to get more typewriting practise if I'm ever going to get to be good.

What we've been doing the last few days is to read old magazines and arrange the files, etc. The time was not all wasted. In an old Foreign Service Journal I found out just what should be the qualities of the "ideal Foreign Service Officer". And then a little while later , lo and behold, I found an article about the Foreign Service Officers Wife. Here they are.

My boils are well. And I'm not going to have any more.

But hurry and come. I'm sure I need looking after, anyway.

WHAT THE CONSUL'S WIFE DOES.

Unlike the duties of the Consul, her husband, her's have no printed rules to be followed, or to guide her.

Her four greatest assets are versatility- adaptability- capability - and amiability.

She should be versatile - quick to learn a new language or new customs. Otherwise she cannot carry on the needs of the daily life of her household. She must send her husband to the Consulate each day well fed and well groomed and her children to school, and in order to do this she should know the language of the markets and the shops which is more often the patois or dialect of the country than the polite language of its drawing rooms. She must learn to train her servants in the native or local dialect. At the same time she has to be familiar with the more educated speech of the country.

She must be adaptable in order to be able to make a home in the wilderness, or in any odd corner of the world, as well as in the civilized centers. She must be able to pack her pet Lares and Penates (I'll bet this is not right) at a moment's notice, to be transported to some new and far-distant post. And smile when the broken fragments are taken again from their boxes. She must be capable of reassembling them in their new surroundings - to patch them up and eke out their deficiencies under new and strange conditions and limitations.

She should be able to be an interior decorator - a nurse - a cook - a good hostess - even an amateur doctor; in fact, a jack-of-all (feminine) trades. She never kows what she may be called upon to do for her family or servants when more expert help is unavailable.

She must be amiable and tactful in all her feminine contacts - to the clerks of the Consulate, the guests in her house, the stranger within her gates or those of the Consulate.

She needs nerve and courage to face riots, revolutions, or earthly upheavals, side by side with her husband as well as to give him the daily help he needs from her. (don't worry - not as bad as it sounds)

In fact, like the Consul, who must be "all things to all men", the Consul's wife must be all things at all-posts.

F.S.J. Jan. '31.

C. Service: smoked by more than 50 percent of the population. It was a depressing, degraded sort of place. The people were poor. Yunnan province was run by a local warlord named Lung Yun. The central government hardly had any impact there at all. The local currency was not the central government currency. It was local currency. We either used Yunnan dollars which amounted to very little, great wads of them, or we used Indochinese piasters which were really the only currency that had any value.

You could see opium growing in the spring all around, outside the walls. Opium poppies are very beautiful. The people had no livelihood really. There was no education, there was no public health care for them. There wasn't in any of China. Little girl children were still often let die. A few little girls still had their feet bound. This was 1933. Now, foot-binding had been outlawed when the Manchus fell [1911], but Yunnan was way, way off from the mainstream of Chinese life.

I just found it very, very depressing. This is why when I went back to China--you know, of course, later in Peking and Shanghai life was different--but why when we went back to Kunming in 1975 I could not believe the changes. It was as though hundreds of years had been jumped in the last twenty-five or thirty.

The foreign community in 1933, in Yunnanfu, consisted of the British consul general, the French consul, the American vice consul. The head of the customs was American. The head of the salt gabelle was--oh he was a Corsican, French. The head of the post office was a Frenchman. In other words all the top civil jobs were held by foreigners instead of Chinese. There was a scattering of missionaries. There were a number of Greeks who had come up when the railroad was built who stayed on.

[end tape 1, side 2; begin tape 2, side 1]

C. Service: As I look back it was a very exotic place, but I do not think I was prepared to appreciate all the things that I should have. There were a number of French business men-- [Dog barks.]

Levenson: Excuse me. Come in. [to the dog]

C. Service: Poor thing, he wants in or out.

There were a number of import-export people. Goodness knows what they really imported and exported. There was an awful lot of gun selling in Yunnan. Also opium was being shipped out. The League of Nations sent around somebody to look into the opium traffic, because it was illegal. There was a Frenchman who had an Annamese wife, a charming sort, both of them, with four sons who were at school in France for the most part, and they were into the opium business up to their necks.

C. Service: There were all kinds of shady things going on in Yunnan. Maybe that was just the way the whole thing was being run in those days. There were one or two Germans. One German ran the local--I suppose it was an electric power company. There might be lights if we sat up till 2:00 a.m., which we didn't.

Levenson: Why did you have to sit up till 2:00 a.m.?

C. Service: Because we didn't get any light until then. The filaments in the bulbs just flickered. So, all of us used pressure lamps. We used pressure lamps, petromex, or something like that, because we really could not get any electric light. I think the consulate had a phone, but there weren't any home phones. If we wanted to communicate with somebody we sent them a little chit and we got an answer back. We had a coolie who spent his days running around with chits.

When I went out to dinner I went in a sedan chair. The consulate owned a sedan chair. They had four bearers: two to carry, one going ahead with a lantern, calling out the great lady was coming, in Chinese, and one following. This was really Charles Shadrach Reed's chair, but obviously I was going to ride in it if three of us went out to dinner. If he went alone he often rode in it. Jack rode a bicycle or walked. Mostly people walked or they'd hire a rickshaw.

We had picnics. There was a tennis court at the sportif club, le Cercle Sportif Français. We made our own life. We had constant dinner parties and picnics on Sunday going out to the country. The countryside was beautiful. There are beautiful temples around Kunming.

Every so often some new foreigner would come to town. He'd come up on the railway--or she would--and stay. Sometimes people would just turn up; we often didn't know what their business was. They'd be there. Then they'd disappear again. Either people who were sort of adventurous types who wanted to see something different, or who were in who knows what kind of business.

I was not terribly well. I do not know whether it was the altitude, whether it was psychological or what, but by spring I was feeling very badly. A doctor came to Yunnan from Shanghai and he examined me and said he thought I needed another operation. I really don't think I did at all, as I look back. He said I had ovarian cysts. I think I was glad to leave Yunnan, though, for a while. I think it was terribly hard on Jack, but I wanted to go.

So, I went to Shanghai in the April after we'd been married six months. I went to Shanghai and I spent the summer with Jack's parents.

Getting Used to China

C. Service: I decided I should get a job in Shanghai: I had a few months there. I didn't have an operation, but I wasn't going back right away because of the weather, various reasons, because the trip was hard in summer and the railroad sometimes broke.

Anyway, I got a job tutoring two Chinese girls. I don't know how I got it, perhaps through the foreign Y[MCA] or something like that. I went off to a very Chinese home. There were two girls; I don't know that they knew much English, and I knew no Chinese. The only thing that I remember about--I don't think I did this more than four or five weeks--was that one day the head of the household came in. He may have been their father. He may have been their grandfather. Whoever he was, he was the top man. These two girls jumped up from their chairs, and they threw themselves prostrate on the floor with their faces down.

Levenson: Was that the kowtow?

C. Service: I suppose, but more than that, they just lay there! It was the kowtow, I suppose. But prostrate, flat out! I would not have been more surprised if they'd gotten up and jumped out of the window.

Levenson: What sort of clothes did they wear?

C. Service: They had little foreign girls' clothes on. Teenage, they were teenage, young teenage children. They just wore foreign style clothes.

This man came in in a regular Chinese gown, long gown, the way Chinese men dressed then. I got up from my chair and I said how do you do in English, but I was so dumbfounded--I want to put this in because that was really something I wouldn't have believed possible in Shanghai in the thirties. This was an old-fashioned family. I'm sure there were probably more than one wife and maybe concubines. I don't know. It was a large, extended family.

Levenson: That's astonishing.

C. Service: Isn't that amazing? Yes, I want to put that in.

Going down to Shanghai was a good thing. I realized Shanghai was glittering and exotic and a huge, big foreign city, but I really was happy to think I was going back to Yunnan, back to Jack, and back--just back.

C. Service: I'd gotten used to China. That, I think, is what had happened. I got used to China. I saw things in Shanghai too which appalled me, but I'd become used to it. I'd begun to be interested in the Chinese people, in the sense of thinking of them as people, not as just an amorphous mass.

I can remember riding in a rickshaw one day in Shanghai; doing one of the worst things I think I ever did in my life. It was a hot, blistering day. You were supposed to pay a certain amount for every quarter mile and I did pay that. I paid that exact amount. I paid maybe a little bit extra, but I didn't really give the rickshaw puller enough for the day and the weather. He begged me to give him a little more and I wouldn't. Now, wasn't this awful? This was horrible.

Levenson: Why did you do that? It doesn't sound like you.

C. Service: I don't know. It doesn't sound like me and I don't know why I did it. I really don't know why. I could say it was because people always said, "Don't overpay them." The foreigners always gave more than Chinese. But, I don't think that was the real reason. I don't know why. It has bothered me from that day to this that I didn't give this man another, an extra ten cents. It was so little. But, I began to think more of these people after that.

Levenson: Did it shock you at the time?

C. Service: It bothered me at the time. I really cannot explain it, except that it was a very mean thing for me to do. I thought about it--afterwards, right away afterwards, after he'd gone I wished that I'd given him more. Then I thought to myself it's better to overpay them than to underpay them. It's better to overpay a little bit. Because no matter what you paid them they had a terrible life.

I thought about this when I lived in India [1950-1951]. When we'd come out of a restaurant in India, in Delhi, and there would be lots of beggars, I always would try to give at least one or two of them something. People would say, "Don't give them anything. They're just here begging." I always thought to myself, although I didn't say it, "Here we've come out of a restaurant, stuffed with food. No matter what--whether they were putting it on or what--they had wretched, wretched lives." You know, nothing could give them a good life.

This rickshaw man--I've often thought of this--if there were an afterworld and I was going to be sent to hell for anything, I would be sentenced for underpaying that rickshaw man. I don't think of it very often anymore, but I'm thinking of it now.

C. Service: Anyway, I went back then to Kunming after that summer. I did not need an operation as it turned out when I got to Shanghai, but I stayed in Shanghai through the rainy season. I went back in September and very soon thereafter I became pregnant. Our daughter was born the next July [1935].

I'd gotten used to China. I liked it. I liked that winter. I began to enjoy the life we were leading. We also moved out of the consulate. Charles Shadrach Reed was transferred. We got Arthur Ringwalt who was a China hand. Arthur Ringwalt was a very nice chap and he has remained a good friend all of our lives. We saw him this summer.

Levenson: Did you try to learn Chinese?

C. Service: I did try but I never learned very much. I got to the point where I could talk to the servants and I could go out shopping. I could do anything like that. I even took some lessons from an old teacher.

Levenson: Were you learning Mandarin?

C. Service: Yes, Mandarin. They talked a kind of Mandarin in Yunnan. But, he wanted to teach me names for officials and he wasn't a good teacher. I'm not good at languages and I think my hearing, even then, was never too good.

C. Service: We were talking about fear. I was not well my first year or so in China and I was frightened in that sense. The long journey frightened me in a sense, but I was never frightened of the Chinese. I never felt I would be harmed. I never felt the servants would harm me. I never minded going shopping by myself. I didn't mind going out in a rickshaw by myself or walking on the street. I never had any fear all the years I lived in China that I would be any way harmed or injured. I didn't have any fear when we had to get up and leave because the Communists were coming. [1935] Actually, I didn't feel that I should go very much, but everybody was going. I had no choice.

So, my main problems in China my first year were my health and the fact that it was a culture shock--it really was--and that I was terribly homesick for my parents and for my life I'd left. It took me about a year before I became willing to realize that I had a new life and it was a fascinating one and that although I still thought of home, I didn't think of it in those nostalgic terms anymore. I'm going to have to stop now because my throat is beginning to tighten up.

[end tape 2, side 1]

Brushed by the Long March

[Interview 3: October 5, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

C. Service: It was during this winter, 1934-35, that we began to hear about the Communists. We began to hear rumors that the Communists--this meant nothing to me at the time--had broken out of their stronghold in Kiangsi province and were going to be exterminated by Chiang Kai-shek's troops.

Levenson: Where was this information coming from?

C. Service: Well, it came from Peking, I suppose, and Shanghai, the reports were sent. Also, there was telegraphic communication between Yunnan and the outside world. We did have the telegraph. Mail came. We got mail maybe once a week or every ten days.

Levenson: Were these Nationalist reports generally believed?

C. Service: I suppose so. I suppose the reports were put out by the central government. Yes, I suppose these reports of extermination campaigns were put out by the central government and they were generally believed, because nobody could imagine that the Communists wouldn't be defeated, wouldn't be exterminated. Nevertheless, they never seemed to be quite exterminated. By spring the Communists had come down through parts of Kwangtung Hunan, Kwangsi, and into Kweichow provinces, come across, and they were coming into Yunnan province. (I've looked up those provinces.) We kept hearing this. There was a great deal of discussion amongst the foreign consuls in Yunnanfu about what we were going to do if the Communists came towards the city, because by this time it was obvious that they were going to come through the province, that they were coming through.

All of April--this was April, 1935--we kept getting rumors. Missionaries came down to Kunming who were either trying to get out of their path or Chinese would come and say where they were. There were all kinds of rumors filtering in.

But, anyway, about the middle of April we were told that the women and children might have to leave. Now, I was pregnant. I was expecting my baby the middle of July. I'd gotten a lot of things sent out from home from Montgomery Ward's and my mother had sent me things. Jack's mother had sent things from Shanghai. So, I packed one trunk and packed suitcases. The idea was that if we had to leave we would all go on the train down to Indochina. Then whether or not I'd go to Shanghai was problematical. We would see.

C. Service: Anyway, on April 29, we were told that no, the Communists were not coming towards the city, that they had turned away from the city and were going north and so, we wouldn't have to leave. Either the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth we were told this. Well, I did not unpack because it was lovely spring weather. By this time we were living in the mission compound belonging to the China Mission Society. We were living in the house of the English doctor and his wife who'd gone to England on leave. The baby was going to be delivered by an English midwife, Miss Enid Tindall, attached to this hospital. We had a lovely garden and I just decided I'd spend the day in the garden. I didn't do any gardening. But, it was so pretty and I didn't feel like staying inside and unpacking, so I didn't.

Shortly after midnight--this would have been about 1:00 a.m. on the thirtieth of April--there was a great banging on the compound gate. A messenger from the consulate came to tell Jack to get up, me to get up, get ready to leave, the Communists were coming towards the city. I would have to leave. There would be a special train to take the women and children which would leave in the morning about 7:00 a.m. or 8:00 a.m.*

So, we got up. Next door to us lived a Dr. Joseph Rock. He was a famous man in China. He had been sent out by the National Geographic Society. He was a great naturalist. He had wandered around China toward the Tibetan border and found all kinds of new, rare, and exotic plants. He was a botanist and an explorer. He wanted to leave too because he had some very valuable things he wanted to take, books and papers especially, and he was not in good health. It was decided that Rock would go with the women. A few other men would go.

Jack went around notifying all the American women and children, missionaries. There weren't many, but they were scattered. The British were doing the same and the French were doing the same, and the other foreigners.

I hadn't unpacked, so I got together a few other things. We had to take enough food for three days to eat on the train. We had some kittens. We had a Siamese cat and Jack's mother wanted some kittens, so I decided to take two kittens with me in a basket. I took all the baby things.

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*Cy Carney's letter seems to say we left on April 29th. But the newspaper clipping from Peking confirms my recollection that I left Kunming on the morning of April 30, 1935. C.S. [See next page]

AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE

Yunnanfu, April 30th, 1 a.m.

Dear Service:

Gandon has just arrived to say that a special train will leave tomorrow at 7.44 a. m. Apparently 3000 communists are at Shaopanch'iao, say thirty li away from here. 7000 more at Yangling, which I believe is near Kutsing.

Perhaps Carol had better get on board. Can you notify Arnold. I shall write to the Kweichow Guild. Harding, I take it, is caring for the C.I.M. but I am going to see him to make sure.

Ringwalt

Caroline
Service's
Chinese
Name

謝 Hsieh 4

若 jo 4

ao

蘭 Lan 2

FOREIGN WOMENFOLK LEAVE YUNNANFU

Accompanied By Children, Start By Train For Haiphong

ANXIETY OVER TWO MISSING WOMEN

PEIPING, May 1.—Messages from Yunnanfu, capital of the province of Yunnan, state that the majority of foreign women and children there evacuated the city by train yesterday morning, going to Haiphong. The rest are following as soon as possible.

The vanguards of the Red forces in Yunnan are now reported to be 15 miles north-east of the provincial capital, with Nanking troops in close pursuit.

The wife of one American Consular official evacuated, and Consular officials themselves are reported to be ready to evacuate, with their archives, in the event of a more serious emergency.—Reuter.

Information Sought

KWEIYANG, May 1.—A request for information concerning the whereabouts of Misses Trefren and Bush, two missionaries stationed at Annan, South-West Kweichow, was contained in a telegram from the American Consul at Yunnanfu received here to-day by the China Inland Mission.

No news, however, is obtainable locally concerning the present whereabouts of the two women.—Reuter.

C. Service: That morning it was pouring rain, really pouring. We were all down at the station. The one daily train was waiting. We were all put on this train and off we went. The English nurses were on, everybody. I don't think any foreign women stayed behind.

It took three days to get down to Haiphong. We didn't know what was going to happen. We didn't know what was happening back in Yunnanfu. Sandbags were being brought in. They were going to fortify the city. The men were staying. The Chinese were fortifying the city.

The Communists did not take the city, but they came within a few miles of it. They did not want the city. What they wanted was to get across the Yangtze River and they wanted to escape any encircling armies. I do not think Lung Yun was going to fight them for a minute. They got across the Yangtze where it makes a deep bow down into Yunnan province. They got across and went on--continued their Long March along the border of Szechwan, across the grasslands, across Kansu, and finally into Shensi, and to Yenan.

Of course, all of this is interesting in light of what has happened in future years. Because these people were considered a ragtag group. Everybody just assumed that even if they escaped the encirclement they had no future.

I stayed two weeks in Haiphong and by that time the danger--if there ever was a danger--had passed. So, I came back to Yunnanfu with all my things except for the kittens. I put the kittens on a coastal ship and sent them to Shanghai! [Chuckle] I got on the train, went back with all my baby clothes and my trunks and so on.

The Chiang Kai-sheks Show Solidarity with Lung Yun

C. Service: Then, Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek came to visit Yunnanfu. They were going to show solidarity with Lung Yun--the Communists, by this time, had disappeared. The Chiangs were coming down to show their strength, the Nationalists' strength. This happened in May, [1935]. A reception was given and I've always been sorry that only the consuls were invited. Anyway, we were not invited to meet them and I've always been a little bit sorry that I didn't meet them. Jack met them later in Chungking.

Then Virginia, our daughter, was born on July 3, [1935]. She was born in the Church Mission Society Hospital.

Levenson: Was there great excitement at the time of the visit, the Chiangs' visit?

C. Service: When Chiang Kai-shek came, yes. All the main streets were repaved with big, flat, paving stones. The city was cleaned up. There was much excitement. The Chiangs came and stayed for two or three days, I think. They flew--by this time they had an airplane line. The China National Aviation Company had linked up with Yunnan. There was a plane once a week. I don't know how the Chiang Kai-sheks flew there. They must have had a Chinese military plane. There was an airport of sorts. This had all happened in this past year.

Levenson: Was there a real feeling of Yunnan's belonging to China or of the central government's being effective or was this a token sort of thing?

C. Service: I think people felt that the central government was becoming more effective. Yes. I just thought it was doing very well, but what did I know about it? I think it was becoming more effective--the fact that they could come to Yunnan at all. I was not very conscious of any of these political factors.

Roy Service's Death in Shanghai, 1935

[tape off]

C. Service: In early August of 1935 we heard from Jack's mother that Jack's father was probably fatally ill. He had not been well all summer and nobody really knew quite what was wrong. Anyway in, I think, early September Jack flew to Shanghai. Now the airline, as I stated, had just that year come to Yunnan. Jack flew to Shanghai and his father died on September 29. All the three sons were there because they were all in China. Dick had graduated from college. He'd graduated from Pomona and he had come out to Shanghai. Bob was down in Macao. So, all three of the Service sons were with their father when he died.

Mrs. Service was left very poorly off, not only because of the Depression, but because Mr. Service had been let out of the YMCA because they didn't have enough funds. He had been working for the China famine relief.

But, in any event, the Y had finally decided that they would reinstate everybody let out, for pension reasons, as of October 1, 1935. Robert Roy Service died on September 29. Mrs. Service did not get a pension. Later on there was some arrangement made whereby the Y paid her $50 a month, but this was simply done through the good offices of Eugene Barnett--he's the father, by the way, of Bob and Doak and DeWitt Barnett. By this time, he was in America

C. Service: and he was in the national office of the YMCA. I think that he probably said something like, "Look, you've got to do something for Grace Service. They devoted their lives to the Y in China and she has been left in a very bad way."

Jack's Foreign Service Commission: off to Peking

C. Service: Just after this, on October 1 or about in there, the Foreign Service commissions came through after almost three years of waiting. Two and three quarters years after Jack passed the exams, the Foreign Service was taking in new people. So, Jack received his Foreign Service commission and he was assigned to go to Peking--to go to language school. As he was in Shanghai they wanted him to go right from there. But, he wrote back and--or wired back--and asked if he could return to Yunnan to help pack up and bring Virginia and me to Peking.

At that time I was having a great problem with breast abscesses. I don't know that you want this. I really could not make the move alone. I had five breast operations. There was no penicillin, of course, in those days. In fact, there was very little ether in Yunnanfu. But, they did have enough to give me some. The Chinese doctor had to lance all these abscesses.

So, Jack got back to Yunnan sometime after the middle of October. He came back by sea. It was decided we would leave about the middle of November and that I would fly with Virginia to Shanghai, because there was also no smallpox vaccine in Yunnanfu right then, and I really didn't want to make that long, two-weeks trip down through Indochina and on the boats and so on with her without some protection.

So, I flew with Virginia to Shanghai. We flew from Yunnanfu to Chungking. There I stayed with missionary friends. That was a Ford Trimotor--I flew in a Ford Trimotor from Yunnanfu to Chungking. It was what the China civil aviation was using. [Chuckle] Then, the next day I flew from Chungking to Hankow in something called a Loening, I think. I'll have to check this. Anyway, we flew right down through the Yangtze Gorges, just above the water. It was magnificent. But, I really hardly saw it because I was feeding the baby bottles.

Levenson: Beautiful.

C. Service: I'd had to wean her because of the abscesses and I was fixing bottles and I was doing all sorts of things. But, I did look out; we were the only passengers. There was only room for four passengers.

Then, I stayed that night with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Josselyn. He was the consul general in Hankow. The next day I flew in something called a Stinson, I think, from Hankow to Shanghai. So, it was a three day flight, but I got to Shanghai. Jack came around by boat bringing two cats as usual. [Chuckle]

Levenson: Were these single engine planes?

C. Service: No, the Trimotor, Ford Trimotor, had three. [Laughter] It must have had three motors, but the other two little things had only one motor. They were little teensy planes. I'm not fond of flying. Strangely enough, I didn't feel any more fear in those little planes than I do in a great big one.

Jack met me in Shanghai and in early December we went to Peking and Jack started his language study.

Life in Peking

C. Service: Now, I could tell you something about Peking in those days. I could tell you about all the people who were there in the American embassy.*

Levenson: I'd like that.

C. Service: Nelson Trusler Johnson was the ambassador. His wife was Jane. She was a very kind and warm person. She was only in her thirties, had two small children of her own, was goodness itself to all of us. The counselor at the embassy was Frank P. Lockhart, and his wife Ruby. They were just about the kindest people you could imagine, especially Mr. Lockhart. They were wonderful to all of us.

Peking, you can't imagine--it was small. Not small like Yunnan, but the embassy was a small, happy group of people. Well, not everybody was happy there. That is quite true, but

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*See Appendix 1.

C. Service: compared to embassies today it was very informal. Everybody knew everybody else well. We all lived close together.

The first secretary was a bachelor named George Merrell (later ambassador to Ethiopia) who was noted for the parties he gave. He was wonderful. He married shortly after we arrived, married Nathalie Choate from Boston, of the famous Choate family. She was a widow. She had been married to a Choate.

Then there was Bob [Robert Lacy] Smyth who was, I guess, second secretary, an old China hand. He was a bachelor. Larry [Laurence] Salisbury who was a Japan language man. The embassy always had one Japan language man. His mother lived with him. He also was second secretary and a bachelor.

Then there was Paul W. Meyer and his wife Harriet. He must have been a second secretary too. Could there have been that many? It doesn't matter. Paul was in charge of the language students. Then there was O. Edmund Clubb, who had a terrible time during the McCarthy era, and his wife Mariann. It's spelled with two n's at the end. Edmund Clubb was a third secretary.

There was Cecil Lyon who was a third secretary too. His wife was Elsie Grew, the daughter of Ambassador [Joseph C.] Grew. They had two little girls, one born in Peking. Elsie and I became very good, close friends and we have remained close friends, even though the situation between Mr. Grew and Jack was not very happy at times, not personally but just because of circumstances. But, Elsie and I have remained warm friends.

Jim Penfield met us at the station. Jim Penfield was a language student, James K. Penfield. He later became ambassador to Iceland. Edward Rice was another language student. He'd just arrived. His last career post was consul general in Hong Kong [1964-1967].

Then there, as a clerk, was Philip D. Sprouse who had gotten a clerkship somehow, because Cordell Hull was from Tennessee, I guess, and because Phil was from Tennessee. Phil later took the exams for the Foreign Service, became a Foreign Service officer, and his last post was ambassador to Cambodia [1962].

We've all known each other for many, many years. Jack and I arrived late for the language course because Jack came back to Yunnanfu for me. There was a third language student named Charles Millet. Of course, there was a great joke amongst the Chinese to have a Rice and a Millet [laughter] as language students. Millet's first wife, Billie, died. He remarried and later left the Foreign Service.

C. Service: This was the embassy except for some American office staff. I guess that was it. But, they were included in everything too. There were no lines of demarcation. One of the most sought after girls in Peking, by all the bachelors, was Roberta Duncan who came out as a secretary.

Levenson: You have answered a question I was going to ask you, but I'm going to ask it anyway! You said quite firmly that there was little rank and status distinction in the American embassy. Was it like that in the other embassies?

C. Service: I didn't really know anybody in the other embassies because Jack was a language student. Our own social life was limited practically to the American embassy because language students were really not supposed to have much of a social life. There was rank, of course. But, we were invited by everybody in our own mission to dinner. We invited them back, and we were all good friends. But, we did not belong to the Paomachang Race Club where so many people went. We did not belong to the Peking Club. So, we really did not meet many other foreigners, except that Jack knew some because of language work. We did not have much social contact outside of the American embassy and the American community. Now, this seems rather strange today.

The military attaché was Colonel Joseph W. Stilwell and the assistant military attaché was Captain David D. Barrett. It's really true that all of us have known each other, you know, for a long, long time. These people who later became involved in the problems of China and in the McCarthy era and were accused of all sorts of things, many of us were in Peking in those days.

Levenson: What can you tell me about Stilwell at this period?

C. Service: Well, we barely knew them; we knew their daughter Nancy. Their oldest daughter Nancy was in her early twenties. We knew her quite well. Mrs. Stilwell did not--I think we were all asked around to tea. She led a rather quiet life of her own. I don't recall that I saw Mrs. Stilwell more than a few times. I don't suppose I saw him more than a few times. We saw Dave Barrett more.

There was also the marine guard. There were quite a number of officers in the marine guard. We knew them. There were marine language students and there were army language students and we knew them very well. Two of them who became our very close friends were Samuel B. Griffith and his wife Belle. He had a terrific record in the war. He was passed over for general, but he did get his B[rigadier] G[eneral] when he retired. And a finer officer there never was, but he made some enemies. Belle was, is, a very beautiful woman.

C. Service: There were very few differentiations. It's true that when the Johnsons gave parties they did not invite the language students unless it was a general party for everybody, but they invited us all at least once to dinner. Then, if there was some big general party we were always asked. There wasn't much pressure put on us.

Our older son, Robert, was born in Peking. Bob was born February 16, 1937. Jane Johnson loaned me her baby carriage. We were treated like family.

When we arrived the Lyons were going on home leave, and so they offered us their house to live in, including their amah. Their little daughter, Alice, was just nine months older than Ginny. We happily accepted because there were no embassy quarters for us as language students. The house was in San Kuan Miao which was an old Chinese temple which at some point--it was in the legation quarter--had been taken over by the Americans and had been made into residences, all the various little temple places. So, a great many of the people of the American embassy lived in San Kuan Miao in charming Chinese houses which were rather falling apart but which were kept up nicely; and there was a swimming pool which we could all use in the summer.

The Americans had two compounds. They had the regular embassy compound where the Johnsons lived and the Lockharts and where the chancery was and where Bob Smyth and Larry Salisbury lived. They had regular, big, foreign style houses. It was next to the marine guard compound where there were also regular houses that had been built for the colonel and various officers.

San Kuan Miao, then, was for anybody else. The bachelors lived there and married couples who had high enough rank. Or rather they just squeezed you in until there weren't any houses, and the people left over had to find places to live outside.

We lived in the Lyons' house three months, and then we found a place up near Coal Hill which belonged to a German. The house is still there today. San Kuan Miao is a wreck. The Chinese have not kept it up. I think they'll tear it down someday and rightly so. The city wall [gesturing fingertips to fingertips] went right beside San Kuan Miao and today there is no city wall. So, this sort of rabbit warren of little old houses, they're lived in by Chinese, but I'm sure they're going to be destroyed and modern housing put in.

The house we lived in near Coal Hill, which was right across the moat from the Forbidden City, was a very big, old, elegant Chinese official's house, I suppose. It had an interior courtyard

C. Service: and it had a front courtyard. And there was a high wall all around. There was a little extra house that could be used for a guest room.

I have no idea what we paid for rent, because we couldn't have gotten much rent allowance. You know, the government not only pays your salary when you're overseas, but they give you a rental allowance, and it couldn't have been very much. Jack's salary was $2500 a year, so the rental allowance, who knows? We were very happy because that was more than we got in Yunnan.

Jack was a language student for two years. We'd no sooner arrived in Peking--I think it was about December 4--than a few days after that they had the student riots [December 7, 1935]. Jack will tell about this when he talks, because this was one of the first things that happened against the Japanese encroachment. There were student riots.

It was at that time that we first met Edgar Snow. He was in Peking, and he was, of course, as any newspaper writer would be, interested in going out and seeing what was happening. Jack and the others went to see too. I don't know what they found out, if anything. This is considered one of the beginning points of the United Front--where the students were trying to force the hand of Chiang Kai-shek against the Japanese, not to keep on retreating and retreating.

Life in Peking was remarkably pleasant. We didn't know it was the end of an era. At least I didn't know. I didn't know that the life that we lived then was all just going to disappear very quickly and forever. There were the old shops to go to, full of beautiful things. We had rickshaws. The camels came into Peking. It was like an Arabian Night's dream and we all loved it. There were places to go and eat. Lots of foreigners were living all around the place. Many foreigners who came to Peking rented a house and just stayed on. It was a kind of a lotus-eater's land.

Our Summer in the Western Hills

C. Service: Jack's brother, Dick, had gotten a job as a clerk in the consulate in Fuchow. His mother, by this time a widow, went to live with him. In February Dick became sick. He had his appendix out. When they operated they found he had TB of the abdomen. He could not keep on working. Mrs. Service did not know what to do. It was decided that they would come to Peking and live with us.

C. Service: So, they did come and Dick was in the hospital for a month while the doctors decided what the treatment should be. But, the treatment in those days was just rest. We decided that we would move out to the Western Hills, fourteen miles outside of Peking, and that all of us would live there. Mrs. Service was going to hire a male nurse for Dick.

We found a house out in the Western Hills that belonged to a Chinese-German combination family called Wang. They were quite well known in Peking. He was an official. They had six beautiful daughters, half German, half Chinese. They were all beautiful. They were all simply beautiful. Some would look more western, some Chinese. Anyway, we rented this house from the Wang family. We were out there for six months, from May, 1936, until October, 1936.

Dick did get well. He's never had a recurrence. The house was about four hundred feet up the hill off the plain. We could look out over Peking.

Levenson: Beautiful.

C. Service: Jack's Chinese teacher came out everyday by bus and Jack had his lessons. I didn't like it as much as I should have. There again I think I had the same sensation I had in Yunnanfu that I was isolated. I really wanted to be in Peking. However, it was a nice place, and we had a very happy time together. My mother-in-law and I were very good friends, and Dick--we've always been good friends.

In October we moved back to Peking, and then Dick lived with us through half the next year in that little extra house we had in the Coal Hill house. He was making a complete recovery. Jack's mother stayed until sometime during the winter, and then she went to Chungking with her husband's ashes and put them in the same grave with her baby daughter who had died going up the Yangtze River in 1906.

The Marco Polo Incident

C. Service: Life went on very pleasantly. By the summer of 1937, my father had retired and my parents decided to come to visit. I hadn't seen them for four years. I was thrilled. Ginny was two years old. Bob was five months. I was to go to meet them at Chinwangtao, the port where the army transports came in. It is north of Peitaiho and just south of the Great Wall.

C. Service: Elsie Lyon went there every summer with her two children and she invited Mariann Clubb and me to come visit her. I had gone the summer before, and I went again this summer taking Ginny with me.

Well, on the Fourth of July there was a big party at the American embassy. Then, Jack and I went to another party that night and we went swimming, I suppose at San Kuan Miao, about 2:00 a.m.

Then we went home and the next day, July 5, Jack had a terrible sore throat. I was going to go to Chinwangtao on the sixth. I was leaving Bob in Peking with Jack, with the amah, and I was taking Ginny by myself. I got a doctor around, an American doctor who was connected with the marine guard, and he said Jack had a terrible sore throat. It was obvious Jack did have a terrible sore throat. [Chuckle] He looked in his throat, said, "Terrible sore throat."

On the morning of the sixth I went to Chinwangtao. This was July 6, 1937. That night the war--really the Second World War--started out at the Marco Polo bridge. The Chinese name is Lukouch'iao.

In Chinwangtao on the morning of the seventh we heard there had been an encounter at the Marco Polo bridge--we did not realize the war was starting, that this was it--and that the railway had been cut, and that the Japanese were encroaching. I also got a telegram that morning saying that Jack was in the P[eking] U[nion] M[edical] C[ollege], which was the big Rockefeller hospital, with scarlet fever. That's how he happened to have a terrible throat.

Levenson: That was really terrifying in those days.

C. Service: Well, it was, and I had left Bob behind, you see. I thought, "Dear God." My parents were due about the eleventh. I thought, "Am I going to stay here; am I going home?" But, I couldn't go home. The railroad had stopped, or we heard it had. There was nothing I could possibly do except stay right where I was, meet my parents, and hope to get back to Peking.

My parents arrived. They, of course, had heard about the fighting, but the transport didn't stop. It came and unloaded people. They were bringing troops for the 15th Infantry in Tientsin. Once a month or so a transport came in bringing supplies and replacements and taking people away.

Well, my parents arrived. The trains, then, had started running again. We were told we could get through to Peking. So, we got on the train that same noon. Elsie decided she would go back to Peking and leave her kids--her two daughters--leave them in Chinwangtao and she'd go back to see Cecil.

C. Service: We all got on the train, and we got as far as Tientsin. We spent the night in a hotel in Tientsin, and the next day we got on the train and went to Peking. We got there about noon. Cecil came to meet-- He thought he was going to meet me and tell me how Jack was and so on. He was absolutely horrified to see Elsie get off the train. He said, "You've got to go right back. Peking is no place to stay." Well, she did stay two or three days, and then she did go back to Chinwangtao.

But, we had all gotten to Peking safely. My parents were there. Jack was getting better. We no longer lived at Coal Hill. We had moved into a house in the south compound of the PUMC. I rented a room for my parents at a nearby house because there wasn't room in the house we had.

So, things went along all right. But, the Japanese were getting closer and closer. You could hear the fighting going on outside the city. You could hear the cannons and the guns or whatever. But, you know it was unreal. Food kept coming into the city. All the people who lived outside at various places were told to move into the city. They did, and people from outlying areas, missionaries and so on, were told to move into the city.

Well, I'm not sure exactly when it was, but sometime, I suppose later that month, the Japanese just took Peking.

Levenson: Where were the Chinese troops?

C. Service: Well, they left. They left. They weren't there. They just vanished. I don't think there were many Chinese troops, and anyway they couldn't have done anything against the Japanese. At that point they really couldn't have. They just filtered away.

We were told one day that we would all have to move into the Legation Quarter, that the Japanese were going to take the city. So, everybody outside was assigned a place in the legation quarter. We were assigned to the Lyons' house because we had lived there before. I had my parents and Elsie wasn't there, so there was room for my father and my mother and for me and for the two children. Jack was still in the hospital. He was recuperating.

[end tape 1, side 1]

ST OAKLAND ENQUIRER

WOMEN'S PAGE, including special features of interest to feminine readers, Marian Martin patterns, Shepard Barclay's daily contract bridge lesson, and Adele Garrison's great serial.

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LIFORNIA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1937 FC Telephone Lakeside 2600

Greater Oakland Residents Trapped in China War Center

Service Family in Peiping as Guns Roar

Worried over the plight of their relatives in Peiping, China, several Metropolitan Oakland families today anxiously were waiting word from the invaded city.

Heading one group in the war zone is Mrs. Robert Roy Service, widow of the late Y. M. C. A. official and University of California representative in China.

With her son, Richard, a Pomona college graduate, who is recuperating from an illness, she is at Peitaho, a seaside resort near Peiping, it was revealed by her son, Robert K. Service, a University of California forestry student, of 2328 Grove street, Berkeley.

OTHERS IN PEIPING

Also in Peiping is a second brother, John S. Service, American vice-consul, witb his wife and two small children.

The youngsters are Virginia Service, 2, and Robert Edward Service, 8 months.

Col. and Mrs. Edward Schulz, formerly of the Presidio, San Francisco, parents of Mrs. John Service, are in Peiping visiting their daughter.

Mrs. Albert W. Bruce, 128 Parkside, Berkeley, a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Schulz, said she has not heard from her parents since they sailed for China.

EXPRESS CONCERN

Another Metropolitan Oaklander expressing concern over the Peiping residents is Mrs. F. H. McNair, 1082 Spruce street, Berkeley, sister-in-law of Mrs. Service Sr.

Also living in the besieged city is 20-year-old David M. Edwards, U. S. Marine corps radio operator at the American embassy, son of Mrs. R. B. Edwards of 2840 Sixty-first avenue.

Mrs. Edwards said her son went to China in January, for a two-year stay. Her last letter from him was mailed in Peiping, June 25, but made no mention of events possibly leading to the present conflict.

AWAITING WORD

Among Metropolitan Oaklanders waiting word from the war-torn city is Clarence Christian, 1421 East Thirty-third street, whose brother, H. W. Christian, treasurer of the China Union mission of the Seventh-Day Adventist church, is in Peiping.

With the missionary worker are his wife, Gretchen, and their two children—Alton, 11, and Willa, [illegible]

HELD IN WAR'S CHAOS

IN PEIPING! Mrs. John S. Service, caught with her husband, American vice-consul, and their two small children, in Peiping, center of Japan's present drive into North China. (Story on first page, second section.)

GUNS ROAR OVERHEAD

WAR CENTER! Little Virginia Caroline Service, the daughter of American Vice-Consul John S. Service at Peiping, a Berkeley resident, finds herself in war's center as Japan attacks.

Robert Service, 5 months

John S. Service

VISITORS! Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Schulz of Berkeley, parents of Mrs. Service who are now visiting the Services in Peiping.

Under Japanese Rule

[begin tape 1, side 2]

C. Service: You saw that newspaper clipping "Guns Roar Overhead"? We didn't feel that we were going to be hurt. Guns may have been roaring overhead, but we had a feeling of total unreality and that our life was--what could the Japanese do to us? We didn't know. Also, we didn't know what was happening. There were rumors, endless rumors, that the Chinese were being abominably treated--some of them may have been; that foreigners were being kicked and pushed around--I think there may have been one or two such incidents. But, as far as we were aware there was always food, the servants were still there. It's true nobody was having any parties or anything like that. Our regular life had stopped. But, in a week or so we went back to our own house in Peking. Mother was dying to buy some things. So, she went shopping. We managed to do that, and my father was dying to see the Temple of Heaven.

Now the Japanese, when they came into the city, put their troops in grounds around the Temple of Heaven. The Temple of Heaven is in the center of a great park with a wall around it. Today the Chinese have a lot of celebrations there on their national days, and they put on all sorts of displays and they have dancers and magicians and that type of thing. That's where the Japanese quartered their troops. They had huge, big horses. The Japanese came riding into town on these enormous, big horses. I don't know where they got them--Australia I think--big, great big horses; little Japanese sitting on top. [Chuckle]

So, how my father managed this I don't know, but he went around to Colonel Stilwell, as he was at that time, and asked if Stilwell could help him by any chance see the Temple of Heaven. Now, I think, what the Military Attachés' Office did--they must have approached the Japanese and asked if they could bring a visiting, retired army colonel to see the Temple of Heaven. I do not know to this day what happened, [chuckle] but, my dear, one day we were told that we could go to the Temple of Heaven. I think the Military Attachés' Office told us.

So, my mother and my father and I all got in a car. We all drove to the Temple of Heaven and we had passes. The Japanese looked at us very suspiciously, but they let us in. They watched us. There was always somebody around or with us, somebody with a bayonet and a rifle but not menacing in any way. We saw the Temple of Heaven.

C. Service: You could go to the Forbidden City still, the part that was open. There wasn't much open. We could go to Coal Hill. Life became quite normal by about September 1.

U.S. Government Families Evacuated, September, 1937, Japan and Berkeley

C. Service: Sometime in September the American government began to feel very uneasy. They decided that all the women and children, American officials' wives, must leave China. They urged other families to leave too. My parents had come out to stay about four months. But, they had to go. We had no choice. It was just decided we had to leave. Mrs. Lockhart was leaving. Mrs. Johnson was leaving. Since they were the top ladies in the embassy, we could not say no. I think the only person who stayed was Mariann Clubb, and she had some reason or just decided she wouldn't go.

Levenson: So, that was a possibility?

C. Service: Yes, but I had no such choice. I had to go with my parents, and Jack wouldn't have considered my staying with the two children. Jack's language course was going to be over in the winter, and we would be transferred someplace else.

So, on September 18, 1937, once again I got on a train as I had in Kunming; we all got on it, all the women and children who were going to leave. We all went to Tientsin. It took us all day to go to Tientsin. We were given a choice, as I recall, of going to Japan and staying there, or going back home. My parents and I decided we would go to Japan and see what happened.

Levenson: Did you resent this at all? Did you expect this as part of the business of being a diplomat's wife?

C. Service: No, I didn't think it was part of the business of being a diplomat's wife because I had never imagined such things happening. But, I did know that China had always been in turmoil. My mother-in-law had had to leave Chengtu during the revolution of 1911. They'd all had to leave West China and come down to the coast. This seemed to happen, and I had already done this in Yunnanfu. I'd already been evacuated once. So, it wasn't too surprising. But, it was surprising to me that it was because of the Japanese, although the Japanese had been encroaching since taking Manchuria. On the other hand, I never felt why did this happen to me? It was happening to everyone, not just to me.

Levenson: Do you mean you didn't feel any resentment?

C. Service: No, but I hated to leave Jack. I did feel resentment at that. How can I explain it? Everybody had to go. We all had to leave. I always felt as though it really weren't happening, and that I would soon be back again.

Levenson: Did you feel it was being excessively alarmist?

C. Service: Yes, we did have that feeling--why is the government so nervous? We were quite all right and nothing was going to happen to us. We did have this feeling in Peking. Maybe this was why Mariann Clubb decided she wouldn't leave, because we just felt that since they weren't going to hurt us, why should we go? I did feel that. Why should I drag my poor little kids away, and why did I have to leave Jack? I felt resentful about that.

Levenson: Do you remember at that time any real fear of the Japanese?

C. Service: No, because I didn't see much of the Japanese. They were around, but I didn't go where they were. I've never had great fear of people, to be quite frank. But, then I have never been, in spite of what I may be saying here, I don't think I've ever been in a very perilous situation, perilous to me alone. In other words, I've never encountered somebody with a gun poked right at me. I've never had anything like this happen to me. So, I did not feel fear. I don't think others did, either. If I'd had an unpleasant experience, yes, I might have--

Levenson: And yet--

C. Service: I felt that I was being maneuvered by blind fate sometimes, and that--I didn't like this. I didn't like being maneuvered around by blind fate and I wanted to resist it. But, there's no way to resist it.

Levenson: It's curious. I suppose the government had no control over it, but American students were coming into Peking as late as 1941.

C. Service: Yes, right. But, they had no control over them. You see, always too, if you're in the Foreign Service, you think, are you ruining your husband's career? Now, if I'd said, no, I wouldn't go--Well, Jack didn't want me to stay, so I wasn't about to do that. But, it didn't hurt Mariann. I kept thinking, "Well, if I do this, will this be held against Jack?" Now, that sounds rather stupid, but this is what you <u>do</u> think. You <u>do</u> think this, and so you do conform to these things. Obviously, I was in no position in any sense to say I would stay. Mariann eventually did have to leave--I'm really not sure.

C. Service: Also, I felt I'd be coming back very soon the way I had in Yunnanfu. You see, I went away there. There was no choice either. There I really had to leave because who knew what was going to happen, and if the one railway down to Indochina had been cut we would have been marooned. But, I was back in two weeks.

I thought, "Well, I'll go to Japan and stay for a while and then I'll be back." That was really what I thought. So, when we got to Tientsin we spent the night there. Then, we got on a boat the next morning and went off to Japan. It was a little Japanese boat. We couldn't sit in the lounge because the little lounge was full of urns with ashes of dead Japanese soldiers being taken back to Japan. There was a little Shinto shrine, and nobody was allowed to sit there. These were Japanese who'd been killed in the Chinese war.

The boat ride was unpleasant. My mother and father were given a little cabin to themselves. I put Bob, who was seven months old in with them--in a basket between their bunks. Eight of us had been assigned to a cabin with four bunks. Mrs. Salisbury moved out, but Billie Millet, her two boys and her amah, and Ginny and I stayed in the cabin.

Up in the dining saloon one day we were trying to get some hot cereal. The waiter brought us some oatmeal and one or the other of us said it was cold, whereupon the waiter put his thumb in [gesturing], scooped up some oatmeal, put it in his mouth and said, "Not cold." [Laughter] That was that.

I was trying to boil bottles, sterilize bottles, and I had to intrude into the galley to do this. Of course, they didn't want to see me, but they let me do it.

We went to Kobe. I don't know--two days, two nights, three days, three nights. Fortunately the weather was perfectly calm, and the sea was beautiful.

Anyway, when we got to Kobe we all decided we would go up to Kyoto. We went to a lovely hotel, the Miyako in Kyoto. There we lead a beautiful life for two weeks, as though we were just tourists. Mrs. Johnson and her children were there, Mrs. Lockhart, my mother and father, Mrs. Salisbury. I was there with my children. Of course, Kyoto's a fascinating, ancient town. So, that was a different experience. The Japanese were pleasantly agreeable. I got a Japanese amah for the children so I could go sightseeing.

After two weeks we decided we'd go to Tokyo, because at this point we had to begin to decide whether I would go home with my parents--because I hadn't been home for so many years--or whether I would stay in Japan by myself hoping to go back to China.

C. Service: We went to Tokyo and Elsie Lyon was there staying with her parents the Grews. We stayed at the Sanno Hotel, but because Elsie was there and because Elsie and I were good friends, things were much more pleasant than they might have been. We went around to the embassy and people were agreeable. The Grews invited Mother and Father and me to lunch. Elsie saw that I got an amah for the children. Then, Father and I took a day off and went up to see Nikko. I think we spent about three weeks in Tokyo. It was very pleasant.

My father being a retired army officer, the Japanese sent somebody around to the hotel to ask him questions, why he was there, you know, army and so on, and what did he think about the war with China. [Chuckle] We had just come from China. Father said he didn't think anything about it. After a few more questions, they realized he was an old, retired officer. But, they did seek him out to decide what he was doing there.

Billie Millet was there expecting her third child, and she had it in the middle of the night. She called me up and I got a taxi from the Sanno Hotel and went to the hospital in the middle of the night and had no trouble getting there. I stayed there till the baby was born, and then I went back to the hotel. The hotel was locked up. I didn't know you locked hotels. But, I finally pounded around and they let me in. I should have told them I was going.

Levenson: I'd like to ask a few questions. When you were in Tokyo you had access to some of the best American information through the Grews. Were they foreseeing and fearing war with Japan?

C. Service: When I saw the Grews there was never any talk of politics. It was purely social. I saw them only at lunch, and Mrs. Grew occasionally with Elsie. But, I certainly did not see the Grews in any other way.

One of the people who was a Japan language student at the time there was U. Alexis Johnson. This was where I first knew them, knew him and his wife. He has risen to the top in the Foreign Service. He was undersecretary of state for political affairs, the number three job in the State Department. He's one of the few people from that period who is in the Foreign Service still.

John Emmerson was a language student then, but I did not meet him and Dorothy. They were living somewhere else. That's spelled with two m's, that Emmerson.

Levenson: I've got it.

C. Service: I don't think anybody talked in terms of war with Japan. Many people probably thought China needed something like the Japanese. There was always a split in some sense between the China language people who were very pro-China and the Japanese language people whose sympathy was with Japan. Not in the sense of wanting Japan to do some of the things Japan did, but they felt that Japan could bring some order into the disintegrating situation in China; that something had to be done about China, and why not by the Japanese? They may have deplored, and I'm sure they did, some of the methods the Japanese used, but you know the Japanese had become westernized to some extent, to a large extent, as far as their industry and that type of thing, their army and navy. China was still suffering from the chaos of the warlord period which had afflicted the country after the fall of the Manchus.

Levenson: You seem to have had a very good time. How were you managing for money?

C. Service: Money. Now, we were to get a travel allowance. We were to get per diem-- I've never known how to pronounce it. So, when I got to Kobe I went around to the consulate and asked for per diem which I was given for the time since we'd left Peking.

I'll tell you something unusual about those days. It didn't apply to the wives, of course, but any Foreign Service officer in those days when he was traveling and needed money, could draw a draft on the secretary of state.

Levenson: Whew! For how much?

C. Service: I suppose they had limits to it, but I suppose for your salary or for your travel. Ask Jack about that, because the Foreign Service in those days consisted of only about six hundred people, six hundred officers and other people. They were often where there was no disbursing officer to give them money when they were abroad. So, they could draw a draft on the secretary of state which would be honored in banks around the world, I guess. Well now, obviously wives could not do this, but we were advanced or we were given our per diem. This is what I lived on in Tokyo. I cannot remember how much it was. I suppose it was--do you think it could've been as much as ten dollars a day, in those days?

Levenson: I should think so. I don't know.

C. Service: Well, ten dollars a day doesn't sound like much now, but I think in those days it would have been very adequate. It paid for the hotel and for meals. Also, I got a children's allowance, maybe five dollars. I don't remember. So, this is what I lived on because obviously I didn't have any other money.

C. Service: Finally in early November we sailed for home because I couldn't go back to China yet. I came home. My family were living in Berkeley. My father and mother moved over here when they retired. I spent six months in Berkeley. When I came home Jack was able to send me some money even though there was no separation allowance in those days.

Then, when I returned to China in the spring of 1938, I returned to Shanghai. Jack had been transferred to Shanghai. Well, then that--that was a very different kind of life from Peking or Yunnanfu--a more "foreign" life.

Shanghai: Inside a Glass Bubble

C. Service: We had two years then in Shanghai. When I went back Jack was going to study for his third year Chinese language exams at the same time he was a vice consul in the consulate in Shanghai. The consulate in Shanghai in those days was the biggest [American] consulate in the world. It was huge. It wouldn't be now, but it was big for those days.

The consul general was Mr. Lockhart at first, who of course was a dear friend from Peking days. Then Mr. [Clarence] Gauss, who later became ambassador to China, was the consul general, and then Mr. Lockhart again.

We enjoyed the two years very much. We lived a very foreign life. By this time we had a little more salary, we had a bigger rent allowance, and we lived in a place called Haig Court which was certainly one of the nicest apartment houses in Shanghai. We went back to see it in 1971, and it's still there and looks much the same. We don't know whether officials live in it now or what it's used for. But, the lawn was still there, which is unusual.

The children were getting older, and they had lots of playmates there who lived in the same building. Two other couples from the consulate lived there, the Butricks and the Engdahls. Dick Butrick was the number two in the consulate general.

It wasn't glamorous like Peking. It wasn't China; it was foreign. It was a China Treaty Port, the biggest one. The Japanese had encircled Shanghai. You could not go over to Hong Kew without a pass because the Japanese controlled it. The Japanese were trying to take control of the Shanghai Municipal Council, the governing body that ran the International Settlement. The International Settlement was really run by the British, but

C. Service: it did have a lot of other elements in it. They had a big election there in 1939 or '40 to keep the Japanese from controlling it. Of course, later on the Japanese got control because they controlled everything.

Levenson: Did you have any Chinese friends?

C. Service: No. I'm very interested in answering this question. As I look back, I don't think that we had any Chinese friends. I didn't. When I say this I must make a few exceptions. We knew the Chinese who worked in the offices, especially in Shanghai. We had a very good friend named Ernest Tung, who was one of the head translators in the office. Every so often he'd entertain all of us at a Chinese restaurant. We knew him and his wife. There were a few others--westernized Chinese.

But, I did not have any real Chinese friends. I never had a real Chinese friend till I went back to China in the 70's. Now, I feel I have one or two good Chinese friends whom I have gotten to know on these trips. I don't think even Jack, and he was born there, had any. The Chinese you knew either worked for Westerners or had something to do with Westerners or were returned students, but most of those people, of course, left China too in the 1940's. I really don't think I had a good Chinese friend. I did not.

We lived very much to ourselves, the foreigners did. It was a very weird thing, when you think back. We lived above--and when I say above I don't mean necessarily in money or anything like that--but we lived on a different plane from the Chinese. We lived always as foreigners. Maybe there was no other way to live in China.

Our children went to foreign schools where Chinese children could not go. We entertained, for the most part, only our own compatriots and maybe a few others. By the time we lived in Shanghai we had some German friends and French friends and English friends. It was a <u>foreign</u> community. We belonged to the Columbia Country Club. It was all foreigners. The Columbia Country Club was mostly Americans.

It was as though we were living in a glass bubble inside something else. And we were always inside our own glass bubble, all floating around, seeing each other, perhaps talking with each other, perhaps knowing one or two Chinese, but insulated.

Levenson: Were you frustrated at all by this insulation?

C. Service: No, I never thought of it. It was the way everybody lived. In fact, people would have thought you were very odd if you'd done what they called "going native," in other words, living like the

C. Service: Chinese or seeing more Chinese! There were always a few foreigners who did this. But, then, you didn't see them very much, and they were considered quite odd. Mostly they were single people, single men, let us say, or a few strange missionaries who really were interested in Chinese as people.

We were interested in China because of its history, because it was exotic, but what did we really know about the Chinese? I myself knew really almost nothing. Our servants we knew, but we often called them "boy" or "amah." Sometimes we called them by their names. In Shanghai I think I called the servants by their names. But the amah was always the amah. They never had any time off unless they came and asked us. There were no regular days off.

[end tape 1, side 2; begin tape 2, side 1]

C. Service: Once in a while the cook or the boy or the amah would come and say he or she wanted to go home for a while. We always said yes. In fact, I would say that foreigners treated their servants, on the whole, very well. They probably paid them more than Chinese did. On the other hand, Chinese who worked for Chinese probably had more of their families with them perhaps. But, this never occurred to us, unless we had a boy and an amah who happened to be married.

When Bob was born my amah brought one of her daughters. I then had two amahs: the amah herself and the amah's daughter; two children, two amahs. But, did the amah have lots more children? I don't know. Who took care of them when she brought the oldest daughter? You see, this is the kind of thing that I at least did not know.

I wonder why I didn't know, except that nobody seemed to know these things. It wasn't that I was thoughtless. In a sense, it was just the way foreigners lived. Many foreigners felt, of course, extremely superior to Chinese. I can remember hearing a foreign woman say once that, "They're so stupid. They can't even speak English!"

Levenson: Oh dear.

C. Service: I said, "But, look, how much Chinese do you speak?" Well, but that wasn't important. Chinese just wasn't a language to learn in her book.

Certainly this did not apply to everybody. But, I would say this was very prevalent, especially in the Treaty Ports, this feeling of superiority, and that the Chinese were backward. Chinese are one of the smartest people in the world. Not that I think any one people has a monopoly on smartness. I do not believe this at all.

C. Service: What must the Chinese have thought of foreigners half-taking over their country? I can see today why they're not very keen on having lots of foreigners come to China, why they don't want hordes of tourists coming. They had Westerners just going around China for more than a hundred years, 1840 to 1950, 110 years--bossing them, telling them what to do, running their post offices and customs, just lording it over them, and the foreigners did not obey any Chinese laws because there was extraterritoriality. We were under our own laws.

Now, you see, the Chinese, they're not going to forget this right away. It's going to take, to my mind, quite some time before they will be willing to really open their country again on a basis such as we have between Europe and America. And when they do, it's going to be on their terms, and let us hope they'll be pleasant terms for everybody.

In the foreign concessions where the Chinese laws didn't obtain at all, not even for the Chinese, Chinese would be really very badly treated often, you know, beaten up by the police. The worst thing you could do to a rickshaw puller was to take his cushions away. You could beat him too, but if you took his cushions away, he could not get a fare. Then, he would have to pay a fine. You really took his livelihood, at that point, away from him if you took his cushions.

Levenson: Did people do that?

C. Service: Yes, the police sometimes did.

Levenson: What for?

C. Service: Because the puller had done something the police didn't like or because he perhaps had disobeyed a traffic rule. He may have had a fight with another rickshaw man. But, this was a dreadful thing to do to him, because in order to retrieve his cushions and start working again he had to pay his fine. He wasn't just let off. It was an awful thing to do. You know, just a hand to mouth existence, in the hardest sense of that word.

In the French Concession there were lots of French and Russians. The Russians had come down from Harbin, Mukden, from Manchuria, from North China, Tientsin and so on. They had to eke out what kind of a living they could in competition with Chinese. They had restaurants. They had dressmaking establishments. Some of the best dressmakers were Russians who hired Chinese tailors. They had various little shops of all descriptions, and they lived mostly in the French Concession, Avenue Joffre.

at Dottie Lou's letter, Lee & wish she'd gone to the wedding so that we could have gotten some first hand comments. After all why miss the social event of the Williams town season. (:-) When it comes down to brass tacks the write-up isn't half as good as the dreadful one Mrs. Helen had about Kay's wedding. How Kay must have hated it, because she's so terribly reserved.

She'll be interested in Trixie & Cecil's note. They are going back to Chile soon I think. ~~Marianne~~ ~~MARIA~~ ~~A~~ MARIANN CLUBB is the name spelled just that way. Her name is Clubb, not Chubb, & her initials are M C S.

Chinese new Year is over, thank heaven, & the servants are back to their routine. The price of rice is higher than it has ever been in Shanghai & we'll have to raise their wages again. Coal is an awful price & everyone is glad spring is coming. Year can't believe the poverty, filth, & hardship in this city. Also the wealth & vice. Gambling dens take in millions of

dollars & the poor died on the streets. isn't it
hundreds of bodies have been picked off
the sidewalks most of them children. Oh
dear they are out of their misery but
it is sickening when one stops &
think of one's dear children & how
horrible it would be if they were
starving. And there must be plenty of
people starving & freezing in Europe.
The Western Hemisphere with all its
faults seems like a heaven in this
present day world.

I think this jaundice must
make me gloomy because it seems to
me I've noticed the poverty more
lately. We have all sent money to
the Salvation Army, but of course it
is only a drop in the bucket.

A year tomorrow since we got
back. B. is really interested in this
birthday. Ginny knows nearly all the
songs in the xylophone book by heart.
And she can tell time ah the quarter after
half past, & a quarter before the hours. She
doesn't know the in between. Much love
Caroline

Dear Stallings- I've read a lot of the World Almanac and I've even
Write more about the house. And oh all the nice things you can

C. Service: In 1940 a great wave of immigrants from Germany and particularly Austria came to Shanghai. They were refugees. Shanghai was one of the few places in the world where they could come without a passport. There must've been 10,000 of them who came to Shanghai. A lot of them lived in the French Concession. Some of them lived over in the Japanese section. They then had to make a living. They had to compete with the Russians and the Chinese.

Levenson: Were these all Jews?

C. Service: Yes. They were Jews or Gentiles married to Jews. I hired a woman who came around and manicured fingernails. She was not Jewish, but her husband was. She had come with him. So, they all were there for that reason, because they had no place to go. They came into Shanghai and that put extra pressure on things. They competed with the Russians, they competed with the Chinese. But, anyway, this was another element thrust into Shanghai.

People, I think, did try to do everything that was possible to help, but there wasn't much. I never felt that there was any animus against them. Perhaps there was amongst the elements with whom they were competing. This I don't know.

A lot of these refugees brought china with them. For some reason they must have thought that china cups and saucers would sell. Or they were easy to bring. They would set up little shops, and they would have these simply lovely Dresden cups and saucers, perhaps one of a kind, and people would buy them. They had other kinds of antiques, jewelry, and small things that they brought with them, because they couldn't bring much. They'd set up little shops and, as I say, restaurants too.

One man is here in Berkeley today who, I think, got his visa from Jack. Jack was the man in the consulate who processed his visa. Max Knight, do you know Max Knight?

Levenson: Very well.

C. Service: He and Jack met in Shanghai. He'd been in England or someplace. He must have gone to England first, but why he came to Shanghai I don't know. But anyway, his visa to come to this country he got from Jack. He remembered Jack and after we came here to Berkeley he called up Jack. We don't see them very often but they're good friends, he and Charlotte.

Well, there were just endless sad cases, endless people trying to get out and come here to America. The war had long since bypassed Shanghai. Nanking had fallen and the government had moved to Chungking. Shanghai was really an isolated island. The Japanese could have taken it any time they wanted.

Levenson: I assume it was useful to them, then, to keep the status quo?

C. Service: Yes, I'm sure it was. Anyway, if they'd taken over, they would have had to run everything. They would have had to bring in a lot more people and they didn't want to. They were far more interested in extending their sway, I assume, over the rest of the country.

Jack's mother by the way, who had gone home, had returned to China and was living in Tsingtao with Dick [Service]. Dick, after he got well, got another job as a clerk in the consulate in Tsingtao.

I went up with the two children and spent the summer of '40 in Tsingtao. Dick got married that summer to an American girl, Helen Gardes, who was the sister of an American naval officer who was out there.

I went back to Shanghai in early September, and, I really don't know why but suddenly the situation in Shanghai began to get worse. We all realized that things were getting worse and that probably we were going to have to leave. By October, 1940, the government once more said, "You have to leave. The women and children are going to have to leave." I assume it was because they realized that we would be at war with Japan ourselves.

Levenson: What effect did the start of the war in Europe have on you?

C. Service: The war in Europe started in September, 1939. We were still in Shanghai. Nothing happened that first winter. You remember, it was called the phony war, and we were conscious of it but it didn't affect us. But, the British, some of whom had been buying all their meat at the German butcher, stopped--that kind of thing. They went and bought their meat someplace else. Little things like that.

Shanghai had lots of stores run by foreigners, not only Russians and then the refugees. There were a lot of German stores, food stores, and there were British department stores as well as Chinese. It was a very, very cosmopolitan place.

The Germans and the British had to keep apart. The French and the Germans too. But, the Germans had their own club and their own school, just as the Americans had their club. Then there was the French club, which a lot of people belonged to. The British had the Shanghai Race Club. So, people were rather separated anyway, and what they did was just stay separated. You just didn't invite people of warring nations to your house together.

C. Service: We had one very good German friend, Harry Glathe, who was born in China. He didn't seem German at all, and we kept on seeing him. We still hear from him. He lives in Australia now. The European war seemed remote.

I have very little recollection of it, of what I thought about it. I don't know--when was the Battle of Britain? Was that 1940?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: Yes, well you see, we all knew about that, and we all realized that the German thrust had been deflected. Everybody was very proud about this. But, I think our main concern always out there was what was going to happen in the Pacific, what the Japanese were going to do.

Third Evacuation for the Service Family: November, 1940

C. Service: But, I do know that when we had to be evacuated, all of us again felt, "Why are they sending us home? We're perfectly all right here; nobody's going to hurt us." Quite a few of the women wouldn't leave right away. But, I left in November with Ginny and Bob. Helen Service came down to Shanghai and left and Jack's mother left.

We all left on the same ship. It was the Monterey, which was diverted from San Francisco. From San Francisco it always went to Australia. It was diverted to Shanghai to pick up any of the American women and children who wanted to go. One of the reasons that we left on this boat was because it was loaded for Australia, and we'd have a good long sea voyage. [Chuckle] If we hadn't taken that we would have had to leave three weeks later. So, we decided we would go on the Monterey.

We left early in November with about eight hundred women and children. We went to Manila and picked up more women and children. Noel Coward was on board from San Francisco.

Levenson: Oh really.

C. Service: We had Noel Coward [laughter] and about one hundred people who were on their way to Australia. When the ship was diverted to Shanghai they just had to stick with it. Of course, we were all fascinated by seeing Noel Coward. He worked all day, and then

C. Service: appeared at dinner at night. There was a little, select group that stayed together. They were friends. The rest of us never saw Noel Coward except at a distance. He always dressed for dinner. He left the ship in Australia.

Levenson: He didn't entertain for the ship?

C. Service: No, he didn't, not that I recall anyway.

I spent most of my time with the two small children who were three and five, but you know, that's all anybody did. I had lots of friends on board, most of the women from the consulate. A few stayed behind and came on the next ship.

We had a perfectly lovely trip down to Manila and then down through the Sulu Sea and down inside the Great Barrier Reef to Sydney. We had five days in Sydney, six days I guess. Then, we went to Auckland, New Zealand, which I never expected to see again. Then, we went to Fiji. Nobody in the world that I knew had ever been to Fiji! [Laughter] I was astonished to find myself in Fiji. Then, we went to Samoa.

Levenson: Sounds marvelous.

C. Service: It was marvelous. We had more than five weeks on this ship. Then, we came to Los Angeles and then came up here. We got in about December 10. I was home for Christmas. This was December, 1940. I thought I'd be going back to Shanghai--maybe within a year, I hoped.

Well, I was home until 1945, and I didn't see Jack again after I left Shanghai for two years and two months. I didn't see him until December, '42. But, I had no idea when I left that this was going to be this way.

There again, I think that-- You must have had experiences in your life--well, you have--where you didn't think what was happening was real, or that somehow or other, not that you'd wake up and find it wasn't so, but that it wasn't logical that it should have happened. My poor family thought they'd never see me again when I went to China, but I landed on them for years! It was very hard on them.

As for what was going on in China, I don't think any of us had any conception of what was going to transpire in China in the next few years, that the war would end with a civil war which the Communists would win.

I never thought about the Communists, to tell you the truth. They never entered my head. The Japanese were the big problem. But, I just don't think any of us realized what was happening in

C. Service: China. Perhaps some of the men did. But, it was so remote, so, so inconceivable in any way that we were thinking. Even if we had a war, we thought, well, when the war is over we'd all go back.

Levenson: And some people did for a while.

C. Service: Yes, they did. That's right. They did until 1948, '49, right.

Jack and Caroline Service
Yunnanfu, November, 1934

Caroline Service
Shanghai, 1938

American Women's Club Garden Party
Shanghai, June 1, 1940

Caroline Service in front of
house in Yunnanfu.
Spring, 1935

IV THE WAR YEARS: SEPARATIONS AND LEAVES

Three Generations in Berkeley: 1940-1945

C. Service: I was at home in Berkeley, but not very happy. I finally got a job at the Claremont Hotel in '42. I got a job as a telephone operator, which I had never done before. I knew nothing about telephones. I got 50¢ an hour and one free dinner every time I worked. I worked three nights a week. I was happy to have it. [Laughter] I can tell you, I was very pleased. It gave me a little something to do.

My parents didn't want me to work. I didn't want to very much either. It meant they would have had to take care of the children. They'd brought up all their children. My mother and father were approaching seventy, and the thought that they'd be stranded with two small kids was not very attractive to them. They were darling to the children. They did all sorts of things for them, but they didn't want the sole care of the children.

I went to see my mother-in-law in Claremont two summers and took the children with me. My mother-in-law and I were devoted friends, but she was a semi-invalid. It was not expected that I would try to rush to do something and abandon my children, you know, in the sense that people today would think, oh, get out and do something. Nobody expected it of me, and nobody wanted me to.

And one summer the children and I spent in Salt Lake City with my sister Katherine and her family. My brother-in-law was stationed at Fort Douglas.

Levenson: How much did the government help with money?

C. Service: In 1940 Jack was making, I think, $3500 a year. That was considered quite good when we were together. But, he could only send me, at the most, half of it. In fact, he could only

C. Service: send me $100 a month. So, out of that $100 a month I gave my family $50 for board and room for the children and me. The other $50 I used for everything else I had to do--clothes, dentist, whatever. Now, obviously my family was subsidizing me. I did not have a car and I didn't have to pay for the laundry. I drove my father's car and I didn't have to pay for any help that my mother had. All I did was hand my poor parents $50 every month.

About two years after this, Congress passed a law giving separation allowances. Then, I got some grand sum like, $180 more a month. I then had enough to live on. I could pay my parents more. I could have moved out and lived by myself, but I didn't. At that point I'd lived at home so long. I probably should have moved out, as I think back. But, anyway I didn't.

Slow Mails from China

Levenson: What news did you have of Jack?

C. Service: When I left, Jack stayed in Shanghai until the next April. In April, 1941, he was transferred to Chungking. Well, this was a watershed. This catapulted Jack into an entirely new situation and a new life, going to the embassy in Chungking. I suppose he had the most interesting days of his whole life during those years. He was in Chungking for four years.

Jack will have to tell you about his life in Chungking. I resented those years, much more-- I thought, why couldn't-- But, I couldn't have been with Jack. But, I thought he's having all this great time, all the excitement you see, and here I am, not. I'm here, stuck. It wasn't all like that, by any means. I didn't think that very often, but I did sometimes. And, of course, I wondered if I'd ever see him again.

Levenson: I was going to ask that.

C. Service: Yes.

Levenson: After Pearl Harbor what sort of mail were you getting from China from Jack?

C. Service: Well, it had to come over the Hump, and Jack isn't a prolific letter writer, so it wasn't only the fault of the mail. I suppose I heard once or twice a month. Sometimes letters came through very quickly; sometimes they didn't. Sometimes people would mail

C. Service: letters in India or from other places. Jack sent me two silver bracelets once from some of the tribespeople. It took them years to get here. I got them. He told me he'd sent them. I thought, well, I'll never see them. They came at least one or two years later. The package was all torn, everything, but there they were. I don't know where they had been.

Jack was out of Chungking a lot. He was in places where mails could not be sent. He took a trip down through Kwangsi province for weeks in a jeep, with an army officer. Of course, no mail at all during that time. I'm trying to think if I got some letters when he was up in Yenan the first time.

Levenson: You said he didn't write to his mother either?

C. Service: He didn't write many letters to either of us during those years. Whether his mind was so involved and engrossed with what was going on in China-- Also, all letters were censored. There wasn't much you could write. I probably had more letters than I think I had. But, he couldn't say much.

Homes Leaves: December, 1942; November, 1944

C. Service: I remember what a shock it was when he came home in December, 1942, and said there was going to be civil war in China. We met down in Claremont and we hadn't seen each other for more than two years. Well, we had a very happy reunion, very happy. I just felt as though it was no time at all since I'd seen Jack.

Jack and I have always had the ability, after separations, of picking right up. We never have a feeling of strangeness, that we have to become reacquainted. Now, that's something, I think. So, even though things were not always--you know, every marriage has its ups and downs--but, Jack and I have never had any problem of reverting to a very intimate, easy relationship.

Well, the thing that shocked me was that Jack was already saying that there was going to be civil war in China probably. You see, what he was talking about, was not so much what the Japanese were doing in China, but what was going to happen in China after the war. Now, this was in late '42, and early '43, because he stayed home until April. This was all something which I had never heard of or read of in the paper. It was just never considered in anything that Americans wrote about China.

C. Service: Especially, Jack said, how weak the Chiang Kai-shek regime was, and how corrupt and so on. Well, you know, Madame [Chiang] had made a triumphal tour around the country, and everybody just thought the Chinese were sprouting wings of a sort.

I said, "Jack, you--" I really questioned him because I could not believe it. He said, "Well, you ask other people who have been there." Well, of course, I didn't, because I didn't see anybody else.

Jack went back to China, then, in April, 1943, and by 1944 they were trying to get the Dixie Mission into Yenan. Jack wrote and said that if I didn't hear from him for a while it would be because he'd gone up to Yenan. I did get a letter in early July, telling me this.

This is why I'm not sure if I heard from him when he was in Yenan or not, but I think I must have gotten a letter or two, because the plane did go in every now and then. But, of course, he couldn't say anything. He really didn't say anything, except that they were up there observing.

Well, then, suddenly, in early November, 1944, he was home. He was home before I knew he was coming. This was when [General Joseph W.] Stilwell was recalled. Jack was brought home, and Ambassador Gauss resigned because the whole thing was blowing up. [Patrick] Hurley, by that time, was out in China, and Jack had written voluminous reports which may have been discounted at home, but I know he was given very good marks on them by the State Department.

It was obvious the situation in China was deteriorating. Now, it wasn't obvious to me because I knew nothing about it, but it was obvious to [most of the] people who were out there. All the people who were stationed in Chungking, I would say, except maybe Everett Drumright, agreed with this analysis.

Tony Freeman was there--oh, where were the rest of them? Jack was there. Ed Rice was up someplace else. I don't know whether he had anything to do with it. Edmund Clubb was out there. The consensus was--and Ambassador Gauss agreed with this analysis too--that if we backed just Chiang Kai-shek that we were going to be on the losing side of the Chinese civil war, which was almost certain to break out when the Japanese war ended. By this time, it was obvious the Japanese were pretty much on the ropes. The war in Europe had ended, hadn't it?

Levenson: June, 1945.

C. Service: Well, all right. The war in the Pacific was coming to an end then too. The Americans and the Australians were making a big comeback in the Pacific.

Well, when Jack came home in November, 1944, I went east to meet him in Washington. I became pregnant then with Philip, our youngest child. We went out to the airport to meet Gauss when he came home. I don't know whether he'd already resigned or was about to resign. Very soon after that Hurley was appointed ambassador. Jack couldn't believe it. Jack simply could not believe they'd appoint Hurley, because he had such a low impression of Hurley. Anyway, he and Hurley did not hit it off. Not that Jack had seen him much, but there was just, you know, a clash of ideas and personalities.

[end tape 2, side 1; begin tape 1, side 1]
[Interview 4: October 12, 1976]

C. Service: I think where we stopped last time Jack was going to come home. I have refreshed my memory with notes about the summer of 1945. I wrote these notes in 1971, long before I had any idea I would be talking.

I'm not going to read this off, but I want to talk about it. Jack came home in November, 1944--I mentioned that before--when Stilwell was recalled and when Gauss was replaced by Hurley. John Carter Vincent called me and told me Jack was coming home. John Carter Vincent at this time was stationed in Washington. So, I decided to go east and meet Jack, which I did on November 8.

Jack and I then drove west. We managed to get a car through some friends of ours who had family in Richmond, Indiana. We went to Richmond, Indiana, by train where we were able to buy an old Chrysler which we drove across the country. We had to get gas coupons and so on. Gas was rationed. But this was arranged because Jack was going to his home. Like anybody in the army, you could get gas if you were driving to your home.

We had decided to spend Christmas with Jack's mother in southern California. So, we came here to Berkeley and saw my parents and picked up the children. Then, we went back to southern California. By this time I knew I was pregnant, and I did hope that Jack would not have to go back to China because I really had hardly seen Jack in the last, what, four years.

But, apparently, he was going to have to go back for many reasons. Hurley was appointed-- I'm going to read this now if I may.

Levenson: Yes, of course.

C. Service: I've had to refresh my memory about this. That's why I can give you the dates so exactly, because I did a lot of thinking about it.

> When Gauss's resignation became final and public Jack and I were idly talking one day about who would be made the next ambassador to China. I said, "Why not Hurley? After all he is right there." Jack said that such an appointment would be incredible, a disaster, an impossibility. I'm sure it would seem so to the people in Chungking in the embassy there, but obviously they could not know what was going on in the thinking at the White House or behind the scenes between Chiang and Roosevelt. Having got rid of both Stilwell and Gauss, Chiang was not about to have anyone else who knew anything about China and the situation there foisted off on him. Hence, Hurley and General Wedemeyer. From the point of view of the uninformed, Hurley seemed a logical choice.

After Christmas we came back to Berkeley. Jack caught a late night plane back to Washington on December 31, 1944, and went back to China, to Chungking. He went back to Yenan one more time under orders from the army. This is something Hurley held against him. I will not go into that because I do not know all the details. This is all in the record.

I did not know when Jack was coming back. I was going to stay here in Berkeley and have the baby. I knew I was pregnant and that I would be having a baby in August. My poor parents, what they thought I cannot imagine! They must have groaned and groaned after having me with two children forever and now a new baby.

Levenson: Were you pleased?

C. Service: I beg your pardon?

Levenson: Were you pleased about the new baby?

C. Service: Yes, I was pleased. I'd always wanted three children and I was pleased in a kind of a dumb, euphoric way. I really was pleased. Also, I thought that as Jack and I hadn't seen each other for a long time, it would be very nice to have another baby. We did not plan on a baby, but it was nice, the thought of the family's continuation, in that sense, a new child.

C. Service: Of course, I did not have any idea of when Jack would come back. But, on April 12, 1945, Roosevelt died. On that day Jack arrived back in New York. He was recalled at the insistence of Hurley who, by that time, had gotten rid of most of the people who had been in Chungking for so many years. John Davies was sent to Moscow.

I say here [notes, 1971]:

> It was certainly time for them to be relieved and sent home, but not for the reasons that Hurley had in mind. I, of course, was full of delight and happiness. Jack was to be stationed in Washington for a while. The children and I would go east as soon as the school year was over, June 15, [1945]. The baby would be born in Washington. Sometime in May a new promotion list came out and Jack was given a double promotion, going from class VI to class IV, at one big jump, which proves that they thought his work had been simply super in China.

Levenson: Of course.

C. Service: A few others were given double promotions too, but I don't believe it was ever done before or since. I don't think it was a good idea. In fact I think it was a terrible idea.

Levenson: Why?

C. Service: It engendered an enormous amount of jealousy which I can't blame. A lot of your promotions in the Foreign Service are based on luck--pure, simple luck--where you are, when you were there, if the people like you, or if they don't like you. I mean both bad and good luck. Your career in the Foreign Service is not altogether this, and not even largely, but it comes into practically everybody's career. Perhaps it's impossible to be otherwise.

Levenson: Isn't that true of life in general?

C. Service: Yes, it is. Except the Foreign Service people who get to the top are inclined to think they did it on sheer merit alone. Just not true. Now, Jack was going ahead at a great rate, so I can say this. It is merit certainly, but there are a lot of people who never have a chance to show what they can do because they're in some forlorn consulate off at the end of nowhere or they don't get sent to an embassy or where something's happening. A great deal of it is just pure luck.

C. Service: Well, so Jack at this point was very lucky. Later on he was very unlucky. This promotion meant we'd be able to stay afloat financially in wartime Washington. In fact, he would get a $6000 a year salary instead of $4000. This seemed an enormous amount of money to me. [Chuckle] We would have a reunited family, new home, Washington, double promotion, new baby. Everything seemed to be going our way then.

Then into this heaven--I say this is a bit of purple prose--burst the Amerasia case. Now, I can tell you about that practically out of my skull, out of my head. I won't read this off, but I may refer to my notes.

V THE AMERASIA CASE

"John Stewart Service" Arrested by the FBI, June 6, 1945

C. Service: My mother and father went east in May, [1945]. My father was having his fiftieth West Point reunion on June 5. By this time they knew I would be going east and living with Jack. I planned to leave on June 15, which was right after the end of school. In fact, I think school ended that day, and the children and I would take the afternoon train which used to run out of Berkeley, The City of San Francisco [Southern Pacific].

Levenson: Didn't it go out of Oakland?

C. Service: It stopped in Berkeley too in those days. [Laughter]

Levenson: Oh, how marvelous.

C. Service: In those days it stopped in Berkeley. We actually had a train here. It started in Oakland, but it stopped in Berkeley. Then it started up again and went to Chicago.

One of my two very close friends in Berkeley during the war was Kate Awalt. The other was Frances Rowell. These two friends made all the difference to me. I got to know them well. They had children just the age of Ginny, two daughters. Each had a daughter.

On the night of June 6, [1945], Kate Awalt came over to sit in the living room with me about 7:00 p.m. Why I don't know. I guess because she and her husband had finished dinner. Maybe she just stopped by to say hello. The phone rang and I answered it. It was one of my oldest childhood friends, Jean McIntyre.

The first thing she said to me was, "Caroline, what is Jack's name?" I said, "Jack?" I said, "What do you mean? His name is Jack." She said, "No, what is his full name?" I said, "His name

C. Service: is John Stewart Service." That's the first time John Stewart Service really came into my life, except when we got married, in the sense that it was on the wedding announcement. She said, "Well, you better turn on the radio. He has been arrested by the FBI." I said, "Jean, it's impossible." I said, "It can't--" You know, I said all the things one says. "It can't be true." She said, "Turn on the radio. I am coming right up."

Levenson: What did you feel at that point?

C. Service: I felt absolute disbelief and as though it had nothing to do with me. Let us just say I could not take it in.

She said, "I'm coming up." So, I went back to the living room and I told Kate this. I said, "Turn on the radio." It was in the living room. No TV, you see. So, we turned it on and pretty soon this announcement came that six people had been arrested in something which came to be called the Amerasia case.

Amerasia was a very small magazine edited by Philip Jaffe. It was, I think, influential in Far Eastern circles, but nobody else had ever heard of it. It was one of these obscure, small magazines that nobody's ever heard of.

Anyway, I called my sister Katherine who was living in San Francisco at the time. She said she would come over immediately. She called Harry Sanders, who was an old and dear family friend from the New Orleans days, and who was an informal financial adviser to my parents. Harry Sanders said he would come over.

So, Jean McIntyre came, my sister Katherine--Katherine Bruce her name is; I guess I've got that somewhere--and Harry Sanders. I called the obstetrician. His name was Ernest Page, but that doesn't matter, except the Page family and the Service family were old friends. Anyway, he prescribed some sleeping pills which I got. I took one although I didn't need it really.

In the meantime we kept listening to the radio. Then, I talked with my sister-in-law, Helen Service, who was in Washington. Whether I called her or she called me I do not know.

The names of the five other people who were arrested were all unknown to me, except for Andrew Roth, whom I'd heard speak at some sort of a gathering the November before. I really didn't know anything about any of them nor how Jack was connected with them in any way, except what finally came out in the paper.

C. Service: I must have talked with Helen. Jack was locked up in the district jail, totally stunned. I guess she told me this.

The next morning my poor parents read the whole lurid story in the New York Times when they were down at breakfast in their hotel. They had left West Point and I had not known what hotel they were staying in in New York. So, I could not call them. So, their first knowledge of this was from the New York Times. They called me. I talked also with Jack's mother who in some ways had it worst of all.

Levenson: How so?

C. Service: Because she was all alone. She was a widow, all alone, nobody down there in Claremont. I had relatives and friends. My parents had each other. Mrs. Service's missionary friends were not very good to her, some of them. Some of them were, but some of them were not.

Levenson: What did they do?

C. Service: Well, I think a few said mean things to her. I never really knew. Some of them, I think, turned on her in a way. For one thing they were very pro Chiang Kai-shek. I think they said, well it was too bad, but Jack deserves it and all kinds of things of that sort. I don't really know. She never said, but I do know she was terribly wounded by some of the attitudes. She was a very proud woman, and you can imagine what this did to her.

We've seen enough of it in recent years in Watergate. I've often thought, you know, the Watergate children, what a terrible time they've had. But, how about the Watergate parents? Terrible. It really, really must have been terrible for our parents.

Jack's father had died in Shanghai in 1935. I was always glad that he wasn't alive. He could not have understood anything about it. He was a very unsophisticated man when it came to anything political. This was a political thing.

The Families' Reaction: Confidence in Jack

Levenson: Did you at any time--after all you'd seen very little of Jack for, what, nearly five years--?

C. Service: For four years and a half I'd seen very little of Jack. Right.

Levenson: Did you ever at any time believe any of the charges?

C. Service: No. Never. Never! I couldn't, not only because of Jack, but because they were so unrealistic and so totally outside the framework of anything that I knew about Jack. Also, there was absolutely no reason--I mean to just get down to the bare bones--there was no reason why these charges could have been so. Jack was removed in time and space from these people.

Some of Jack's reports had been found in Amerasia's office. I'm not trying to say the Amerasia people were all noxious sinners. I don't think anybody in that case was. I never met any of them, except this one man Roth I may have met at the meeting. I doubt if any of them felt they were in a conspiracy of any description. Things were leaked to the Amerasia people, right, but I don't think any of them were involved in spying, espionage, anything like that. No, they were trying to put out a magazine.

Levenson: Right.

C. Service: Exactly what I think they were trying to do. I thought so then. I think so now after all these years.

Levenson: What about the rest of the family? Did they believe in Jack's innocence?

C. Service: Our own family, my family, my parents, Jack's mother, all my sisters, nobody in the family ever turned against us, nobody. I had a wonderful letter from Jack's mother years later--I would like to find it--in which she said some very kind things about my parents, that they had never said anything to her about Jack, or not trusted him implicitly and so on. They were shocked and horrified, but I don't think they ever, anybody ever, felt that Jack in any way had let them down.

He was a victim of circumstances. He was a victim somewhat of, let us say, his own trustingness. Also, Jack had been used to talking to newspaper people in Chungking. There was a very free interchange of information between the embassy and the newspaper people there.

Levenson: Was that part of his duty?

C. Service: Yes. That's what he was supposed to do. So, Jack perhaps-- Well, he did make inquiries about [Philip] Jaffe, and he did make inquiries about this magazine, [Amerasia], but nobody really gave him a clue to beware of them. So, he just went on.

He also talked to many other newspaper people. He was one of the few people to come home who had been in Yenan. The others had not all gotten home yet. It was a briefing type of thing. Jack made the mistake of showing Jaffe some of his reports, which is all common knowledge.

Levenson: Right.

C. Service: But, copies of many of Jack's reports had been found in Jaffe's office. There was no way for Jack to have ever done this. Jack was in Chungking and Yenan at the time. This was about, well, this was early in the spring. I think this is what got the FBI started on the investigation.

Erwin Griswold's Advice: "Get a Lawyer"

C. Service: Anyway, the next morning I had a telegram from Erwin Griswold. Now, Erwin Griswold at that time--well I'm not sure what he was at that time. He became the dean of the Harvard Law School and he later became solicitor general. He was an old friend of mine, more than of Jack's. He had gone to Oberlin, class of 1925. He had a brother and a sister and a cousin who were all in Oberlin at the same time we were.

I met Erwin on a train, strangely enough. He was going to Cleveland and I was going back to Oberlin. We struck up a conversation when he heard my parents say, "Let us know when you get to Oberlin." He was sitting across the aisle and he said, "Did I hear you say Oberlin? I said, "Yes," and then he asked me if I knew his sister and his brother and his cousin. I said, "Yes," so we had a conversation. Then, at the next spring's senior prom he came to Oberlin for a reunion or something, and I saw him again. Then, I had several dates with him. This was the summer after I graduated from college. He married a Stanford graduate, the daughter of an old friend of his family. Erwin and I have seen each other once in a while through the years, at Oberlin or Washington.

But, anyway, it was very kind of him to send this telegram. His advice in it was for Jack to get a lawyer. He asked if he could help and so on, but his main point was, "You must get a lawyer."

Jack Bailed Out: The Family Goes East

C. Service: The night of June 7, [1945], Jack phoned me from Helen's. Now, he had been bailed out. The bail was set at $500. My sister-in-law, Helen, raised it, had it. We paid her back later, but she was the one who provided the bail. Marty [C. Martin] Wilbur, Jack's oldest friend, went down with Helen, I think, to see if he

C. Service: could see Jack in the jail, but they wouldn't let him see Jack. Paul Tenney, a Foreign Service officer and an old friend from Shanghai days, also went down with Helen. I've met somebody in recent years who said he went down, but his name I cannot remember. I wish I could. I think there were other people who tried to see Jack, but nobody was allowed to see him.

After the bail was posted, Jack went to Helen's apartment and I talked with him. I say [in the 1971 notes] that Helen was a real tower of strength to us all. Talking with Jack made me feel optimistic. Just hearing his voice gave me courage. Helen's husband, Dick Service, was in China. Jack's other brother, Bob, and his wife, Esta, were in California.

We decided the best thing to do was just to follow our original plans. The children and I should come east on the fifteenth, because the tickets were in hand and our household effects were coming. Also Jack had rented a house before this all happened. We were going to go into a little rented house on Bradley Lane. Goodness, we hadn't lived in a house together--and everything.

It was, you know-- All of this was as though I were-- Even today it all seems as though it didn't happen, but it did happen.

The children went off to school the next day. I saw no reason to keep them home. I went to a P[arents] T[eachers] A[ssociation] meeting. Of course, everybody had read the paper. Everybody was very nice. A few people asked me about Jack. I said that he was all right. You know, I just knew you have to go on doing what you're doing.

So, on June 15, [1945], we started east, the children and I on the train. On the train one thing, about the only thing I remember was that somebody was reading Time magazine in the lounge car. I could see what they were reading. They were reading all about the Amerasia case. It went through my head, "Wouldn't they be surprised if they knew who was sitting opposite them?" [laughter] which was totally irrelevant. But, all I could think of was, what if I leaned over and pointed to that and said, "That's my husband" to this person. He would have jumped out of his chair. But, I did not do anything like that. All kinds of funny things go through your head.

We got to Washington on June 18. Jack met us and we went to the little house on Bradley Lane. There were odds and ends of furniture there. The furniture had all been shipped home from Shanghai when Jack went to Chungking, had been in storage here

C. Service: for years. Some of it we had sold when Jack came home once. The rest came, bits and pieces of furniture, lots of china, you know, that kind of stuff.

We settled into the house. My parents came to Washington to help us and to stay until after the baby was born. I had to find an obstetrician. Philip was born on August 6, [1945], which was exactly two months after Jack was arrested. The obstetrician here had given me several names, a list of names that he found in the book of Washington obstetricians. The first two either couldn't take me or were going to be away in August.

The third one was a Dr. Alec Preece. He was English, had a fine English accent. I was quite pleased about this because Ginny had been delivered by an English midwife, Bob had been delivered by a Canadian doctor, and now I would have an English doctor. So, this all seemed to fit in. I was quite pleased with the idea of this. All kinds of little things seemed to be meaningful to me at that time.

Friends Rally Round

C. Service: We had lots of friends in Washington. I'd like to read some of this. All of our friends were good to us. We had one or two bad experiences which I'll tell about later but not right now. [Begins reading.]

> Many of them got together in groups to see what they could do to help. Our Oberlin friends, led by Persis and Bun Gladieux, were especially helpful. [Stops reading; makes personal comment.]

I think at that time Bun worked for the Bureau of the Budget. Later on he worked in the Department of Commerce. He finally left the government to work for a big firm in New York, but he's always been active in and around Washington and New York, knows lots of people, and was extremely helpful in giving advice, telling us what to do and what not to do. They were just wonderful to us. He was the class ahead of us, both of them, in Oberlin. [Resumes reading.]

> John Reid, whose sister and brother-in-law we knew well, Harriet and Roger Clapp, all Oberlin, came round to see what he could do. Later he and his wife Peggy, as well as Harriet and Roger, were an enormous help

C. Service:

to us. It was John Reid who took care of the fund that was finally raised by Jack's friends in and out of the State Department to help with financial expenses. [Stops reading; makes personal comment.]

He is a lawyer in Washington, partner in a big law firm. Good sound Republican. [Chuckle] He also had been in Oberlin, but after we had been there.

Our old friends, Tasha and Jim Gage--now, they go back to Oberlin--lent us $1000. Jim came to the train in Chicago with the check in hand. Tasha, who was expecting her second child, stayed in Beloit. They loaned us another similar sum after Jack was fired. We were able to pay both these amounts back eventually as we were able to do with all our other loans except those that were outright gifts. Jack had fine and heartwarming letters from both Stilwell and Gauss after his arrest. Mr. Gauss sent him a check for $500 to help him defray legal expenses. I think that both General Stilwell and Mr. Gauss felt that they were being got at through Jack, to some extent.

Perhaps this is just supposition on my part. [Resumes reading.]

All of our Foreign Service friends were our staunch supporters too. In fact there were so many good friends giving us support and strength and good wishes I cannot begin to name or list them.

I can't. I couldn't possibly.

Only one or two people fell away. They, I think, did not like Jack anyway, or disagreed with him so violently that they did not wish in any way to be associated with him. One or two people were frightened.

Max Bishop

C. Service: Max Bishop was an enemy to Jack and John Emmerson. Now Max Bishop was named Max Schmidt originally. He was in the Foreign Service. His last post was ambassador to Thailand. He was a Japan language man, I think. In any event he really, I think, hated Jack, and he didn't like John Emmerson. He did much harm, tried to harm both of them.

Levenson: Why? Do you know?

C. Service: I do not know whether just because he didn't agree with them, whether because of jealousy. But, there was no reason for that. I do not know. He became an extreme right-winger and still is. I would say it was an ideological thing. He may well have believed that Jack and John Emmerson and John Davies were trying to bring down the republic, for all I know. I've met him only once and that was years ago. He changed his name to Bishop. Bishop was his mother's name, and I think he did not like the name Schmidt. Maybe during the war he decided he could do without a German name.

Levenson: Was he Jewish?

C. Service: I don't believe so. No. No. Just changed from German to English--Bishop. I don't know why he didn't change to Smith. [Chuckle] Well, he didn't. He changed to Bishop. He did do things which I'll mention later.

The Grand Jury Hearings: Jack Cleared Unanimously

C. Service: The Grand Jury hearings were going to be in July, [1945]. But that Grand Jury--time ran out. So, they had to impanel another Grand Jury. This pushed the court hearings into August.

All of the defendants were given the choice of going before the Grand Jury without benefit of counsel if they wanted to. The six were Andrew Roth, Mark Gayn, Kate Mitchell, Philip Jaffe, and Emmanuel S. Larsen--who had a really rough time of it because he didn't have a cent to his name--I think his life has been terribly battered and shattered--and Jack.

Anyway Miss Mitchell, and Mark Gayn, and Jack chose to go before the Grand Jury. Jack had gotten a lawyer through Judge [Milton John] Helmick. His name was Godfrey Munter.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

C. Service: Judge Helmick and his wife had lived in the same apartment house we had in Shanghai. Judge Helmick was the judge of the U.S. Court in China. We had known them quite well. It was very kind of him to recommend a lawyer to Jack.

Jack was scheduled to go before the Grand Jury on August 3, which was his thirty-sixth birthday. This was all in the summer of '45--the long, hot summer of '45.

When he went to the court on that day, his case did not come up. So, they rescheduled him to appear on August 6, Monday. Now, this was the day that was chosen for our child to be born because Dr. Alec Preece lived over in Virginia and I lived out in Maryland. I have my children very quickly. Ginny was born in about two hours and Bob in about an hour and a half. Anyway, he wanted to be sure to be there and he just decided he would induce labor. I think Philip wasn't due till a few days later, but Dr. Preece picked out August 6, Monday.

So, then it turned out Jack was to go to the Grand Jury again on that Monday, the day that the baby was to be born. But, I went into the hospital anyway on the night of August 5, the Columbia Hospital for Women in Washington. Philip was born at 12:10 p.m., August 6. Jack was there, still there. I saw him. Then, he went to the Grand Jury. I say here [in her notes] he rushed to the court. He was due to appear before the Grand Jury at 1:00 o'clock. I woke up long enough to know I had another fine son and went back to sleep till about four in the afternoon. Now, I'm going to read this.

> When I woke this time, my father was sitting by my side reading the afternoon paper, the Evening Star. It carried the cataclysmic news of the dropping of the first atom bomb on Hiroshima. That was August 6, 1945. Our old friend, Leslie Richard Groves, major-general, figured largely in it. He had been the head of the Manhattan Project.
>
> My immediate reaction was extremely personal. Here I'd spent nine long months producing one human being and in a few seconds 100,000 had been wiped out. (I believe that 80,000 is the figure now used.) It seemed to me monstrous then and it still does.
>
> I had known Dick Groves since I was thirteen years old. We always called him Dick. He was a first lieutenant of

C. Service: Engineers, in the Third Engineer regiment when my father was commanding it. He had married a Seattle girl, Grace Wilson, always called Buddha, and we were old, old friends. I felt that this was something he had done personally to me.

This was illogical and unfair. I know. But, I did. I thought, "Dick Groves, how could you have done this?" It was terrible-- But, it was like some of these other feelings that I had at this time. You know, just little things made a terrific impression on me. The atom bomb was not a little thing, but I mean the fact that Dick Groves had been connected with it, was connected with it. Of course, his name was flashed all over.

Jack arrived shortly after 5:00 o'clock, and he felt that things had gone well before the Grand Jury. But, we were not to know until the following Friday that the Grand Jury had given him a clean bill, twenty to nothing.

Because of the end of the war in Japan, the publicity for Jack's clearance was nothing as compared with the notoriety of his arrest two months earlier. But, the main thing was that Jack was a free and innocent man and we could put our lives, so long separated and then so violently jarred, back together. Jack received fine letters from both Secretary of State [James F.] Byrnes and Undersecretary of State [Joseph C.] Grew.

I wanted Jack to stay in Washington, but the Far Eastern division in the State Department decided that Jack should get away from Washington and from all unpleasantness. They felt it would be useful for him to be an assistant to George Atcheson, who was going out on [General Douglas] MacArthur's staff.

Posted to Japan: Caroline in Washington

C. Service: Jack was to go out with Atcheson, and John Emmerson, and Max Bishop. They were all going to be on MacArthur's staff--Jack because he spoke Chinese, and they needed a China man. John Emmerson and Max Bishop were Japan people.

C. Service: The children and I could stay in Washington. Well, I could hardly bear this idea, to think that Jack was going to go away again. I had a six weeks old baby when he left. He left in late September. Here I was with a house, with two children, and a baby. I really felt stranded. I didn't want to go back to my family obviously. Nor did they want me to come back. It was nice to be in Washington. I had lots of friends. But, I didn't have any car. I had a new baby and no help. I really was frantic.

Also, I thought our phone was tapped and I still think so. I'm convinced it was tapped. Not that it made any difference, whether it was tapped or not. There was nothing I was going to say on the phone that everybody couldn't hear.

Levenson: What made you think it was tapped?

C. Service: I think it was tapped because they were just tapping Jack's phone. I think maybe they took the tap off after he went to Japan. I don't know. But certainly during that summer in Washington--I'm sure it was tapped.

Levenson: Did Jack think so?

C. Service: Yes, we both did. There was some reason to think so, something--I really don't know. I do not know. I think that we just felt it was, and maybe this was simply a kind of hysteria on our part, that we thought the phone must be tapped. I really don't know anymore than that. Maybe people said to us, "Be careful what you say on the phone. It's tapped." I don't know. It was a sort of melodramatic type of idea, but life was pretty melodramatic then.

Anyway, Jack went off and I stayed in Washington. The idea was that eventually I would go to Japan when wives were allowed to go.

My sister-in-law, Helen, lived nearby. She was very helpful. Then Peggy Reid turned up with a car. Her neighbor had an old, twelve year old Cadillac coupe that he would sell me for $200. I bought it for $200, and I think I got about seven miles or eight miles to the gallon. But, that didn't matter. I had wheels.

Levenson: Right.

C. Service: Eventually when I left Washington I sold it for $200. The car was one of these enormous things you can't imagine. It had one seat in front. The two children and I could sit there. It had a wide

C. Service: shelf back of that, and I could put Philip on that. So, it really saved my life. I could take them out. I could go out at night. I could get babysitters. If anybody asked me to dinner I could go. Otherwise, it would have been a question of buses or never going. It was too expensive to take taxis. So, just this car made all the difference in my feelings about everything.

Ginny and Bob went to the local public school where Virginia's children are now going today. History has repeated itself in that sense, but only in that sense.

Hurley's Accusations: Who Lost China?

C. Service: In late November, [1945]--I had got very leery of phones and radios--but in late November the phone rang one noon, and a friend said, "You better listen to the radio because Hurley has resigned and he is blowing everybody up and saying that Jack and George Atcheson and John Davies"--and I don't know whether John Emmerson too--but anyway that "they have lost China, and he's resigning because they were subversive and because they undermined him." I don't think he used the word subversive, but that they ruined his mission to China, and he was resigning because of them and they were terrible people and should be kicked out of the State Department.

Levenson: Was this the first public notice of the group that came to be called "the China hands"?

C. Service: I would say so, yes. Yes, I think they weren't called that then, but that is certainly what it was.

So, then this created an enormous storm. The Senate decided they would have hearings and look into Hurley's accusations. They did not call Jack and George Atcheson home. Nor did they call any of the others, but they got Secretary Byrnes down there, and they got various other people. Of course they got Hurley. They had a regular senatorial hearing, the kind you see on TV now all the time.

I went to some of the hearings when I could go. But, I had to get down there early in the mornings. Somebody had to take care of the baby. But, Helen did take care of the baby, and I went to two or three. I saw Hurley, heard him give his testimony. I went down the day Secretary Byrnes was testifying. He was very good.

Caroline's Reactions to the Senate Hearings

Levenson: How did you react?

C. Service: I had mixed feelings. For one thing I thought they'd bring Jack home and that rather pleased me. I thought, "Certainly they've got to bring Jack home." But, they didn't.

Hurley did not ever get a good press except from the right-wing press. Actually Jack and the others nearly always had a good press except from the right-wing and people who were violently opposed to our China policy such as the China Lobby. A lot of people just thought Hurley was a blowhard, which he was.

Levenson: But, he got enough people to listen to him for enough years--

C. Service: Yes, he did get enough people, and he ruined careers. But, I never believed that anything he said was going to make much difference in our lives.

I may have been foolish in feeling this way because he did harm us greatly. But, I didn't feel that he was going to do this. I didn't feel this was the effect it would have because his accusations were so wild and so unfounded in any fact. If you read them in books today they sound just absolutely haywire.

Levenson: Oh yes.

C. Service: So, I had this feeling Hurley was haywire on this subject. And he was so full of his own ego, surely one of the most egotistical men that ever appeared on the American political scene.

Levenson: You haven't quite answered the question as I put it to you--

C. Service: Okay.

Levenson: --which was, "How did you feel when you heard Hurley making these ridiculous and untrue but dangerous accusations against Jack and his colleagues?"

C. Service: I don't like to use the term, but I just felt he was crazy. That's literally what I thought, "crazy" in terms of not knowing what he was talking about. I felt he did not know what he was talking about.

Levenson: But, he didn't frighten you?

C. Service: No. No. No, I do not recall that he frightened me at all. No.

Levenson: Did you feel hostile to him? It'd be surprising if you didn't.

C. Service: Yes. But it's very hard for me to explain my feelings. I don't generally feel hostile to people unless they do something which I think they're doing to hurt the children or Jack or me. If they do something mean that's meant to stick a knife into me, that arouses my hostility more than something that's impersonal.

Now, I felt Hurley didn't know Jack really. He knew him, but I mean what did he really know about Jack? So, although everything he was saying was calculated to harm Jack terribly, I thought if Hurley knew the truth about Jack he wouldn't be saying it. Now, this doesn't make any sense, you see. I felt if he only knew the truth about Jack he would not be saying these stupid things.

So, my feeling about Hurley was not a personal feeling. It was just that he was a dumb, dumb man and perhaps senile. [Pats interviewer's knee.] You know, words like that. But, if I'd met Hurley face to face, I wouldn't have wanted to do anything to him. I would have said, "Look, you're all wrong. Why don't you try to find out what you're really talking about--or what my husband's really like," I would have said.

That's the only way I can explain it. Of course I was mad and all those things. I'm not saying that I'm any Pollyanna about this. I am not. I was mad and I was furious and I could see that Jack's career was going to get another hammering and all those things. Of course, it stirred up all the Amerasia business again. I felt terrible about this. It was hard for the children. I hated to turn on the radio. I didn't want the children hearing things. That's the best way I can answer what you're saying, answer the question.

Levenson: That's a very understandable answer. I just wanted to hear you expand a little on it.

C. Service: Yes, I think that actually to be terribly hurt by somebody you have to be awfully close to them. Does that make any sense?

Levenson: Oh, yes.

C. Service: People you are not close to, probably they can harm you and they can injure you, but hurt you, inside hurt, that's a different matter. --Pause--

Well, after it was all over, after the hearings were over, I wanted to send a copy-- I wanted to see if I could send a transcript of the hearings to Jack out in Japan and also to

C. Service: George Atcheson and the people there. I heard a friend of Dorothy Emmerson's was going to go out. His name was Jack [George H.] Kerr. Now, we've become great friends here in Berkeley. Do you know him?

Levenson: Oh, yes.

C. Service: Yes. Well, Jack Kerr, whom at that time I'd never laid eyes on, was going out to Japan and he volunteered to carry out, to take with him, a copy of the transcript if I could get it. I met him at dinner at Dorothy Emmerson's.

Dorothy and I had become great friends during this winter in Washington. We had not known each other before, but I discovered she ironed late at night when I was up feeding Philip a bottle. Philip was a screamer. He had colic. So, I'd be feeding Philip his bottle late at night and I'd think, "Well, Dorothy's awake; she's ironing or doing something,"--the only time in my life I'd ever really been up late except in diplomatic things--so, I'd call her up and we'd talk on the phone. She ironed with one hand and I fed Philip with one hand and we talked. We had become great friends.

I went around to the people who did stenographic work for the government. It's not done by people who are in the government. I think they farm out the work.

Anyway, I called the people up and asked them if I could buy a copy of the transcript from them. They said they would give me a copy. They would not take any money. Now, I think this shows how crazy they thought Hurley was.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: Obviously their sympathy was with Jack and the others, and they just must have thought Hurley was a madman in his accusations.

So, they gave me a copy. I do not know the name of the firm. I do not know the name of any of them, but I was extremely grateful. I sent this out to Japan with Jack Kerr.

Well, that's about all of that. Everything simmered down. Nothing else was happening. It was decided that in May or June, [1946], I would go out to Berkeley and wait there till I could go to Japan because I thought I could probably soon go to Japan. The school year was going to come to an end and I would go.

In April, Jack got jaundice. He got hepatitis, infectious hepatitis. He was put in Saint Luke's Hospital in Tokyo and that was the end of his work in Japan. He was in the hospital for four months. But, he wasn't sick most of the time. [Laughter] He was there.

Max Bishop Again

C. Service: But before I finish with the Japan part, I'll go back to Max Bishop. As I said, Jack was one of MacArthur's political advisers. One of the enlisted men came to Jack one day--he may have come to John Emmerson too--and said, "Look, you got to watch out for this guy," meaning Max Schmidt, Max Bishop, "because he is copying your reports and sending them to the FBI." He was making copies of them and giving them to security people, I suppose. Jack said, "Well, okay, let him do it because they can read them all they want; there's nothing in them." But, Max Bishop was doing this.

He also testified later against John Emmerson. He was going behind their backs. He was informing on them. He did try to harm them.

Now, Max Bishop I feel very bitter about because he knew Jack and John well. They were all in the same office, they presumably trusted each other, and yet he was doing this kind of thing. He harmed John Emmerson much more than he harmed Jack. I really feel this was a terrible thing to do. He was the only person in the Foreign Service that I know of--now, I know of other people who do not like Jack to this day and probably could not say anything good about him--but, Max Bishop is the only one I know of who went out of his way to try to harm him, and he did that.

Some Afterthoughts: Generals Groves, Patton, and Maxwell Taylor

C. Service: I would like to go back and fill in a few things which I neglected. I want to go back to Leslie Richard Groves, the Manhattan Project general.

After I was home and out of the hospital after Philip was born, the doorbell rang one night. Jack had already gone to Japan. I opened the door and here were Dick and Buddha Groves at the front door.

I looked a bit astonished. I said, well, hello, and so on. I hadn't seen them in years. They said they'd come to call on Mother and Father.

C. Service: So, I said, "Come in." I said Father and Mother had left Washington. Dick Groves gave a great groan, and he said, "Good heavens, this is the only call I've made in three years." [Laughter] He said, "What am I doing here?" or words to that effect.

Anyway, they came in, and they visited with me about half an hour. I thought that was very sweet of them to come and call on Mother and Father because Dick was a very important and busy man at that time. But, they were very old friends, and Father had been his commanding officer long ago.

Then I want to go back to Schofield Barracks. Two of the other people at Schofield Barracks who became famous were Generals George Patton and Maxwell Taylor. Patton was a major in one of the infantry regiments when we were there. He was about the only man I'd ever met at that time in the army who had a cent of money outside of his army pay. He had his own polo ponies. The Pattons were wealthy, everyone understood. He made a great stir because of this fact that they had means of their own and that he had his own polo ponies. He was a forceful, rather swashbuckling person even in those days. A man who threw his weight around, definitely.

Then, the other person was Maxwell Taylor who was in the Third Engineers, in my father's regiment. He was twenty-two years old when I first met him, a second lieutenant of Engineers. He later became chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He was also commandant at West Point. Anyway, he became a man with a great deal of influence, and a man of great character, as well as brains.

When his tour was over with the Third Engineers, he transferred to the field artillery. I suppose the reason was that he didn't really want to be on river and harbor work. Also there was little way in the Engineer Corps to get to the top in the army. You had to be in some other line, some other branch.

Every so often through the years we have met. When Mother and Father and I and the children went to Tokyo in 1937 from Peking, Max was a Japanese language student then. He was a captain. Because of Mother and Father we saw Max and his wife. They had us to dinner and we had a very pleasant reunion.

Then, I'm not sure that I did see them again for years. But, after Jack was fired-- At that time the Taylors were living at Fort Myer, and he must have been Deputy Chief of Staff then. I don't know if they had the Joint Chiefs yet. Suddenly one day Jack and I had an invitation to a cocktail party at their house. This was very shortly after Jack was fired.

Levenson: That was very nice.

C. Service: Wasn't that noble of them? It really was, because there was no particular reason for them to do this although they had met Jack and they had known me since I was a girl of thirteen. Our paths had not crossed that much. Jack, unfortunately, had the flu. So, he could not go. But, I went. I went with some Foreign Service friends.

The main thing I remember about the party was how pleasant Max Taylor and his wife, Diddie, were to me. I don't know how you spell it, D-i-d-d-i-e, I think. Her real name was something quite different. I'm trying to think what it was. I should know, but I don't. And how astonished a number of people were to see me there! They would have been even more astonished if Jack had turned up, because at this point our social life was pretty restricted. People looked amazed. I did mention to one or two people that I'd known Max and Diddie Taylor ever since I was a girl.

Caroline's Record Keeping: Correspondence with Lisa Green

Levenson: Perhaps this is a good time to ask about your correspondence with Lisa Green that's gone on for so many years, and the notes you wrote for her.

C. Service: These notes are from my letters to Lisa Green. She was the catalyst for them. Lisa Green is fifty-two and I'm sixty-seven, so she's closer to my daughter's age than she is to mine. But we became great friends in New Zealand when she was in her early twenties and I was in my late thirties.

When Lisa and Marshall left, we gave a cocktail party for them. Lisa wrote back to thank me, but the letter was much more than that. It was a chatty, amusing, warm letter. So, after a while I answered it because I wanted to tell her about everybody in Wellington and what they were doing and about all our friends and so on. Soon I got another letter from Lisa. I like to write letters so pretty soon I answered it. Well, I don't think either of us thought that we were starting a correspondence which was to go on for years and years and years, forever practically. But, by the time Jack and I left New Zealand [1948], a year later, Lisa and I had started a real correspondence.

Then, we were in Washington together until I went to India [1950]. In India we started our letters again. The Greens were transferred to Sweden, but not till after that summer when Jack--well, I'll come back to this--but, I actually

C. Service: used the Greens' house as a mailing address for Jack. Jack was going around living with various friends. He lived with the Freemans for months--with Tony and Phyllis Freeman who were dear, dear friends. He didn't live with the Greens, but he was always in touch with them. Lisa would always deliver any mail to him. Hers was the main address I had. And Lisa went to the Senate hearings and wrote me all the details of those, and any other information she was able to glean. And she wrote me how Jack was bearing it all.

Then, in India I began keeping Lisa's letters because the Greens got to Sweden just, I think, before the old king died. She wrote all about his big funeral services and the letter was fascinating. Later, they went to England when Queen Elizabeth was crowned. She wrote all about this. By this time I'd started keeping all her letters. So, about every six months or a year now, we ship our letters back to each other, which is why I have my letters to Lisa and she has her letters to me. But they only start when I was in India. Those are the first letters we kept. The period between '46 and '50, I don't have. Except for when we have been in Washington at the same time, and on one or two other rare occasions, we have written to each other on an average of, let us say, once a week at least.

Levenson: How marvelous. It's like keeping a diary with a friend listening in.

C. Service: It is a little like keeping a diary, except that we <u>answer</u> each other's letters. So, it's more than that.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: Of course, Lisa's letters date almost from their start in life in the Foreign Service right through Marshall's rise to the top ranks of the State Department. He was assistant secretary for F[ar] E[ast] and he's been ambassador to Indonesia and ambassador to Australia. Earlier he was consul general in Hong Kong. They're in Washington now.

But, anyway, this correspondence is something neither of us planned and yet which has developed into a part of our lives. Not only do we write about what we're doing, but we write about what we're reading and we write about what we're thinking about things.

Recently I reread <u>Uncle Tom's Cabin</u>. Did I tell you that?

Levenson: No.

C. Service: Well, I did, because I've been reading a lot about women. Did you see the special edition of <u>Life</u> on women--Remarkable American Women?

Levenson: Oh, yes. Well, I gave it to Jack in hospital.

C. Service: That's right! Of course! You did give it to us. I've bought six copies since then.

Levenson: Really?

C. Service: Because I think it so remarkable. Reading about Harriet Beecher Stowe made me think, "Why don't I reread Uncle Tom's Cabin?" So, I wrote a whole letter to Lisa about what I think about Uncle Tom's Cabin. That's all the letter was about. It's a truly remarkable book.

The notes I've been quoting from are parts of a series of letters which I decided to write in 1971. I started with my earliest life. I did not refer to those letters during the first part of these meetings but I thought I'd better for this. These reminiscent letters go only to the New Zealand times, because in New Zealand I met Lisa. From there on I have the letters I wrote her, except for the gap of about three years. And there is a tiny gap just at the time Jack was fired because I wrote very little for about three or four weeks.

In 1971, I decided I would write to Lisa a resume of my life up to the time we met.

Levenson: Thank you.

[end tape 2, side 1]

VI NEW ZEALAND: 1946-1948

[Interview 5: October 20, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

Good Times: New Zealand Posting

C. Service: In April, [1946], Jack as I say got hepatitis. He was in the hospital for months. I came back to Berkeley, expecting to be here a month or two. I was with my poor family--let's see May, June, July, August, September--five months.

About this point the State Department decided they would send Jack to Wellington, New Zealand.

Levenson: Why?

C. Service: Well, to get him out of the way! It was a great place to send people. They'd already sent a minister there, Avra Warren, who'd gotten himself into some sort of trouble with Spruille Braden. They'd sent Avra Warren to New Zealand to get him out of the way. He later became minister to Finland, ambassador to Pakistan, and ambassador to Turkey. His troubles vanished and he went up in the Foreign Service again. He was a very outspoken, outgoing, vigorous man. He wore me to a frazzle, just being near him, because he was so full of energy. Just energy. But, he was a very good friend of ours and a good friend to Jack.

He didn't want Jack to come at all. We heard later that when he was told that Jack, John Stewart Service, was being sent to Wellington he nearly blew up.

Levenson: Why?

C. Service: Well, because he didn't know Jack. He said, "They're just sending him down here to make more trouble for me. Here I am down here in Wellington. Now, they're sending this chap." I don't know that he used those words, but we heard that he really had a fit when he heard Jack was coming.

C. Service: But, he decided there was nothing he could do about it. They were going to send Jack, and he didn't protest. He let him come. I suppose if he had really protested the State Department wouldn't have sent Jack because they usually don't send anybody an ambassador doesn't want. Avra was still a minister then. I think he was always a minister in New Zealand because they didn't change it to an embassy until later.

Levenson: So, how did you feel about the New Zealand posting?

C. Service: I was pleased. I had never been to New Zealand, except coming home from China on the Monterey in 1940. I was excited, because it was part of the world I thought I'd like. Just the idea of being together, of having Jack back again, of having a family life, it was a simply wonderful feeling.

[Referring to notes] The State Department now began to think they would send Jack to a healthful post--he'd been sick--not only for his physical health but for his professional health. Wellington was the chosen spot. It sounded wonderful to me.

Then, he came home in September on a refrigerator ship, a freighter-type thing, refrigerated. He got into Oakland, landed right here in Oakland, on September 15. This was 1946.

We were to sail to New Zealand on the old Monterey, the ship that I had left China on so many years before.

> In the interim we had to get ourselves ready, as well as take a trip to Claremont to see Jack's mother. Our furniture had been sitting in New York all this time, ever since I left Washington. It had been hauled up to New York, and there it sat. It could now be sent to Wellington.
>
> We got ourselves packed, rushed to Claremont and back in my sister's car, and said goodbye to all the family on a heavenly late September day, thirteen years after I'd sailed for China--almost exactly because I'd sailed on September 8, and this was three weeks later.
>
> Jack and Ginny, Bob, Philip, and I sailed for New Zealand and a new life together. It was to be two of the happiest years of our lives, the calm before the hurricane which was to tear away Jack's professional life and force us out of the Foreign Service for five years.

C. Service: But, of course, we didn't know any of this. We thought we were really--

> [Resumes reading notes] I would not have missed New Zealand and the Wellington years for anything, not only because they meant great happiness, but because it was the beginning of our lifelong friendship with various people, American and New Zealand.
>
> We docked at Auckland on October 14, and we went to Wellington, arriving the morning of the fifteenth, by train. The Warrens were at the station and they took us to a flat, 38A Fitzherbert Terrace, where we were to live for two years and two months.

That's all I have written here.

Wellington was a wonderfully happy post for us. We had been married almost thirteen years. When we arrived Jack was thirty-seven and I was about to be thirty-seven. Well, we were awfully young, weren't we?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: Jack was the number two man in the embassy. He had the rank of first secretary. There was no minister-counselor. So, there was Warren and Jack and there were two second secretaries, Alvin Seibert and R.C. Beverstock. Marshall Green was third secretary. That's when we became great friends with Marshall and Lisa. There were the Seiberts. She was Swedish. We had known them in China. She was the daughter of the Swedish minister there. Christina Seibert and Sei Seibert. And Genevieve and Bev [R.C.] Beverstock became our great, great friends. There were Alice and Don Woolf and Greta and Oz [Osbourne] Watson. Oz was the commercial attaché, and Don was his assistant, good friends all; and Morgan Slayton, the naval attaché. Others were Forrest Cookson, the military attaché, Orin Rigley, the air attaché, and Normand Redden who eventually became consul general in Liverpool. We visited him and his New Zealand wife, Annabel, in Liverpool in our old home, Hawthorne House, in 1973. Both have been our long time friends.

Then there was Anne Taylor, Avra Warren's personal secretary. She was a widow and had been a friend of the Warrens before coming to New Zealand.

C. Service: Later, our second year there, Meade and Betty Foster, Forrest and Liz Daggett, Arthur and Midge Abbott, and Armistead (Armie) and Eleanor Lee came to the Wellington embassy. We formed strong friendships with them all, especially with the Lees and the Abbotts.

We knew the New Zealand staff well, and Gwen Hall has remained a lifelong friend. She visited us this fall. It was a young group of people. I think Warren was only forty-eight.

We made some wonderful New Zealand friends. The Lakings--he later became ambassador in Washington--Pat and George Laking. The Corners, Frank and Lyn. He later too became ambassador to Washington. They were very young, just starting out, in those days. We have stayed great friends through the years.

Anyway, here we were, young, still young, reunited. The war was over. The Amerasia case, we thought, was forever behind us. There were no intimations that the cold war was going to start. At least if there were, I didn't know about it. Maybe it had already started, but I knew nothing about it at that time.

Schools, and Housing, and Help

C. Service: Ginny was eleven when we went to Wellington. Bob was nine, almost ten. Philip was a year old. Ginny went to a private girls' school very near us, but Bob went to a public school in Kelburn. Wellington is divided into sections with place names. We lived in Thorndon. The children wore school uniforms. It was very English. They could go anyplace they wanted to in Wellington. Nobody was fearful of anything. We didn't have to worry about anything.

Things were still rationed because the war had only been over a year. We lived in an apartment, the second floor of a big house. That was why it was 38A. It had been rented by the American government.

Very soon after we got there we had the good luck to get a housekeeper, Ann Gane. Ann was a wonderful addition to our lives and still is. She was twenty-six. She had a little girl, Louise, who was a year older than Philip. Louise's father was an American. He had not married Ann. He had simply departed. He sent her a subscription to Time magazine which was all she ever got from him, no support for the child, nothing.

Levenson: Oh, dear.

C. Service: New Zealand is a very broad minded--most people are today--but in those days, New Zealanders were tolerant and kind about such things, especially because, I guess, there had been so many Americans around. Ann had first thought she would have the child put up for adoption, but she decided she wouldn't. So, she left Louise with her mother for a while and came down to Wellington and got a job working for an English couple. They were going on home leave.

There was a cateress in Wellington named Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams knew more about all of us than anybody else. We got her first, and then we gave the party. She knew I wanted somebody and she asked would I be willing to take somebody who had a child? I said, "Yes, I would." She said, "Well, I'll send somebody around to talk to you."

So, Ann appeared one day with this little girl who had absolutely carrot-red hair, just flaming red. We liked each other immediately, Ann and I did. I asked her if she'd come and work for us and she said she would. I said I'd be glad to have Louise.

She said she'd take Louise home first to her mother and leave her until she, Ann, got used to the place. I thought it might only be a temporary arrangement because I was afraid the English people would come back. But, I was desperate and I said, "Come."

So, Ann came and she stayed with us the whole time. The English people came back, but they had somebody else. After a while Ann went home and got Louise and brought her to live with us. Our apartment had two great big bedrooms. Jack and I had one, and Louise and Philip, aged two and one, had the other one. Then there were two staff rooms. Ann was in one of those and Ginny was in the other. They had a bath between them, back of the kitchen.

There was no room for Bob but we had a sun porch. So, we simply fixed that up and Bob slept in the sun porch for two years. But, it worked out all right. When we gave a big party we'd move the bed out or something so people could use the sun porch too. Bob was very good natured about it. He didn't have a real room. But, he had a sun porch.

Then we had a great big living room and a tiny little dining room and a small kitchen. And there we lived very happily, seven of us. We had seven ration cards for everything. We weren't great meat eaters or butter eaters. Why, we always had plenty.

Ann turned out to be a marvelous cook. She didn't know much about it, but she was willing to learn, and she knew more than I. I hadn't done much cooking. I had Fanny Farmer's Cookbook, so Ann pored over this and I pored over it. She became a wonderful cook. Mrs. Adams came and did parties. On her days off Ann would often take Philip along with Louise.

Levenson: How wonderful.

C. Service: Yes, that was marvelous.

Then, we fell upon a Mrs. Mason. Now, dear Mrs. Mason--she lived down the street. It turned out she'd be glad to have Philip, take care of him sometimes. After coming a time or two she said, "Why don't I take him home with me? I have a little girl, June. June can play with him." So, I said, "Fine!" It finally worked out that unless Ann took Philip, Mrs. Mason would come and get Philip on Thursdays and anytime on Sundays and take him down to her house where he would play with June. They were absolutely marvelous, both of them, both Ann and Mrs. Mason.

I can do another half hour. Is that all right with you?

Levenson: That's fine, yes.

C. Service: Is it on now?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: New Zealand was a heavenly spot for us in every way, especially for Jack and me; our marriage was healed. In thirteen years of marriage we'd been apart for six and a half years. We really started life over again, with three children, with a happy post, with Jack number two in the office.

Chargé d'Affaires: A Surprise Curtsy

C. Service: Oh yes, and then Warren got a new post. He went home, and so Jack was chargé d'affaires for nine months. Now, in the Foreign Service this is a very fine thing to happen to a young man. Jack was thirty-eight at the time so it was very good for his career, especially after all he had been through. It meant that we got invited to some special thing at Government House. It meant all the things which we ordinarily would not have had for, let's say, another five or ten years, and which actually we never did have again, because although we did not know it, that was the peak of Jack's career, to be chargé in New Zealand for nine months.

Levenson: Did you enjoy it, the Government House and all the trimmings?

C. Service: I did. I enjoyed it very much because it was all novel to me. Also, it was like living in an English novel, that part.

C. Service: The Government House people were very pleasant. They were very friendly. The governor-general was Sir Bernard Freyberg who had been a great hero in the First World War. He was a native New Zealander but had lived in England. He married a wealthy woman, a widow. They were very friendly and easy. She had the wherewithal to do special things; they could spend more money at Government House than they were allotted by the government. So, their parties were always very elegant and so on.

All the embassy people were invited to dances and receptions. But, we were also invited to a dinner for first secretaries, that rank. As we were the ranking first secretary, having got there before the French and whoever else, I was seated on Sir Bernard's right. I enjoyed it.

Well, when it came time for the ladies to leave the dining room, I realized that I was being given a signal by Rosemary Eley, who was a lady-in-waiting. Lady Freyberg got up and I got up. The rest of the ladies got up. I followed Lady Freyberg out.

As she got to the far door, she suddenly turned around and gave a swooping curtsy to Sir Bernard Freyberg who, of course, represented the king. Nobody had told me I was going to have to do this. I thought, "Good heavens." It's one thing to curtsy hanging onto somebody's hand, but quite another to do it alone. When I got to the exact same spot, though, I turned around and I saw Sir Bernard giving me a look, everybody just staring at me. So, I made a curtsy as much as I could and got out without falling down. [Laughter]

Jack and I really laughed about it afterwards. Jack said, "I didn't know what you were going to do." I said, "Well, I wish somebody had told me." Usually they tell you everything, every step you're going to make. You know how these things go.

Then, when we left New Zealand the Freybergs invited us around for lunch en famille. The whole thing was a very pleasant relationship. We didn't see them all that much, but we saw them enough so that we knew them.

The British high commissioner was Sir Patrick Duff, and his wife Lady Duff. Her name was Meg. We became very good friends. In fact, the whole experience in New Zealand was as pleasant as could be. It was a very happy time for us all.

The new man who came out, after an interim of nine months when Jack was chargé, was Robert M. Scotten, with his wife, Ann. We became great friends, not so much in New Zealand because we weren't together all that long, but afterwards. When Jack was

C. Service: fired Robert Scotten sent him $1000, which we eventually repaid, but it took us quite a while to do it. But, that was a very fine gesture on his part, because we hadn't been that close. Robert Scotten died some years ago, but Ann and we continue close friends. Our friendship has grown with the years. We visited her in Spain; she us in Berkeley.

A Crack in the Picture Window: CIA or FBI Snooping?

C. Service: We had one or two intimations of things to come, although we didn't know it. A missionary turned up in New Zealand. Well, he was a fake missionary apparently.

Levenson: In what sense?

C. Service: Well, he came round the embassy asking all kinds of questions. Beverstock finally said, "Look, watch out. This is no real missionary. A missionary in New Zealand? Odd. What is he doing here? He must be working for the C[entral] I[ntelligence] A[gency] or the FBI or somebody." He disappeared after awhile. I don't know whether he was CIA. He asked a lot of questions about Jack and maybe about some other people. But, he was obviously not what he said he was. I think he was an agent, an agent of some description. I don't know. It was very weird.

Levenson: Did he come to the house? Did you speak to him?

C. Service: No, but I think he saw Jack. No, he didn't come to see us. That was another funny thing. Why didn't he? He didn't come to the house. He went to Beverstock's house. Why go to Beverstock rather than Jack? The whole way he operated was very strange. I have no idea what his name was.

But, also, in 1947, the Truman Loyalty Security program was started. This we read about in the papers and Time magazine, good old Time magazine. It just gave us sort of an uneasy feeling. At least it gave me an uneasy feeling.

I said to Jack, "What do you think of this?" He said he didn't think anything of it. He said, "It doesn't mean anything. They can have a loyalty security hearing. So what?" You know, Jack's feeling was, "It doesn't affect us in any way. I've been cleared again and again." Or not again and again at that time. He said, "I've been cleared. The Amerasia case is over. They've investigated it." I think there had been another investigation of it in the spring of 1946.

C. Service: Anyway, we were expecting a transfer. Two years in Wellington was about the usual length of time. In the fall of 1948 we were expecting a transfer. It finally came and Jack was to come back to Washington and be on one of the promotion boards. This too was a very good thing for Jack.

And Jack was promoted to class II. They reorganized the Foreign Service in here somewhere. Jack had been class IV, double promotion [1945]. Then, instead of eight classes--which it is again--they had condensed it to six classes. All the people in class IV were made class III. While we were in New Zealand he was promoted to class II. He was at that time, I think, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, extremely young.

Levenson: The youngest in the State Department, I think.

C. Service: I think he was. I think he was the youngest one at that time in class II.

This was the last promotion Jack was ever to get, but of course he didn't know that either. Everything, though, seemed to be fine. When he was appointed to one of the selection boards, which is always an honor, we thought this was great. Everything, you know, was over. It was over. Nobody would be attacking us or be after us. Hurley had resigned. Jack was no longer connected with China at this time.

VII NO GREAT FEELINGS OF OMINOUS FATE, 1949-1951

Washington and Postings to India

C. Service: So, back we went to Washington. We got there in January, 1949. I went east to be with Jack. We left the children in Berkeley. We came back and got them in the early summer. We came back to Washington, rented a house, and on October 1, 1949, the People's Republic of China was announced in Peking by Chairman Mao standing on T'ien An Men.

This caused people to start saying, "Who lost China?" I don't mean the general public was interested in this at once, but I believe that Representative Walter Judd got up and made a dreadful speech in Congress attacking Jack, John Davies, John Carter Vincent, Edmund Clubb, and so on.

I'm not sure what Jack was doing in Washington at this point. The selection board was long since over. I really do not remember exactly what his job was.

But, the department suddenly decided to get Jack out of Washington again. Where would we go? How about India? This was decided sometime after October 1. In January we were given orders to go to India, January, 1950. We would leave Washington in February. We would sail from the West Coast in March. This was how it was worked out. We would go to India.

Jack would be consul-general in Calcutta. But, the department couldn't quite make him consul-general because that would need Congressional approval. Even though he'd be the chief officer, as they called it, he was only to have the rank of consul. They wouldn't try to push this through the Senate right now.

Also, at this time the Alger Hiss case had been decided. It had been decided in January, 1950.

Levenson: Right.

C. Service: This caused such a sensation throughout the country that at this point everybody was willing to believe almost anything, that the country was simply crawling with Communists, subversives, and whatnot.

Senator [William F.] Knowland made a speech. Jack went to see him. He was told by the State Department to go see him. This, I think, was in the Kahn book.* Anyway, Jack went to see him and have a talk with him. He never said a word about Jack again.

But, [Senator Joseph] McCarthy's speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, was given when, February 9, sometime in there, early February, 1950. We had already gotten to California. When this speech hit the headlines Jack called up the State Department because McCarthy had a list, he said. Nobody quite knew how many. There were different numbers. There were no names, but each number was described.

None of these descriptions applied to Jack whatsoever. So, when Jack called the State Department and said, "What shall I do? Shall I go on to India or come back to Washington?" they said, "Go on, because you're not one of McCarthy's numbers."

We spent a month here in Berkeley. Nothing more happened. McCarthy was making speeches. He made another in Nevada. But, they never seemed to pinpoint Jack or anything like that, or were against Jack, just rather general, you know, "The State Department is full of Communists."

Then, we left Berkeley and went to Seattle and we sailed from Seattle. My poor father was beginning to fail. He felt terrible through all this. Wheeling was his home town. That's another thing that bothered him. He had been born and raised in Wheeling, and McCarthy made his first big speech in Wheeling.

We went to Seattle and we sailed on an American export line ship, another freighter. We were going to Madras. I think we sailed on March 11, [1950]. We went the northern passage. As we were going to Tokyo, we sailed very far north, toward the Aleutians, and had very bad weather. It was an eight day voyage.

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*E.J. Kahn, Jr. The China Hands: America's Foreign Service Officers and What Befell Them, Viking Press, 1975. See also Caroline's letter to her mother, January 14, 1950, Appendix 2.

C. Service: I had a terrible toothache and I had been taking penicillin. It brought me out in hives. The boat was jumping about. There was nothing wrong with the trip exactly, except it was one of these trips that you'll be glad when it's over.

McCarthy Makes Frontal Attack on Service

C. Service: One night the radio operator came down and he said, "Say, they're talking about a guy named Service on the radio. Is it you by any chance?" Jack said, "Why, I don't know. What are they saying?" Then the operator said, "McCarthy was making a speech about Service--that he had undermined the State Department, he had lost China, and that he was a Communist." I don't know if he said those words or not, but the implication was all there.

So, Jack went up and listened. Apparently, the radio operator got the news every so often when he wasn't listening to things concerning the ship. So, when he, the operator, knew the news was coming on, Jack went up to listen.

Also, the radio operator was in contact with a ham operator in Los Angeles. This ham operator had been in China and had known Jack or knew about Jack in China. So, he was willing to relay anything that he heard at other times when our "Sparks" was busy with his regular work. "Sparks" could get in touch with this ham operator and he got a lot more information this way.

Well, I think the next day we got a radio to the ship from the State Department saying, "Come back," to Jack. "At Tokyo, come back to Washington." But, in this telegram which was quite long it gave an option about the family. It said the family could either stay in Tokyo, come back to Washington, or go on to India.

"Jack Would be in India before I Got There"

Levenson: You speak of it now in a very matter of fact way, but when you got the radio news and then the subsequent cable on your way to Tokyo, were you apprehensive?

C. Service: I was horrified. I couldn't see Jack going through this again. But, I really thought Jack would get to Delhi before we did. I thougnt he'd go back, they would ask him some questions, he might even have some hearings before-- I did not realize how

C. Service: bad things were going to be. It wasn't until Jack had the whole year there and I got back later and found out about what they were doing to Edmund Clubb and others, that I found out endless people were under the harrow. It wasn't only Jack anymore. And not only the State Department, the whole government was now being put through the ringer.

Levenson: And the universities.

C. Service: And the universities, right, and people in the U[nited] N[ations].

Levenson: And the writers and actors in Hollywood and on the stage.

C. Service: Right, but all this was for the future. At the time Jack was called back, none of us could foresee anything like this. At least, let us say, that I couldn't. I did not know how all pervasive this was going to become, that the American public was going to be just terrorized, or terrified. I'm not trying to equate this with places like Russia because it was not. But, people were scared and they were scared to say anything. People did finally--I think a lot of people thought, "My word, there must have been subversives all over the place. There must have been Communists every place or these things couldn't have happened to us." We were totally unprepared to admit to ourselves that everything in the world couldn't be just the way we wanted it.

Why did we "lose China"? China, we'd been so <u>good</u> to China. We'd done so many things for China. All the missionaries loved China. How could China turn on us like this? We must have done something awful. How could the Russians do what they were doing and we couldn't save the people in Eastern Europe? So, there must be something wrong at home.

Also, a lot of people had never really agreed with the fact that Russia should be an ally of ours during the war. There was much of this feeling. Some of the atmosphere during all of this century has been--isolationist. There's been a good deal of that in this country, right back to the First World War.

Levenson: Oh, sure.

C. Service: We always say it can never happen again, but I'm never quite so sure of that. I try to think this kind of thing could not happen again because we have become much more world conscious. We now see that the world is not our oyster, that everybody is not going to do what Americans want them to do, just because we're Americans. We still have a great many people in the world who do admire us and like us. I would not believe for a minute they don't. But, they still want to do things their own way. Well, my little speech for the day.

C. Service: To go back to your question. How did I feel? I felt Jack would get to India soon. I hated seeing him go home again, but I did not feel that there was an impending doom, no. I think that's one of the reasons I wanted to go on to India. I thought if I had gone back that it might have seemed that I would feel that things were not going to go well. And I never really felt that way. It was not till I came back from India that I began to feel great forebodings of ominous fate hanging over our heads. It was not till then. Not while I was in India either, because I was cushioned. I was protected. I had a very interesting time in India. So, it was after that.

The Family Goes to New Delhi

C. Service: Well, Jack and I talked it over and we decided that the children and I would go to India because we felt Jack would be in India before we got there. He would fly home, see the State Department, and fly back, fly to India. Our furniture was going to India. Our car was going to India. The children were in high school then, the two older ones. They had been out of school for two months. They needed to go to school. They would go to school in India. I would send them up to Mussoorie to the Woodstock School in Mussoorie which went all through the summer. They would make up the time. It was just the logical thing to do, go on to India. I didn't want to go to back to Washington. We had no house, no anything. I certainly didn't want to stay in Japan where I didn't know anybody.

So, when we got to Tokyo, when we got to Yokohama, somebody was there from the embassy, the press was there, and so on. They had a plane ticket for Jack to leave right that night. They put me up in the Imperial Hotel while the ship was in port, the only time I ever stayed in the Imperial. Jack went back to Washington. The children and I stayed in the Imperial Hotel three or four days while the freighter was loading.

We got back on the ship. We went down to Manila, we went to Cebu, we went to Ilo-ilo, places I never expected to go. Very strange the places you end up on these freighters, when you think about it.

Then, we landed in Madras. The consul and his wife met us. What was his name? I should really know. Her name was Martha. Streeper, Bob Streeper. They were very nice to us. They got us

C. Service: a hotel room. It must have been a great burden to them to have us and all our trunks and so on. There we were in Madras and had to get to Delhi. They got us a plane ticket about four days later. What they had hoped was that the embassy would send the embassy plane down for us, but the embassy did not do that. There was no reason for them to.

So, about four days later the children and I flew to New Delhi on a commercial plane, the three children and I. We lived in a house on Ratendone Road. I don't recall the number. We lived there six weeks until we could move into the quarters that we were to have, also government owned, also on Ratendone Road, number fourteen, Ratendone Road.

Everybody assumed Jack would soon be coming. We got to New Delhi April 15, [1950]. Hot! Hot! Hot! It was like the hinges of hell. It was before the monsoon and the temperature was over 100°, well over 100°, every day, dry burning heat such as India has.

What can I say about India? People who like China are not supposed to like India. Now, it turned out I liked India very much. India was the most colorful place I've ever lived, without any doubt the most exotic. It also had the greatest poverty and misery I'd ever seen. But, I had already gone through that in China. When I went to Yunnan that was probably the biggest cultural shock, my first year in China. When people would come to India who'd never been in that part of the world before, any part of the Orient, they had the same feeling that I had first in China. Well, you get over that. I didn't have to make this adjustment in India.

I was in a very strange position. I had no official position whatsoever. But, pretty soon people began inviting me to all the things because there I was. I was a lone woman without a husband, part of the American embassy, but not officially part of it. Mr. [Loy Wesley] Henderson, who was our ambassador, was so good to me. He was wonderful to me. When it became obvious later on in the year, that Jack was not coming, he let me stay in "my" house.

It was a great big bungalow sitting in about an acre of garden. It was, I suppose, built for some British official originally because it was in New Delhi. All of New Delhi was built for the British.

I got there in 1950. This was three years after partition and there was still a great deal of unease. There were still hundreds of thousands of refugees who had not been resettled. There was still a great deal of bad feeling between Moslems and Hindus, between Pakistan and India. Things were calming down, but you had a feeling there might be an explosion. There wasn't while I was there.

C. Service: Nevertheless, there were some things you didn't do. For instance, I took over the house from Peggy and Jeff Parsons. He later became ambassador to Sweden. He was the political counselor, and Jack was going to be the political counselor. I had six servants, three of whom were Christians. They had Christian names: John, Daniel, and Lawrence. Then, I had three other servants who were Hindus. The Deimels, Henry and Ruth Deimel who were in the embassy, who lived on one side of me, had all Moslem servants. Now, their Moslem servants would not cook pork. My Christian servants would cook anything. Since I had a Christian cook, I could even have beef, but how he got the beef I never knew and I never asked. Beef was served in the big hotels to tourists. But, you did not talk about how you got beef in India. There were all sorts of little things of that description that you could do, but which were not openly referred to.

Levenson: What about liquor?

C. Service: Liquor, we could get that all ex-bond out of Calcutta or wherever we got it. We could get it out of a warehouse. Now, some of the Indians drank and served liquor. Some of them didn't, but the ones who were used to foreigners and the ones who'd been to England, the ones I knew--did. The Delhi Gymkhana Club was now open to Indians. Doesn't it seem strange that it had not been so before? It had always been an English club. But, the Delhi Gymkhana Club now had Indian members. I did not have a membership because, well, I was waiting for Jack, but my friends took me. But, finally I stayed so long I got a membership of my own. They had memberships for women. I could go swimming there, and, of course, there were Indians, foreigners of all descriptions. It was an international club.

Woodstock School

C. Service: The children, Ginny and Bob, were sent to Woodstock School in Mussoorie, a hill station, about 170 miles northeast of New Delhi, at about seven thousand feet altitude. The school had been started about a hundred years earlier by missionaries and people who did not want to send their children back to England. Now, about half the pupils were Indian and about half were foreigners. It was supported to a large extent by the state of Uttar Pradesh. We, of course, paid board and room and tuition for our children. I think there was still some support from various missions to the school. But, it was an international school.

Ginny was fifteen. She was fourteen when she went up there and Bob was thirteen. They had a happy time. They liked it. They made very good friends. They were there a year and a half. I left in a year, but I left them out there.

C. Service: And I was very glad they were there, because for one thing it was a good school. They learned things. They made friends. And they were cut off from all the flak from home.

Indira Gandhi, Fellow Parent and Birdwatcher

Levenson: So, were you alone?

C. Service: No. I had Philip and Philip was five years old. Philip went to a little kindergarten school run by a Norwegian woman, I think, who was married to an Indian. Her name was Mrs. Maitra. At this same school were both of Mrs. Gandhi's boys.

Levenson: Indira Gandhi's boys?

C. Service: Yes, both of her boys went to this school. One, I think, was a year older than Philip. The other was a year younger, Sanjay. It is Sanjay who has now become a great power. When one of them had a birthday party, all the children were invited. We all went to where Nehru lived, the Prime Minister's home. Nehru was there, and of course Mrs. Gandhi was there. The children all sat at a great long table and had an elegant birthday party. Afterwards a snake charmer came in to entertain them. A snake charmer was a very good thing to have! So, I did meet Mrs. Gandhi and I did meet Nehru. I met him more than once because I was included in the August 15, Independence Day celebrations and he was there.

Mrs. Gandhi also belonged to the Delhi Birdwatching Society. Now, I joined the Delhi Birdwatching Society because I'd become interested in birds during the war here at home. The Englishman who ran it was the foremost Quaker in India. I suppose there were about thirty members of the Delhi Birdwatching Society, and it was exactly like something, well, out of an English novel.

Levenson: How so?

C. Service: We all went out to the Delhi dump or some place like that. The Delhi dump had a lot of storks on it. It was north of the city. But, there were other birds. Oh, the bird life! The bird life in India was absolutely terrific. The birds were so magnificent and so beautiful and so many of them, birds I'd never heard of before. I can't even remember their names now.

But, Mrs. Gandhi would come out in one of the government cars, and everybody brought thermoses and we all had tea. [Laughter] It was a real English birdwatching outfit. She was extremely pleasant and agreeable. I remember her very well. I liked her.

Levenson: Are you surprised at the way her government had developed in the past few years?

C. Service: Yes, I am. I really am.

Levenson: How would you sum up your impression of her at that time, in 1950?

C. Service: In 1950 she was the Prime Minister's hostess. She was an attractive young woman. Obviously, she had a lot of political clout even then, but it wasn't evident. How old could she have been then, in her early thirties? Yes, her early thirties. She was pleasant and affable. You never had a feeling you were being kept off. She didn't bring any guards with her. She brought a chauffeur. I never had a feeling that there were a lot of people around taking care of her, but I just was interested in seeing her. I was very pleased to see her and very pleased to meet her.

Before I left India--and I wish I'd done it--I thought I would go round and call on her. But, there was no reason to do so. I did sign the book when I arrived. But, when I left I didn't call; I really didn't know her well enough. I think probably it would have been an intrusion. But, I was sorry I didn't afterwards because of Philip's going to school with her sons, and because she had been very pleasant to me. Anyway, that's simply an aside about Indira Gandhi.

Levenson: Was she a well-informed birdwatcher?

C. Service: Yes. Yes, she really was. She came because she was interested in birds. There would have been no other reason for her to come, because the people who were connected with the Birdwatching Society were a very mixed bag of English business people and the Quaker and a few Indians who were interested, just people who did it because they liked it. I think I was the only American. We'd go stumbling through the underbrush in the woods near Delhi. I never thought we were going to see a snake. It was just people really who were very keen on the Indian birds.

We had two peahens who came once and sat in one of our trees. Peacocks were common birds. But, there were birds called rollers, and there were bulbuls--I must look up their names. There were green bee-eaters and a bird called a barbet, birds I'd never heard of. Of course, hoopoes you get in Europe. There were hoopoes around. There were the babblers and-- Well, I'll look them up in my Indian bird book. Phalanxes of parakeets would zoom over our house at dusk, flying to the nearby Lodi Gardens.

Levenson: Was it a rather strenuous affair? Did you walk long distances through murky underbrush?

C. Service: No. No, we walked rather short distances and rather leisurely. But, we did see things, marvelous kingfishers.

Levenson: Did you have to get up early in the morning?

C. Service: No, we did it late in the afternoon.

Levenson: How civilized!

C. Service: Nobody got up early in the morning. [Laughter] We did it late in the afternoon. Since Delhi is about 23° latitude north, the evenings came rather early. So, we didn't have to stay up late. We went out in the late afternoon. We saw a lot of bird activity.

More about India

C. Service: The Indian people, I think, are probably the handsomest race in the world. I don't think I've ever seen so many really beautiful women and handsome men in every stratum of society, from sweepers right on up to the top; sweeper women.

And I want to say one thing more about India which has nothing to do at all with this, except that I did find India to be a most exotic and interesting country, as I mentioned. One day when I was driving to Mussoorie, going through a small town, there was a stark naked man walking along, a holy man. All he had on was the Hindu cord [gesturing at chest level describing a cord tied around the body] which high caste Brahmans wear. That was the sole thing he had on.

On the same street walking either before him or behind were two women in burkas, completely clothed from top to toe, not a sign of them showing--even their eyes were looking through little grillworks. And nobody was paying any attention to any of these things, neither the stark naked man nor the two women completely hidden under their burkas.

I thought to myself, "Only in India could you have such a contrast, such a thing, and nobody pay any attention to it." I was quite fascinated by it. Anyway, that's just one small thing which gives a flavor of what life in India was like then.

I had Americans living on one side of me, but on my other side of the house we had an Indian couple named Dr. and Mrs. Bery. Prem was, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. Her husband was a dentist. I went to him. His name was Dr. N.N. Bery, but everybody called him Enos, like Enos salts.

C. Service: Why, I do not know. I became great friends with the Berys. Prem helped me out often. When I needed information she could tell me what to do or where to go, and so on. The Berys ate beef, oddly enough. I asked her about it once. She said, oh well, Hindus could really do almost anything.

The Hindu religion is a very strange religion to my Western mind. In fact, to me, it holds India back. I do not understand religions like Hinduism. They turn me off. But Hinduism has probably worked out better than any other system of religion to keep people quiet by promising them better future lives. I can't think of a better system that anybody has ever worked out--if you don't have a good life this time, the next time may be better. I disagree with the whole idea, but it certainly seems to me to keep people--what should I say?--willing to accept, accept their lot. Modern life is changing this to some extent.

The poverty and the misery of India was unbelievable. That was twenty-five years ago. Things may have improved. I think things are better.

Cows, cows walking around everywhere. I said, "Who owns these cows?" I could ask Prem anything. Well, nobody quite knew who owned the cows. I never got an answer to that question, who owns the cows that just meander around the streets, eating vegetables off stalls, or eating flowers, or eating whatever, nobody stopping them. But, cows do add to the economy of India because of the dung they give which is used not only for fuel but for plaster on village houses. The cows give a little bit of milk. Brahman cattle are quite beautiful animals.

Letters to Lisa Green in Stockholm

C. Service: Jack was at home. He was having a terrible time. I was insulated from that. The English paper in Delhi would now and then carry something. Jack did not write very often, but I realized that he was going through hell and there was nothing I could do about it.

If I'd been home I would have not have been much help to him. You've asked me once or twice if I wasn't mad or if I didn't get blue or depressed, or what I expected. Up to this time in India I had been mostly optimistic. But, in India I began to realize things were perhaps not going to go well. I would have been nothing but a burden to Jack during this summer.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

C. Service: Jack lived with various friends. He lived with Tony and Phyllis Freeman for months. I sent most of the mail for him to Lisa and Marshall Green. He lived with Jack and Roz Burling. Jack Burling's father was one of Acheson's law partners. And he lived with Ed and Ruth Rhetts.

Jack had gotten Ed [Charles Edward] Rhetts to be his lawyer. When he went home he had asked the State Department what he should do and they said, "Get a lawyer." Somebody recommended the firm of Reilly, Rhetts, and Ruckelshaus, a very conservative firm. Gerry Reilly, who is now a judge, had a lot to do with drafting the Taft-Hartley Act.

I'll let Jack tell about his own experiences, except to say that it was just lucky for me and I think for him, for all of us, that the children and I had the year in India.

I was writing letters to Lisa [Green]. I don't seem to have many. So whether or not she kept them all-- But, I have a few paragraphs here I'll read from various letters.

This one, September 19, 1950.

Levenson: Excuse me, Caroline. If you like we could insert them in the memoir.

C. Service: Yes, but I think I'll read a few of them now anyway. The [Marshall] Greens now were on their way to Sweden. I write:

Have a restful trip. I will be waiting impatiently to hear all about your life in Sweden. There will surely be lots of people junior to you.

Apparently Lisa was wondering about this.

All the embassies now are simply overrun with dozens of people called attachés. We even have a minerals attaché here and a social welfare attaché, plus ten people who are just called attachés. [Chuckle] All of them are attachés. All of them are smack in the middle of the diplomatic list. Here it all depends on the salary. If the building man gets more money than you do, he is ahead of you on the list. At least that is the way things are in Delhi. They may be different in Sweden.

No doubt some of the attachés were CIA.

C. Service: *I wonder how much longer I shall have to wait for Jack. The most encouraging thing is he has been assigned as counselor to Nepal too. So, he must be coming sometime.*

Now, this was September, [1950], and I'd already been in India since April, [1950].

Mr. Justice Douglas is in town. The Steeres had a cocktail and dinner for him on the spur of the moment last night and asked me. A very pleasant evening. He is a rough hewn type in looks, not so in actions. The only solace I have found to being here alone is that I am often asked to fill in at interesting dinners. This is one place where there is an excess of men and a single woman is in demand socially.

Even though Jack does not say much, I don't see how he could have managed in Washington these past months without you, and I'm sure he knows it. Little did I think he would still be in Washington after you left. When do you think he'll be getting out here? After all, even the FBI can't go on forever, or can they?

Now that you are no longer in Washington I can write about Max Bishop. Of course, you must know by now that he was one of the informers [to the FBI], the one in Japan, and when Jack asked him to appear before the loyalty board to testify against him, if he wanted, he wouldn't appear.

Max Bishop refused to appear. Jack tried to get him to come, but Max knew he'd be cross-questioned and he would not come.

I've known something of this since New Zealand days, which is why I was never enthusiastic about Max Bishop.

Levenson: Does it appear anywhere else that Jack asked Max Bishop to testify?

C. Service: I think not at the time, but I think it appears in the hearings,* sure, that were made public.

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*State Department Employee Loyalty Investigation Hearings Before a Subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate, Eighty-first Congress. (Tydings Committee).

C. Service: Then, on October 20, I had been up to Mussoorie, apparently, to see the children. This letter is dated October 20, 1950, from New Delhi.

It was perfect at Mussoorie, the air clear and sparkling after the rains, and the Himalayas standing out clear and cold against the horizon.

On the ninth, I was casually glancing through the paper when my eye caught an item about Jack's clearance. I'd been waiting for it so long I could hardly take it in when I saw it.

This was an Indian English paper, of course.

You can imagine the state I was in. The next day Philip and I drove back to Delhi where I got a long cable from Jack saying it would take three or four weeks for the deputy of the secretary of state to go over the board's finding and that he was going to California to see our families.

Just before he left Washington to drive west in Helen's car he wrote me a most loving letter telling me he hoped he might be out in November as he does not expect to have to stay around Washington while the president's review board goes over things, but even if he does he should be here by Christmas, and I really think he'll be here before Thanksgiving. That is the day the children come home from school and is also my birthday, so if Jack is here nothing more could be asked.

In any case, I feel as though the end of these long, weary months is in sight, and I'm very, very proud of my husband. Heaven only knows what the future will hold for us as regards his career, but I think he has proved himself during this terrible persecution.

It's obvious Jack did not get out. There were more hearings after that, but anyway, at this point I had great hopes. On December 10, I wrote:

Dearest Lisa,

...About a week ago I had a cable from Jack saying that [Carlisle H.] Humelsine had finally got around to finishing the "file" and his decision was favorable, etc. etc. But, instead of sending Jack right off to India, as they would do if they had any guts, (because no matter what the [State]

C. Service: *Department does, its detractors are going to be screaming for blood, and a weak attitude is not going to help them one little bit) they have been thinking about keeping Jack around Washington until after the new Congress meets to see if there are going to be any new investigations. Did you ever hear of anything more stupid or more of an invitation to have new investigations?*

I took the cable straight to the ambassador, and he immediately drafted a cable to the department saying he wants Jack and has held the post open for him all these months, etc. etc. etc. He could hardly have made it any stronger. He has been absolutely wonderful to me the whole time I have been here, and I shall never forget his kindness.

(It is now December 11, by the way, as I had callers yesterday morning.) Early Saturday morning I had a call from the embassy saying there was a cable in for me. I asked them to send it right out and this is what it said: "Press informed assignment cancelled. No orders until new post decided. May be some delay. Am writing. Thank the ambassador. Patience. Love. Jack."

I leaped out of bed and went straight to the ambassador and showed him the telegram. He was absolutely disgusted. I would like to tell you that the department has never had the courtesy to answer the ambassador's telegram or ever given him any information about Jack during all the time I have been here. Every bit of his information has come through me or the news bulletins. Even now he has not been notified officially that Jack is not coming. What a system.

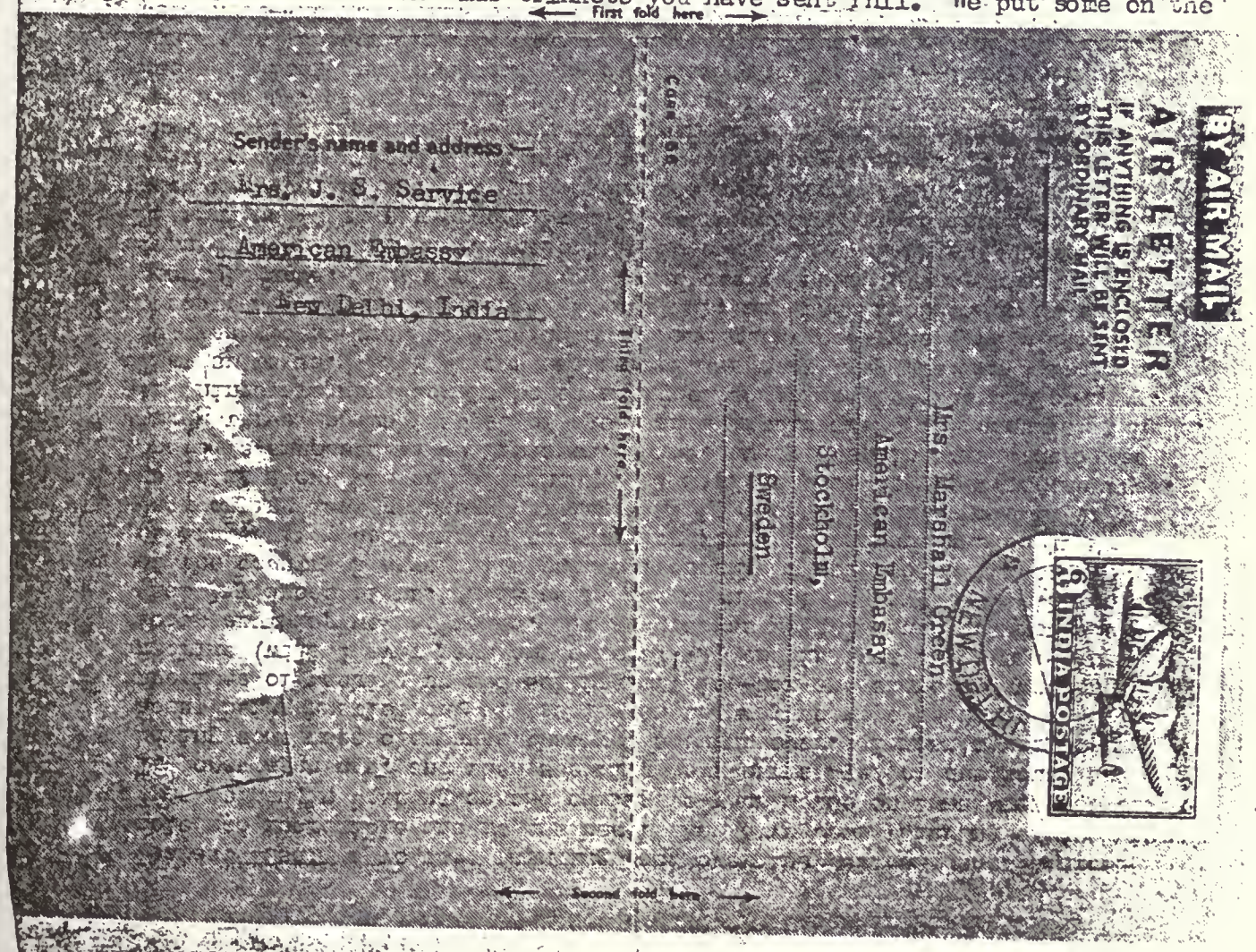
To say that I am devastated is putting it mildly. I feel so sorry for Jack I hardly know what to do. First Calcutta, and now Delhi. We shall probably end up as head of a one-man consulate in central America or Equatorial Africa. And although I still haven't said so to Jack, I'm all for resigning as soon as the president's board gets through with this unless Jack gets a halfway decent post.

Well, that goes on. Maybe you would like to xerox that. If there's something after it's xeroxed that I don't want in, I can have it cut out. Can't I?

December 26, 1950

Dearest Lisa: I've been thinking back over the year and what a miserable and incredible one it has been. And I've been thinking of the nice Xmas we had in Washington and coming to your house on Xmas Eve and drinking champagne cup, and then spending New Year's Eve at our house and having some more champagne that you brought over. I wasn't very happy about being hustled out of Washington the way we were being and I hated the idea of packing up and selling our ice-box and stove and washing machine (will I ever have any others?!!), and in fact I was not happy about anything we had to do. It is just as well I could not foresee what lay ahead of us. Much as it has been good to have the children out of the country I have not begun to reconcile myself to having been separated from Jack during this trying time. I had an Xmas cable from Jack saying that probably nothing will be decided about where he is to go until about the end of January. I suppose that is the time the Pres. Board is supposed to be finished. Since every step in this ordeal has taken three months instead of one I am a little skeptical about that date. As things are now Jack is to be assigned someplace outside the country. That suits me. With prices and scarcities what they are now I really do not want to go back to Washington. Some quiet post where we will be obscure and unmolested is all I long for, and then retirement at the earliest possible date. But really there is no use thinking of anything in the future because the world outlook is so completely bleak and depressing. As soon as I get any orders I shall start packing up so that I can join Jack wherever he is. It will soon be a year since I have been him and I just sometimes don't see how I can bear it any longer. But no matter what happens in this life you just seem to go right on getting thru each day somehow. I am now going to try to relax a little and enjoy my last weeks in India and see that the children enjoy it too.—Last week on Monday and Tuesday Gin and Bob and I went to Agra. The Warwick Perkins were here—he is counselor in Karachi—so the office gave us a station wagon to go in which saved my car. Agra is magnificent—not like Peking which is the grandest place I have ever seen—but the name Imperial Agra truly applies to it. We saw the Taj three times, at sunset, in the moonlight, and in the morning, the time I liked it best. We went all thru the Red Fort which was started by Akbar and added to by Jahangir and Shah Jehan who also built the Taj. And we visited an exquisite little tomb across the Jumna river, quite the loveliest small building I have seen. On Tuesday morning we drove 23 miles out of Agra to Fahhipur Sikri, a city which has been deserted for almost 400 years. It was built by Akbar and lived in for about 25 years. By that time the water supply ran out. It stands today almost intact and looks just as it did when Akbar and his court walked out of it so many years ago, and it takes almost no imagination at all to picture the Moghul court there in all its glory. If Marshall ever has a chance at Delhi don't turn it down. The climate is against it but with air-conditioning the summers are quite bearable and the winters are just a little colder than a New Zealand summer without the wind. And there is so much here of interest to see. I cannot help but be fascinated and exasperated by all I see around me, and the passing scene is always colorful. Another advantage is the good American schools. Woodstock near here and another in the south of India. The children have never been happier than at Woodstock and if we were staying on I would send Philip there too. Tonight Gin and Bob are having a dinner for ten of their Woodstock friends. I have to do almost nothing at all about their entertainment any more. They play tennis, play badminton, go bicycling, go on picnics, and sit around with

their friends and drink cokes and talk and read comics. Tonight they are playing all kinds of quiz games. Philip had dinner with them and has now gone to bed. And I am laid out flat in bed. Whether it is nerves or not I don't know, but nerves have certainly contributed. I've had a bad case of hives and now my stomach is definitely churning around and my head aches. But I have no fever so nothing serious can be wrong. I did have the rum punch party and it went off very well, altho I am just no use at being both a host and hostess. The day was pleasant and we were out-of-doors. The Ambassador seemed to enjoy the punch as much as anyone and Mrs. H. was extremely pleasant. In fact we have never had anything but the pleasantest relationship, but it is true that I don't see her very often. These ~~la~~ past few days have been hectic, but now things are quieting down till New Years. After that I am going to concentrate on getting all my obligations paid off and then I hope I'll be seeing Jack. My one great worry is that McCarthy or someone of his ilk will be yelling for more investigations. It doesn't seem possible with the world in the state it is in that they would waste time fiddling while the world is going to pot, but I hardly know what to expect anymore. If Jack should have to stay home longer then we will go right home. I long more than anything to be with him. I like Clarissa, but not Clara. How do you manage not to look very pregnant? I looked colossal after the first three months. I understand Pat Davies is expecting her fourth! Thankyou for all the Xmas trinkets you have sent Phil. We put some on the



Levenson: Absolutely.

C. Service: When I thought Jack was coming out I decided I was going to have a party, because although I'd entertained people for luncheon and people had entertained me a great deal, I thought I'm going to ask everybody in the American embassy to a Christmas morning rum punch party, about 11:00 o'clock, 12:00 o'clock, maybe 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

So, I did. I made the plans and it was going to be out in the garden. Even when I knew Jack wasn't coming I still decided to have the party. I'm very glad I did. I asked every American that I knew, both in the embassy and living in Delhi. Everybody came except those that were out of town. The children were home and we had a nice Christmas.

Caroline's Father Dies

C. Service: I finally left India. Jack's orders were cancelled. It was obvious that he was not coming out. Then, I had nothing I could do except wait until the government issued orders for me to come home.

In the meantime my poor family was quite desperate, because they really didn't know how things were going on. My father--I found this out later--offered to pay Jack's way out to India and back to spend Christmas, if the department would let him leave the country, but they would not.

Levenson: They would not let Jack leave?

C. Service: No. No. They would not let Jack leave. So, that was out. I never knew about this till later.

The children came down from Mussoorie on November 30, and they didn't have to go back till early March. Although India is in the northern hemisphere, the school year was as though they were in the southern hemisphere, because it was so hot in the plains in the summer that the children went to school all summer. They came down from the mountains where it was snowing in the winter and had their vacation in the winter time.

They had lots of friends in New Delhi who came down from school with them. Ginny was fifteen. Bob was just going to turn fourteen.

C. Service: On March 3, [1951], my father died. I did not know that until I got the cable the next morning. I was devastated. My father had always been there.

My father had written me a letter after we left Berkeley, on March 6, 1950. I would like this put in.* That was just after we left to go to India, and I got it in Seattle before I sailed. I had it with me. When Father died, of course, I got it out and read it. His funeral was exactly a year after the date on the letter. He died on March 3, and his funeral was March 6, 1951.

Jack flew out to California to go to the funeral. I can't tell you how I appreciated that, because poor Jack didn't know what was going to happen to him or what the next thing was going to be.

I'll give you this letter. I won't read it now, but I'll give you that. You can keep that if you want.

Levenson: Thank you very much.

C. Service: My father says in it--my poor father, not knowing that I really don't believe in God; but my father was a lovingly religious person--he says, "We will meet in the great 'Beyond,' and all I ask is [for you] to remember your God and your parents as you have--and abide in much prayer." Well, for my father this was important. I couldn't change my beliefs for his sake--no. But, this has been a most wonderful letter to me. It has influenced my life--the love expressed in it.

At last it came time for me to go home. So, what to do? I decided that I would leave Ginny and Bob in India because there was no use breaking up-- The school year began in March, early March. They were still in Delhi when my father died, but they went right back to Mussoorie after that. Then, the first term went until July. So, I thought, "Well, I will leave them out here, in Mussoorie, and then they can come home by themselves," which they finally did.

I must mention here that other neighbors, Colonel and Mrs. Edwin Sutherland, were wonderful to the children and me. Flip and Ed Sutherland were in Peking when we were--Ed was an army language student. In New Delhi he was the U.S. military attaché. Flip took a great personal interest in Philip which has lasted right to the present, and they helped with the older children when it came time for them to leave India.

Two other close friends who were wonderful to me in India were Hazel and Henri Sokolove. He was the labor attaché. We have remained great friends.

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*See following page.

Berkeley. Mar: 6-1905

Dearest Caroline: The house seems empty with you all gone,- we miss you so much. By now we hope you are all safe at Seattle. You have much to be thankful for, for your Jack and your three splendid lovely children.

There was something I wanted still to say to you, but when the train came in, everything was hustle to get aboard.

Two years is a long time Cary Hill we see each other again, and you know dear, that I am getting older (just the same I want to live (as we all do) till your return.. But if it is otherwise, then we will meet in the great "Beyond" and all I asked is to remember your God and your parents as you have - and abide in much prayer.

Gertrude, Katherine & you have been wonderful daughters and have brought us much happiness and this includes all the grandchildren and the sons. May you all stay well and return safely to us where your time is over.. to your Dear mother and me.

Lovingly and devotedly

Father.

I will write all about our happy times now and to come in our regular letters.

C. Service: And the Prescott Childs took Ginny and Bob in when they sailed home from Bombay. Prescott was the U.S. consul-general in Calcutta. They preceded us in Wellington, but we did not meet them until Washington.

Juan and Milena Marin--he was Chilean chargé--we had known in Shanghai. They were now in New Delhi and were very good to us.

Back to Washington via Europe

C. Service: I'd never been to Europe. At this point I'd never been to Europe. So, I decided to tour Italy for two weeks with Philip while waiting for a ship from Naples. But, as it turned out, at the Delhi airport Philip pulled a standing barrier over on his arm. His whole arm was in great pain and something was wrong with his elbow. An Indian doctor put a sling around the arm. But we got on the plane. There was nothing else to do.

We arrived in Rome on Saturday night, the next night, and on Sunday there was nothing to be done. But, by Monday morning I knew I had to do something about Philip's arm. So, I went around to the embassy and I said, "I've got to see a doctor." The embassy knew I was there. George Merrell--who had been in Peking with us and who was a retired ambassador at this point--was visiting his sister in Rome and they met me at the airport and were very helpful to me. Also a man from the embassy met me to help me.

Anyway, the embassy nurse sent me to an Italian hospital. I knew not one word of Italian, and the doctor I saw didn't know one word of English. We both had a few words of French, but oh, so terrible! Anyway, the doctor took an x-ray of Philip's elbow and he showed me the x-ray. Even I could see that the thing was out of its socket. The doctor pushed me down in a chair, and the nurse clapped some ether over Philip's nose, there was a great crack, and the elbow was pulled back into its socket. Philip was kept in the hospital overnight. Then an English doctor turned up who lived in Rome. So, he could interpret. He explained that Philip would have to wear a cast for some time.

So, I decided there was no point in my trying to travel around Italy with a child with only one good arm. We were staying at a pensione, and I took Philip out of the hospital with his arm in a little cast, open on one side. I could take him sightseeing with me, and so we took endless sightseeing tours in Rome. Finally one day Philip said to me--he was so tired of being hauled around; he was not quite six--he said, "Mother, there are too many marble statues in Rome!" [Laughter]

I've written nothing of your flat, color scheme, etc. but I know it will look very smart. And I love the pictures of Mark & the portraits. What is marshall's portrait?

March 8, 1951

Dearest Lisa: I am typing this at the Embassy so that I can get it off to you right away. This last week has been a sad and unsettled one in my life. First of all as I am sure everyone knows I am going back to Washington. God only knows when Jack will ever get away from there. It seem that he can go on being investigated for years and years and years. Everytime anyone makes a wild or unfounded statement they start all over again. It is absolutely so incredible that I can hardly still believe that this kind of thing can happen in our country or can happen to us. Jack is being assigned to the Dept.---I suppose he'll be given some very insignificant job---so I shall take the furniture, etc. with me. Where we shall live I don't know and I shudder to think of the price of things. It also makes me frantic to think that we sold our lovely ice-box wash machine and stove last year and now will have to get them over again at a greatly increased price. Of course we won't be able to afford such an ice box but really it does not seem important any more. Philip and I fly from here to Rome on March 30 on BOAC. We sail from Naples on the Saturnia on April 13 which should put us in N. Y. about April 21 where I hope that Jack can meet us. I am leaving Ginny and Bob in Woodstock school until late June or early July and then they can get a boat from Bombay and have a nice leisurely Mediterranian cruise, getting home in August. This will at least solve our housing problems till then as Phil and Jack and I can live in one room and by the time the children get home the furniture will be there too. I am happy about the decision to leave them here. They are happy and safe in Woodstock. Good missionary atmosphere, excellent American doctor and hospital, friends all around them and friends here in Delhi to speed them on their way. Ginny will be 16 when she starts home and should really have a wonderful time on the trip. And Bob too. And I have absolute faith in the two of them that they can get on and take care of themselves. I am so proud of them and I just cannot bear to think how their lives may be affected by all this trouble of Jack's. I thank God for the unsullied atmosphere at Woodstock where there is no discrimination against them. I hardly know what to expect at home. Also by taking only Philip I'll be able to concentrate on Jack. We are going to have a whole year of talking to do. If this thing looks as tho it will never end then we must make a decision about Jack's getting out of the F. S. and finding something else to do. We have both felt that we have to fight this thing out but at this point there seems to be nothing tangible to fight. Nothing we can come to grips with. You know Lisa, I never give up if I can help it but this summer may be the turning point in our lives. There must be something we can to so that we can live unharrassed and productive lives. I am sorry to sound so dreary my dear, but with the constant investigations staring us in the face again it is hard to

More than anything Jack & I must now be together. I am sad to leave India because I did so hope Dad get here.

Jack was able to fly to Berkeley for the funeral

be too cheerful. I have been thinking of all the people I want to go to talk to when I get home. And I'll be glad to have people take a look at me too.-----The real tragedy in my life last week was that on Sunday I had a cable that my father died on Saturday. You will know what that meant to me. He is the person who had the most influence on my life and my earliest memories are of him rather than of my mother. I knew that both of them loved me but father's love was always warm and close and in all these years I've been married he ~~xxxxxxx~~ wrote me a little note or letter each week. Yesterday I had one written ~~xxxx~~ on Feb. 26 just 5 days before he died. He talked of seeing me when I came home and Lisa I'm afraid that I wept my eyes out. I feel that this last year of worry shortened his life---another thing I hold against McC. But perhaps he has been spared more unhappiness. And I know his love will help me no matter what happens. Now I must think of my mother.---Lisa how I wish that your baby would be born early and that you could fly down to Rome with Marshall so that could have a reunion. I know this sounds hair-brained, but I should so love to see you. Think about it. I'll be here till March 30. Then address me % American Embassy in Rome. Could you come to Paris if I can get up there. We could all stay with Phil. Ha! Much much love to you and Marshall and I hope that everything will be expeditious. Caroline

First fold here

Sender's name and address

C. S.

American Embassy

New Delhi, India

Third fold here

Mrs. Marshall Green

American Embassy

Stockholm,

Sweden

AIR LETTER

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

AIRMAIL

8 MAR 345 1961

Second fold here

Levenson: Oh, poor fellow. I think he was good to have gone as long as that. Don't you?

C. Service: Well, I couldn't leave him alone. I had to take him. So, there we were! Then, we sailed from Naples on the Saturnia, I think, and got home towards the end of April, [1951]. Jack met us in New York. We had been separated another thirteen months.

Back home to-- Well, then I realized things were bad, when I got home. I think maybe I should stop there. I'd like to put in something more from these letters because from then on things really went downhill.

"That Dreadful Man that Did All Kinds of Things"

C. Service: I had one experience in the pensione which I've often thought about. It was a wryly amusing experience, except embarrassing to the other person. There was a very pleasant American woman in this place and we always chatted at meals. One day she even stayed with Philip. I wanted to go to the Spanish Steps where I had seen a little shop. I wanted to get something. I said to Philip, "Now, you can play here by yourself for about an hour while I go out." He said he would. This was in the little lobby. This woman heard me and she said, "Well, I'm going to be here,"--she was writing a letter--"and I'll keep an eye on him." So, I thanked her very much. Philip promised to be good and off I went.

When I got back Philip had been very good. She and I had never exchanged names. Later either she was leaving or I was leaving with Philip. We were saying goodbye. She said, "You know, I don't know your name." I said, "No, I don't know yours either." She told me hers which I have completely forgotten.

Then when I said mine was Service, she looked at me and she said, "Oh, it's the same name as that dreadful man that did all kinds of things that Senator McCarthy is after," or something like that. Anyway, "that dreadful man," she said. I think the expression on my face made her stop, and she said, "Oh, you're not related to him, are you?" I said, "Well, he's my husband."

That poor woman. If the floor could have swallowed her she would have been happy. I said, "Never mind, my husband's a very fine man."

Then, she looked at me and she said, "I believe you," or "I'm sure he is." One of the two.

Levenson: Was that the first time that you had run into this sort of thing?

C. Service: That's the first time I'd run into that. There had been some other experiences. The night that Jack was put in jail or the day after, [1945] Jane Smyth happened to be calling Mrs. Hurley who was going to go out to Chungking. She said, "Oh, the wonderful news, that dreadful Mr. Service is in jail," or words to that effect. Jane told us this.

But, this was the first such experience I had. Actually I didn't have too many. But, I've never forgotten that, because I was pleased when the woman said that she believed me.

Levenson: That was wonderful.

C. Service: I thought that was marvelous. I often wondered if she ever followed the case long enough to know that Jack was exonerated and was reinstated in the State Department.

Well, now we can turn it off. I can go on later.

Levenson: Thank you.

[end tape 1, side 2]

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ADDRESS OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO

AMERICAN EMBASSY
New Delhi, India, April 21, 1951

Dear Caroline:

Thank you for your kind letter of April 6. You may be sure that the Embassy community will keep an eye on your children until they are ready to return to the States. All of us loved having you with us during the past twelve months, and our only regret is that Jack could not have come also and that you could have stayed longer. I hope that in the short period of service which remains ahead of me our paths will cross again.

I am confident that in spite of the setbacks and discouragements which you and Jack have had, opportunities will again present themselves to Jack to perform distinguished service for the United States.

Elise joins in sending regards to you both.

Sincerely yours,

Loy W. Henderson

Mrs. John S. Service,
c/o Foreign Service Mail Room,
Department of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
1951 MAY 1 AM 10 10
PROCESSED BY
RECORD BRANCH

VIII A VICTIM WAS FOUND: JACK FIRED; DECEMBER 14, 1951

[Interview 6: November 17, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

Caroline's Relationship with her Mother

C. Service: This is a letter to my mother after my return from India, May 8, 1951. My father had died by this time. I don't think I've done justice to my dear mother in these talks, because we really had a very close relationship which I think will appear evident as we go on now.

Dearest Mother:

This letter should reach you by Friday, Saturday at the latest. We are in the flat as I think that I wrote you last week and I am beginning to get into some sort of routine. But I have been very despondent and tired since getting home. Mostly wanting to sleep all the time and hardly being able to drag myself around. Some of it may be change of climate but I think that most of it is due to the Washington scene which is dreadfully depressing. In fact I can just hardly pull myself together to get anything done.

And I hardly know what news to write. Apparently the President's new rulling on the Loyalty hearings has brought everything to a standstill. No one knows exactly what it means and so nothing is going to be done until they make up their minds which will be sometime after the middle of this month. One of the members of Jack's Board will be back from Europe by then so they will get down to the new rumors on his case again and dispose of those. Then I suppose it will go to the President's Board again. But I can forsee that all of this is going to take weeks and

C. Service:

weeks if not months and I really think it can last thru the summer and thru the autumn and maybe longer. It is literally impossible to find out anything or to know if this will ever end. How Jack stands all of this I simply can't imagine because it has already made me feel completely dead. Jack is determined not to resign from the Foreign Service and I think he is right. But there does not really seem to be any future in it for us and he will just be marking time for some years. It seems a dreadful thing to me. We hope to go overseas again but I just don't see it happening for some time. Anyway there seems to be nothing at all that I can do. Some Congressman named Busby got up and made a speech in Congress that John Stewart Service should be the first man to be fired under the President's new directive. So Jack has spent the last couple of days writing him a very good letter. I hope he reads it. Also I hope he answers it but I'm afraid that he won't. The Letter Jack wrote to Mrs. Rogers last November was never answered altho Jack said that he hoped to meet her and talk with her. I guess that there is just no end to these attacks.

Phil is fine and is putting on some weight. Ginny and Bob write that they are well and happy. I miss them terribly but I am more glad every day that I left them at Woodstock. There would be nothing for them here and it would be a miserable existence for them with no friends, etc. That senior year in Oak Park gives me the shudders still and I hate to think that Gin may have the same experience here. That is the main reason I would like to go overseas again so she wouldn't have to be a senior in a new high school. Well there is no use worrying about that now.

This is nothing but a letter of gripes and groans, mother and I must really stop. It is also a letter for Mothers' Day to tell you how very much I love you and how much I'll be thinking of you on Sunday and everyday. Father['s] spirit will always be with us, but mother, you are right here where we can talk to you and write to you and see you. And I just feel that you will be with us for many many years to come. So I hope that you will have a happy mothers' Day knowing that all your children and grandchildren are close to you. I will be thinking of Ginny and Bob too and wondering what they are doing.

C. Service: *I am not sending you any gift because I just haven't been out to buy anything. But if there is something you want please tell Tat and ask her to give you $2.00 for it because that is what I would like to give you. I know that this seems a funny way to send a gift but I do not know what you want.*

Very much love and kisses,

Caroline

The Miasma in Washington

C. Service: Earlier in this oral history you've asked me if I felt frightened or words to that effect and my answer was no. But, when I got home this time, I think that for the first time I did feel frightened.

Levenson: This was 1951.

C. Service: This was 1951. I did not feel frightened by a person, but I felt really frightened by the situation because not only was Jack being attacked, but Edmund Clubb was being attacked, John Carter Vincent was being attacked. Most of these things were not public yet, but these people had all been given interrogatories. John Melby was being investigated. John Davies was being investigated.

Now, all of these people had something to do with China, but none of them had been involved in any way so ever with the Amerasia case. So, it became evident at this point that this was a real attack on the China people per se regardless. They would have attacked Jack too regardless of anything else. Anybody connected with China at that period who had in any way given a favorable picture of the Communists would have been attacked, because by this time the country was in quite a state of, not hysteria, but of fear, well hysteria too.

McCarthy was riding high. The Tydings committee was trying to investigate things, and they did give Jack a clean bill of health. But, there was a kind of miasma--I think that's the word I want--in Washington. You really didn't know from day to day who would be the next to be attacked and for what reasons. You couldn't find out anything.

Jack had sublet a house on Decatur Place in Washington D.C. I could even give you the address--2226 Decatur Place NW. It's a little street that goes between Massachusetts and Connecticut

C. Service: Avenues above Dupont and Sheridan Circles. This was a little row house. It was a very good place for us to live, because Jack could actually walk down to the State Department and it was big enough for Philip and me.

As the summer went on, I don't recall any particular thing except that every so often something would appear in the press. In fact I don't have any very clear picture of this time.

I said in my letter to Mother, in May, 1951:

The new promotion list is out and Dick is on it. That puts him in class III, just one class below Jack. At this rate he'll get to the top very rapidly. Phil Sprouse made class one which is the class Jack would have made if the Loyalty Board had finished with him. I guess I told you that he was put on the list but wrote a letter taking his name off. They would have done it anyway but this more or less cut the ground out from under their feet.

Jack went to the State Department, but what he did I'm not certain. I think he was working in the legal adviser's office. This he would have to verify. He was being paid, but he had no real job. He just sort of was there.

In August the two older children came home from India. We drove to New York to get them. The house in Decatur Place was not big enough, and we moved into the house of our New Zealand friends George and Pat Laking. They were in Maine and they gave us the use of their house which was on 36th Place NW, between Wisconsin and Massachusetts.

It was wonderful of them to give it to us. We didn't pay any rent. We paid for the utilities. This was the second time we lived in the Lakings' house. We were there long enough for us to find a house to live in ourselves.

The Jack and Dick Services Buy a House

C. Service: We bought a house. We bought a house on Butterworth Place NW. It seemed a very wild thing to do. In order to buy this house we had to get our sister-in-law, Dick Service's wife, to come in with us. The theory was that one or the other of us would always be in Washington, but that probably both families would not be there at the same time.

C. Service: So, Helen raised money for her half. We borrowed and we had a little money saved. Well, I don't know where we got any savings, but we did have a little money saved. I think that I had bought some U.S. savings bonds from the wife's allotment which I got during the second part of the war. My mother loaned us some money, and I think Jack's mother did.

We bought a house on Butterworth Place NW, which was a regular, standard Washington house which we liked very much. It was 4608. I give these addresses for reference, 4608 Butterworth Place NW.

We moved in in September. I went off to Maine to help Pat Laking drive back, leaving Jack and the two older children to unpack the furniture, which by this time had come from India, and to settle the house. I went to see Helen off in New York--she was going to Brussels--and then I went to Maine.

Well, the fall wore on. My mother was coming to stay with us. She was going to stay with us three months. She came in October and was going to stay till January. She arrived in early October, and she realized that things were not in good shape. We were very tense. We were very nervous. I was, particularly.

October 13, 1951

Dearest Lisa:

My mother arrived a week ago and she is like a tonic to us all. She is full of fighting spirit which I am sadly lacking these days. Not that anyone can do much of anything but I wish that I were not quite so in the dumps most of the time. Now Harold Stassen is coming out with all sorts of ridiculous statements. I am sure that from here on people will be very wary about what kind of "confidential" round-table conference they join. Nothing like having your words and your meaning misconstrued a few years later. Also just who does he think is "plotting" to turn India over to communists. I sat next to him at a buffet dinner in Delhi and he might just possibly have got my name. Maybe when he says that all the people who were in China are now transfering to India he thinks Jack got there. I never thought much of Stassen before and now I think he is quite irresponsible. His thwarted ambitions have made him determined to hurt others. Wedemeyer is the same. By the way, Jack has an article in the

C. Service: *F.S. Journal which will be out on Monday on the testimony Wedemeyer gave about him before the McCarren Committee. There are certainly plenty of people who are willing to get up and testify against and ruin any number of people. A disheartening and degrading spectacle.---*

Ex-Senator Hiram Bingham's Loyalty Review Board

C. Service: Jack was going through endless hearings again. A new board had been set up. Although Jack had been cleared, they decided that they would set up another board, an outside board.

Levenson: Did they give any reason for this?

C. Service: No, they were just going to do everybody that way. It wasn't only Jack.

Levenson: Who was head of that board?

C. Service: This was under [ex-Senator Hiram] Bingham, but he was not the head of Jack's board. Jack's board had three men on it. One was named [Henry Lee] Shattuck, just like Shattuck Avenue. One was named [George William] Alger. The other name Jack gave me and I thought I had written it down, but--

Levenson: We can fill that in later. Don't worry.

C. Service: Yes, I'll get it later. [It was John K. Clark.]

Anyway, Hiram Bingham was not on Jack's board himself, but he had much to do with it. My personal opinion now is that Jack never had a chance, that once the Loyalty Review Board got hold of it, they were determined to fire somebody--Jack--from the State Department. I may be doing Bingham a great injustice, but I feel this very strongly.

Jack was going through hearings, I guess in November, and they finished about the middle of November. He and his lawyer Ed Rhetts were told that it would take about three or four weeks before the decision was made known.

You may want to turn it off a minute.

Levenson: Sure.

C. Service: No, you can leave it running. I have a letter [to Lisa Green] here dated November 16, 1951. I'll read just this part.

C. Service: *About Jack's hearing. He had just one day, November 8.*

You see, I thought it was more.

It was rigorous and he was exhausted when it was over. Rhetts went with him and feels that Jack did a fine job. At the moment Jack is hard at work on a brief to cover the material taken up on the eighth. That is due the end of the month and then we wait. But, I can't help but feel that this board will not keep us in suspense forever. There are several, to my mind, good things about this panel.

You see, I must have been more optimistic than I say.

For one thing they are all older men, in their seventies, all lawyers of the highest ability and caliber. I feel they are above politics. Their reputations based on a lifetime of integrity, are in no way going to be affected by this case. No one on the make, or afraid of being ruined. I also think they are all Republicans which would be a good thing. However, one may not be. Whether I have any basis for it or not I feel much more calm and encouraged than I have in a long long time: And more than ever I admire Jack. He has hidden sources of strength which do not fail him at a time like this. I hope and long for a happy new year for us all.

I don't know that I felt that optimistic, but if I wrote this I probably felt fairly so. But, on looking back I feel that there was no chance. Now, that's hindsight, so it perhaps is not valid.

Levenson: Let me ask why you thought having Republicans on the board was a good thing?

C. Service: Because if they cleared Jack, nobody could say they were Democrats. Just that simple.

Levenson: I see. [Laughter]

C. Service: You know, they were after Harry Truman and Dean Acheson and so on and so forth. People could not say then that they were whitewashing Jack.

Levenson: Yes, I understand.

C. Service: Anyway, there was just nothing that we could do.

Levenson: I'd like to ask one other thing. Why do you say they were determined to get, I'm not sure if you said one person, or if you said Jack.

C. Service: I'd put it both ways. I think that somebody had to be fired from the State Department. Jack was their easiest target.

Levenson: Was that because of Amerasia which made Jack's name more recognizable than the other "China hands"?

C. Service: I think so. If they could fire Jack, they could go after others. I'm not trying to say there was a plot. I do not think somebody sat down and wrote all this out. I think that there was just this feeling that something had to be done, some victim had to be given to the public. After all, the whole public in this country had been aroused by "Communists in the State Department," or by nefarious people, or "Who lost China?" Somebody had to be produced.

Various people kept saying the State Department had Communists in it, or that China had been "lost" and so on. They had aroused a great deal of fear and apprehension in the American public. People were frightened. My older sister in Seattle once told me that all her friends thought McCarthy was great.

But, you can't go on forever saying these things and not producing something, unless you just want to admit it was all a red herring kind of business which they did not want to admit.

It was a feeling, a sensation. I think it's true in other countries too, not only this country, perhaps even more so in some other countries, where you must have a political victim every so often.

The Firing

C. Service: This is written December 3, 1951, to Lisa. I say,

> *We went dancing at the Shoreham, a real treat. This is a spree, our only spree since I came home from India.*

Jack had finished his brief the day before,

> *and it is now in the hands of the three-man panel, or I might better say the laps of the gods.*

C. Service: On December 13, we were having two couples to dinner, Bob Barnett and his wife Patricia--he and Jack had known each other as boys in China, and Bob is still very much in the China field--and Earl and Dorothy Dennis, whom we didn't know very well at that time, but who were in New Zealand after us and whom we had become friendly with. My mother was there. I was going to have baked beans, homemade baked beans for supper.

About 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon the phone rang and it was Jack saying that the board's decision had come in. He was to be fired the next day for "reasonable doubt of his loyalty to the United States." He was calling from Rhetts' office.

I can hardly describe my feelings. He said it would be on the evening news. In those days there wasn't much television. I said that I would come down to Rhetts' office. I told my poor mother. My mother was seventy-five years old. I said that she must tell the children, or asked her please to tell the children because I wouldn't be there when they came home from school.

She said, "What about dinner?" I said, "Somebody's got to eat this dinner. Don't say anything. They'll just come. We've got to have dinner. We might as well have the guests that we have asked."

So, I went down to Ed Rhetts' office, and I wept, of course, a great deal. Jack and Ed Rhetts were just sitting there looking at each other. I said, "Well, what are you going to do?"

At that very time, that very hour, that very day Jack--he was to be fired; he was to be terminated on the next day at the end of work, on the fourteenth; so actually, the firing was to take place on December 14; this day was Thursday the thirteenth;--they said they were going to appeal.

We talked about it. I didn't know where they could appeal. The processes are very complicated and long. First you appeal to the White House to override the Loyalty Review Board and if that doesn't work then you must go to court. You have to start with the lowest court because the upper courts, of course, won't take you. So, you start with the district court, then the court of appeals, then the Supreme Court, which is eventually where it ended.

Caroline Confronts ex-Senator Bingham: "Many People Have Had Grave Injustices Done to Them"

C. Service: I must have stayed about an hour, maybe not that long. I kept thinking of Hiram Bingham. So, when I left Ed Rhetts' office I went to where I knew the Loyalty Review Board held its meetings, down on Pennsylvania Avenue in an old building. I had never been there before. I walked in. There were no guards or anything. I saw where the offices were and I went upstairs to the offices and I saw a secretary. I said, "I'm Mrs. John Service and I'd like to see Senator Hiram Bingham."

If I'd come from another planet she couldn't have been more shocked. She looked at me. [Chuckle] I have to laugh. I looked at her. The woman didn't know what to say. She finally said, "Just wait a minute."

So, pretty soon a man came out. I think his name was Malloy, but I would not vouch for it. But, I think that's who he was. He said that Senator Bingham was in a conference and could not see me, the old ploy.

So, I said, "You know,"--this must have been about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon--"I don't know why the Senator can't see me. He spent a lot of time on my husband's case and I think that he can give me a few minutes of his time." I said, "I have nothing I have to do, and I will just sit here. The conference must be over sometime. I will just stay here till Senator Bingham is free."

Mr. Malloy, if that's who it was, looked at me and disappeared. In about five minutes he came back and said Senator Bingham would see me. I was ushered into a handsome office. Senator Bingham was a very handsome man, tall, good looking; he took me by the hand and said, "What can I do for you little lady?" I could have screamed. I could have screamed. "Little lady." Awful.

So, I said that I thought he had done a great injustice to a very worthy man. His reply, which I will never forget, was that many people have had grave injustices done to them.

Now, you know, he was censured by the Senate--

Levenson: I know.

C. Service: --and maybe he felt that he had a great injustice done to him.

Well, that's a horrifying thing to say to somebody though. You know, "Many people have had grave injustices done to them. I didn't have any answer to it. I said I thought— I suppose I reiterated what I'd said.

C. Service: Then, I said there was something else that I wanted to say to him. This is very significant to me, although I didn't know it at the time. I said, "You know, when you investigate people you look at all the bad contacts they've had, or people that they've met and known that they shouldn't have, that they don't even remember, that they may have met in the line of their work. But, don't you ever take into consideration their upbringing, their families, their own lives that they've led?"

He said yes, of course, they did that. We talked along these lines. Obviously nothing was going to happen. We talked along for a few more minutes.

On his desk was a book by Freda Utley. Now, Freda Utley was an ex Communist, and she really did do great harm to many, many people who had never been Communists. I did note this book. I suppose he had gotten a lot of his feelings out of this book by Freda Utley.

I suppose I was with Senator Bingham about fifteen minutes, and obviously there was nothing to do but get up and leave. But anyway, he said, "Thank you," or I said, "Thank you." I said, "Thank you." He patted me again. Out I walked. Patted my hand. There was nothing else, just patted my hand.

I wept quite a bit during this time. And I went home.

Levenson: I'd like to interrupt a minute.

C. Service: Yes.

Levenson: What did you have in mind when you went to see Senator Bingham? Did you hope to change anything?

C. Service: No. I just wanted to say something to him. I just was tired of being silent. I wanted to see the man at the top.

Levenson: Did you feel any better when you'd been there?

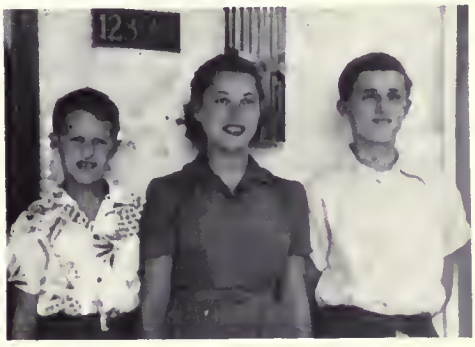
C. Service: Yes, I did. Later on, not that day, but sometime later on I told Jack and Ed Rhetts. Ed Rhetts' answer to me was, "If you ever do anything like that again, I'll drop this case," because there's nothing lawyers hate more than somebody [laughter] doing something without asking their advice. But, I never would have asked Ed Rhetts, and I didn't ask Jack. I just went.

There's Jack. Excuse me. The knock will be on the tape. [tape off]

Caroline Service's Family, Berkeley, 1944

.to r. - Mrs. Katherine Schulz, Caroline (Service), Gertrude (Hausman), Katherine (Bruce), and Mr. Edward Schulz.

Jack & Caroline Service
Washington, ca. 1949



Philip, Virginia, Robert Service
Kew Gardens, N.Y., 1953

The Service Family, 1950
Berkeley, Calif.
l.to r. - Bob, Caroline, Jack, Virginia, and Philip

Jack, Ed Rhetts, and Caroline in front of the Supreme Court Building, April, 1957.

Grace Boggs Service and Hiram Bingham, 1902

C. Service: I want here to insert something which happened many years later. Jack-- This is about Jack's father and mother.

J. Service: You want me?

C. Service: No. I heard a thump.

In 1962 when we retired we came back here to Berkeley. Jack's father and mother were both the class of 1902, the University of California. One of their classmates was a Miss Lila McKinne. She was a maiden lady who lived in San Francisco on Nob Hill. She had been a dear friend of my mother-in-law, Grace Service, all her college days and afterwards they kept up the friendship.

I had luncheon with an old friend of mine who knew Miss McKinne, and she said, "Did Miss McKinne ever tell you that Hiram Bingham was in love with your mother-in-law?"

Levenson: What?

C. Service: I said to this friend of mine, "This is impossible. Where would they ever have had any chance to meet? Hiram Bingham went to Yale. My mother[-in-law] and father-in-law went to the University of California." This friend, Mary Sanders, said, "You ask her sometime."

So, I did. I asked Lila McKinne about this. She said, "Hiram Bingham came out to the University of California in 1900 after he had graduated from Yale and did graduate work here." Lila McKinne's exact words were that, "Everybody knew that Hiram Bingham was crazy about Grace Boggs." [hitting her thighs with her fists]

I said, "But she was in love with Roy Service." Yes, that was true. Everybody knew that too. The university in those days was a small place. But, the fact is that Hiram Bingham had apparently, whether he was in love with Grace Boggs or not, he had admired her, he knew her, he knew that Jack was her son. He never, never should have had anything to do with the board that was having anything to do with Jack's loyalty case.

Now, he was not a member of the board, but he was influential. When I went in and told him that he should consider Jack's antecedents and where he came from, he knew more than I about Jack's background in the sense that he knew he had known Jack's mother.

Jack's mother, of course, was alive at this time. Jack once asked her about this. Jack knew something about this, and she never would tell him anything about her connection with Hiram

C. Service: Bingham. But there had been some connection, whether she spurned him, whether she deflated his ego, I do not know. Would anybody carry this grudge and get back at someone else fifty years later? I don't know.

But, I do know there was some connection between Hiram Bingham and Grace Boggs Service, and that he should never have had anything to do with Jack's case. That's my feeling about it. This I did not learn till years later.

Friends and Family Rally Round

C. Service: Now, I will go back to 1951. The children were magnificent. Our children came home from school. We did have our friends to dinner that December night. It was like a wake, obviously. They did not know a thing when they arrived, and we told them. It was on the six o'clock news. In those days, people listened to the radio.

The next day Jack went down to the State Department. He had to collect his papers. He had to collect whatever he had down there. I'm not sure that I didn't go with him. I did go down once with him, and it may have been that day.

We were received by [Carlisle H.] Humelsine, who was deputy undersecretary of state for administration, I think. He was very gracious. I think the State Department was in a state of shock. They really were in a state of shock. It was in all the morning papers, of course, right on the front page.

The very first person who called us on the morning of the fourteenth was Ed[win] Stanton, whom we'd known in Shanghai, Edwin F. Stanton. He was ambassador to Thailand. He was on home leave, and he and his wife Josi phoned us. They had gotten up very early and read the paper and they called us.

Endless people called us. I cannot tell you how much our friends helped us. I do not know what we would have done without them. My mother was magnificent. We called Jack's mother. All our State Department friends, our neighbors, everybody--some college friends, an old childhood friend of mine, Nancy Clark.

We did not have a bad experience at this time. We had one or two later on, but nothing at this time. The Lakings came round with some red roses. Pat said she couldn't think of anything else to do but bring us some red roses. People just came round and talked to us and called us up. And, of course, the papers called. The children went off to school. What else?

Levenson: Good.

C. Service: We talked to them and they did not have a bad experience. There was no TV. Perhaps some of the other students didn't know. No, they did not have a hard time. I don't know that anybody even mentioned anything to them about it. They were both in senior high school. Philip was in first grade.

We were flattened out, you know. We were in a state of-- In the first place we didn't believe it was true. I'm sure this is true of any experience that comes out of the clouds at you. This didn't exactly come out of the clouds because it had been building up for years. But, still it was as though-- We couldn't believe it.

For the rest of the month-- We did get through Christmas. We had a very nice Christmas. My mother was wonderful. My mother did a great deal for us. On New Year's Eve we had a party. Now, New Year's Eve has always been of special significance to Jack for some reason. He likes New Year's better than he likes Christmas or any other holiday.

The day before, I guess, we called up people and said if anybody wanted to drop in, please come after 8:00 o'clock or something like that. So--many, many people came. Some didn't stay. They just came by to say hello. Some stayed. My mother had cooked a turkey. We had a kind of a cold buffet.

The two older children were going out to parties. So, we had quite a normal time. It was amazing how normal a New Year's Eve we did have. At this point we didn't know what we were going to do.

On January 12, 1952, I wrote to Lisa.

Dearest Lisa,

I'm sure I'll get nothing but this type of measly scratch written for some time to come. Please be patient as I'm sure you will -- the letters have piled up and I feel I shall never get them answered. Jack was so very touched and pleased by Marshall's letter. J. keeps his calm exterior but he has been hurt to the depths of his soul -- and it is a hurt that I doubt if he'll ever completely get over, I don't believe I shall either... I'm glad you received the Pogo book and are enjoying it. Jack picks it up every now and then even tho he's read it thru and I will hear him begin to chuckle. J's appeal to the Review Board has been turned down as

C. Service: *we knew it would be. Now the appeal has gone to the President. If it is turned down there, Ed Rhetts is determined to take it thru the courts. McCarthy let it out thru a direct leak from the Review Board! that they were determined to get a victim from the State Dept. A preconceived bias against Jack, certainly. The F[oreign] S[ervice] Journal has come out with a very strong editorial pro-Jack...Remember I can still shop for you.*

"This Endless Fight"

February 4, 1952

...There is no news in our lives. Nothing at all has been heard from the appeal to the Pres. and I am beginning to think that the whole thing may be ignored. Hard to see how that can be but apparently anything is possible these days, expecially when a man is down. Presumably Rhetts must get some answer from this appeal before he can think of taking it to court because there are certain steps which must be taken before the next level is reached. At this point both Jack and I are 42 years old and I see the yeqrs stretching ahead with this wretched business constantly with us no matter what else we may do. Years and years and years of litigation and arguing and never knowing when things will end or what the end will be. Is it really worth it do you think? People who know us or know anything about the Foreign Service or the great rumblings and strivings of the masses in Asia or the political repercussions of the China situation at home know that Jack is a man of integrity and loyalty. People who don't know him but believe in fairness and decency also think well of him. As for the others, those who wish to believe McCarthy, nothing in the world will convince them that the State Dept. has not and is not now harboring all kinds of "wicked" people from Dean Acheson on down. Jack seems determined to go on and I will do my best not to discourage him in this endless fight but if we had any income at all I would be quite happy to go to some out-of-the-way place and try to live a life of obscurity and forgetfulness. There are so many things in the world that I would like to do--study, travel, birds, anthropology, etc. etc. so much that can be learned

C. Service: *by just sitting and observing what goes on around one, and all we do is knock our brains out along this line. I am convinced that time and history will vindicate Jack but I expect he feels he can't wait for that. Sorry to bore you with all this philosophyzing...Friday I went to a coctail party at Lt. Gen. and Mrs. Maxwell Taylors'. Jack absent [with flu]. He is Deputy Chief of Staff and there is a good chance of his being the next Chief of Staff. Durbrow and his wife were there and you should have seen his eyes pop open when he saw me there. The wheels were churning round and round. I didn't bother to tell him that I have known Max Taylor for 28 years, ever since he was a second Lt. in my father's regiment in Hawaii and brought his wife there as a bride. I just let Durbrow come to any conclusions he wanted to. Ha!--... Wonder what he will do now.--Last week I went to one of the John Carter Vincent hearings. I have never been to anything that disgusted me quite so much. The senators and their counsels brow-beat, ridiculed, and attempted to trap J. C. in every way they possibly could. There was nothing fair about the hearing and the man was made to answer yes and no to questions that that could not be answered that way. If he could not remember something he was accused of evasion. If he did remember that was a sign of something sinister. In fact any and every action and thought was made to appear part of a plot. It strikes me that the American ideals of justice and fair play are no part of the equipment of any member of this committee. If I saw my children indulging in such tactics against one of their number I would be horrified beyond words at the breakdown of what I consider basic human qualities of fairness.*

Crank Calls and Job Offers

Levenson: Technically, was Jack out of work--unemployed?

C. Service: Yes, he was unemployed, definitely. [Chuckle] Oh, yes. Yes, he was just at home. But, he was seeing his lawyer a lot. He was beginning to try to answer some of the endless mail. But, he had no job, of course, and we didn't know where we were going to get a job.

C. Service: Now, several people phoned us, several friends, and said they hoped they'd be able to do something about jobs. They knew somebody who knew somebody, or had some connection.

Actually, we were extremely lucky. We might have been out of work for months and years. But, I believe it was on January 4, [1952], which you see was only about three weeks after Jack was fired, that he got a letter from Clement Wells, an Englishman--we didn't know that at the time--who had a company called Sarco Inc., which made steam traps, which are put on pipes and radiators in factories and so on to keep steam in and let out water. This is all I really have understood about them. Mr. Wells said that if Jack was looking for a job, he would give him one.

He said he thought he'd been given a very punk deal by the government. I don't think he used the word punk, but he'd been given a bad deal by the government, and he would hire Jack if Jack wanted to come and work for him. He was thinking of setting up an international section of the business. I'm not sure that was in the letter. It was very short.

Well, Jack at this point was so gun shy, in the sense that-- We'd begun to get a few crank calls. We had one anonymous phone caller who called us up at any time of the day or night and used the most foul--

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

Levenson: Can you give me a sense of the tenor of the calls? I don't need the exact language.

C. Service: Yes, they were scatological and sexual for the most part, accusing Jack of homosexuality, or me of lesbianism if I answered the phone, and using words which I honestly at that time had never heard, which I'd never heard anybody say. He also called Jack a murderer. Jack murdered everybody in South Korea. You see, this kind of thing. He was a nut. I suppose he was a nut.

We talked to Ed Rhetts. These [calls] were very frequent. Our main concern was that the children shouldn't answer the phone. My mother did once, and she couldn't believe her ears! He just started off. He didn't ask anything. He just started off saying these dreadful things, but no sense to them.

Levenson: How did this affect you?

C. Service: I was scared.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: I was really scared. We talked to Jack's lawyer. Everybody assured me people who make anonymous phone calls are not dangerous. I said, "What if he comes round to the house and sets fire to it, or hurts the children?" They said, "Things like that don't happen." Well, maybe they're right--

Levenson: That's not true.

C. Service: --but, that didn't make me feel good. You see, I was really terrified. Then, we thought we'd get an unlisted number. But, then we realized the people who really needed to call us and wanted to call us couldn't.

So, we just did nothing. We just tried to answer the phone ourselves. We'd sometimes keep him on, try to see if it was any voice we recognized. But we never recognized it. I don't think it was anybody who had any connection with us. I think it was just a crank.

These calls finally tapered off, but they kept on until April. By this time Jack was in New York. One night in April this man called. He called about 11:00 o'clock, and I hung up. He called again. I left the phone off the hook all night. I think I may have said to him I'm going to call the police or something, and left the phone off the hook. I was alone in the house with the children. But, anyway, that was the end of the anonymous phone calls.

Jack talked to Ed Rhetts about Mr. Wells' letter, because although he had one or two other offers-- Somebody wrote who had a marine supply store, and he said he'd give Jack a job. One other person wrote who lived way up in New England and said he'd give Jack a job doing some small thing. Jack answered them. It was noble of them to write, but we couldn't have lived on anything that Jack could have made in those jobs.

We had no money. What little savings we had we'd put into the house. Then, Jack did get his retirement back, I believe $8,000, which we put into the house again. We practically paid off our part of the mortgage. The house cost $32,000.

Mr. Clement Wells and Sarco: Jack Learns the Steam Trap Business

C. Service: Jack talked to Ed Rhetts, and they looked up Sarco in Dun and Bradstreet. The company had a very good rating. It was a bona fide company. That was what Jack was afraid of, that it was just some crank writing, because we did get some crank letters too. "Why don't you go and jump in the ocean?"--that kind of thing.

Jack went to New York and saw Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells offered him a job, I believe, at $9,000 a year. I think in the State Department at that time Jack was getting $11,000, but it sounded awfully good to us. Jack asked him if he could delay his answer for a short time to see if perhaps he'd be offered a job overseas.

C. Service: What Jack really had hoped--or we both had in mind--was that perhaps some oil company would hire Jack or something like that, or some international company, and we could go overseas and get away from the publicity. Well, nobody would touch Jack who had to worry about public relations. Nobody would touch him with a ten foot pole.

Mr. Wells had a small company. He didn't have to worry about public relations. He really thought he could use Jack. He offered him a job. He saved our lives. We can be eternally grateful to Mr. Clement Wells who turned out to be a little Englishman who wore great big starched collars and was a very interesting man.

He was at that time in his sixties, no, his early seventies maybe. Yes, I think he was. He'd had a very interesting career himself. He had no children. He had a wife, Bettina. He had befriended other people who worked for him. He had taken in Jewish refugees, people who had fled Hitler. He was a remarkable man. He ran his business like a little potentate, but that was all right. He did good things for people.

By February, [1952], it was obvious to us that Jack was not going to get any other offers that could support us. So, Jack either wrote or called Mr. Wells and said if the job were still open he'd be very glad to take it. Mr. Wells said, "Yes, but you must go to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where our factory is and work on an assembly line for two weeks to find out how steam traps are put together."

Jack was very willing to do this. We decided that I would stay in Washington with the children until summer, and then we would move to New York. Actually we stayed till fall, to get through the summer vacation because the children had friends in Washington and would have a much better time there than in New York. This would give Jack time to become used to working at Sarco. He could look around for an apartment, and we would start a new life.

Levenson: How old was Jack at this point?

C. Service: Jack was--I'm trying to think--Jack was forty-two when he was fired. I was forty-two also, right. Virginia was sixteen, Bob was almost fifteen, and Philip was six.

A Kinsmen's Trust Scholarship for Bob

C. Service: In the spring, sometime in the spring, Bob, by then fifteen, came home from school one day, and brought some material about the Kinsmen's Trust Scholarship fund, which was set up by English

C. Service: people whose children had been taken care of in Canada and the United States during the war, and who wished to do something to show their gratitude. So, they had set up a trust fund which was open to American and Canadian secondary school students. This scholarship notice was on a bulletin board at the Woodrow Wilson High School. Bob had read it on the bulletin board.

He came home and he said he would like to apply for the scholarship and go to England for a year to school. I said, "Oh Bob, you'll never get it. The minute they read your name you won't get it." He looked at me and said, "Well, I'd like to apply." I thought, "Well, okay." So, I said, "Okay."

So, Bob brought the forms home, and I filled them out. We had to have several letters of recommendation. I wrote to Sir Patrick Duff who had been the U[nited] K[ingdom] high commissioner in New Zealand when we lived there. He remembered Bob quite well. He wrote a very fine letter.

I asked Joe Rauh--Joseph Rauh, Jr. if he would write one because he knew Bob very well through Bob's friendship with his son Mike when they were in junior high together. Joe Rauh wrote a letter. I believe that somebody from the school also wrote. That was it.

A little later in the spring Bob had won one of these scholarships.

Levenson: How great!

C. Service: I cannot tell you to this day how [pause for emotional reasons] moving it was.

[tape off]

C. Service: One of the things that hurts you the most is how your children are going to be affected, if they are going to be harmed, if their lives are really going to be injured.

I think that when this scholarship came through for Bob--Now, Bob also had a fine scholastic record. He was an excellent student. He always had been. All the children have been good students.

Of course, I called up Jack when it came through. He knew that I had sent in the forms. I think it gave us both such a lift. It made us feel that everything was not going to be bad. It made Bob feel great. It made Ginny feel great. It made the whole family feel great. We just felt that there was a future of some kind.

The American Legion Good Citizenship Award for Virginia, but no Foreign Service Scholarship

C. Service: At this point we decided to stay in Washington until September. Then, Bob could go directly to England. Also, we decided that we would try to leave Ginny in Washington because Ginny had only another half year of high school-- She'd graduate in the middle of the year. It was just terrible to move her because she'd already had three moves. There was no point to this.

So, we began to ask and inquire if she could live with anybody. A young couple named Frank and Jean Lockhart said they would be glad to have Ginny live with them.

Frank Lockhart was the son of the older Frank Lockhart, who had been one of our first bosses. He had been the counselor at the embassy in Peking, and he had been consul-general in Shanghai. We had known him and his wife very, very well.

Now, young Frank we had never met until later, in Washington. Jean, his wife, was a doctor. She was doing her internship, and she had had one baby and was about to have a second. They had a little room in their house which Ginny could have. Jean also had a housekeeper, from someplace in Latin America. But, they had this little room and they said Ginny could use it and that occasionally she could babysit and that she could perhaps help. The housekeeper was not much older than Ginny.

So, the Lockharts saved our lives in that respect. Ginny lived with them, and she got a job Saturdays clerking in Garfinkel's. She graduated in the middle of the year. She graduated second in her class--and was the salutatorian.

Levenson: How great.

C. Service: --and she also was given a Good Citizenship award by the American Legion!

Levenson: [Chuckle] That's pretty funny, isn't it?

C. Service: We wondered to ourselves whether or not they knew who Ginny was. It was ironic, wasn't it?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: However, Bob had gotten something very good, and Ginny had gotten something very good in spite of everything.

But, the next year Ginny applied for a Foreign Service scholarship for college, and she did not get one. When we went back to Washington five years later, a woman there whose name I

C. Service: do not remember--I don't think I knew her--but, she came up to me at a luncheon and she said oh, she was so glad that we were back and that Jack was reinstated in the Foreign Service. Then, she said out of the clear blue sky, "You know we wanted to give Virginia a Foreign Service scholarship that year, but we didn't dare do it." She thought they just couldn't do it.

Now that, to my mind, was awful. Not this woman, this woman, I never felt anything against her and I don't remember her name. But that they did not have the guts to give Ginny, who really did deserve it because she too had fine grades, a Foreign Service scholarship. Her grades warranted it; everything warranted it. She'd been elected to the National Honor Society too. You know, that still makes me mad, that they didn't have the nerve to give Ginny a scholarship.

"Politically Acheson and Truman Could not Save Jack"

Levenson: You've spoken of individual friends and colleagues being outstanding. What about the behavior of the State Department, the high officials at the State Department itself? How do you feel about them?

C. Service: We didn't know any high officials--at least I didn't--in the State Department. We knew lots of ambassadors, our friends who'd been ambassadors or people we'd served with. But, when you say high officials, appointed officials like the secretary of state?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: It was [Dean] Acheson.

I think he held great regrets, but--all this is grapevine, now. I did hear that Mrs. Acheson had considered calling me up. But, if she considered it, she didn't do it. No, there was no contact at all. I did not know Mrs. Acheson personally. If I had, she might have said something to me.

[To Lisa Green] *May 22, 1952*

Went to the Foreign Service Wives luncheon on Monday. The biggest crowd yet. Was quite surprised when I got a card to it but then I realized that widows and wives of ex-F.S. men are always included, so I took my courage in my hand and went. Mrs. Acheson headed the line and I am sure she knew who I was. Mrs. Bruce was next in line looking perfectly lovely, and Myrna Loy was

C. Service: *further down the line also looking lovely and just as she looks in the movies. She wore a rust colored hat that exactly matched her hair and a brown suit. I sat at a table with no one I'd ever met before but it didn't really matter. We all drew numbers out of a bowl.*

The assistant secretaries of state, we didn't know any of them. I didn't know any of them. Well, I think they were all stunned. I think they were terrified. No, people like that aren't terrified. I don't mean to say that. But, I think that there was a terrible feeling of unease.

Levenson: Do you think if Acheson had gone to Truman and said, "We can't permit this to happen," that the process could have been arrested?

C. Service: I do not think politically that they could have done it. Now, in all fairness to Acheson, Truman, and everybody--I think politically they could not save Jack. They would have had McCarthy absolutely all over them.

McCarthy was jubilant, of course, when Jack was fired. So were lots of other people, but these were people we didn't know in any sense. But, they had achieved their aim. They had got somebody fired. They couldn't say he was a Communist because Jack was never a Communist and never thought of being one. They couldn't do that. But, he had contributed, they said, to the "loss of China." Anyway, they had gotten a sinner out of the State Department.

I do not think Acheson or Truman could have done a thing to save Jack. If they had, they would have ruined themselves. I don't mean ruined in any big sense, but the flak they would have had to take would have been terrible. I don't think anybody could have done it.

Later on Edmund Clubb did manage to get reinstated. Have you read Edmund Clubb's book?* Anyway, in Edmund Clubb's case they did get a review by another man, and finally he was allowed to retire, because there was something in the act which said that this could be done, in the Loyalty Security Act. But, even then, they [the State Department] took a lot of abuse from the press and from other people for doing this.

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*Edmund O. Clubb, The Witness and I, New York: Columbia University Press, 1974.

C. Service: John Carter Vincent was allowed to retire too. After that a good many people were fired, but there was no publicity about them. John Melby was fired. He had a terrible time. He did not get a job for years.

In some ways all of Jack's publicity got him his job probably. Is there anything else you want to ask me about that, that comes up here?

I'm trying to think too. I would say that looking back on the times, the only thing that could be done was what Ed Rhetts decided to do, appeal to the White House. That was turned down, the appeal to the White House. This is what you were asking about--could Acheson have gone to Truman? Well, Jack's lawyer went to Truman. He tried it. It was turned down.

Then, the next thing they had to do was to get the case into the district court. That was done just when we were moving to New York.

Relations with the Press: David Lawrence Confronted by Caroline

Levenson: In December, 1951, how did the press or, as we would now say, the media, treat you?

C. Service: Actually Jack was nearly always treated well by the newspapers. They reported things factually. Now, the Scripps Howard press was against Jack. Oh, yes! I do have one episode to report in here. There were certain columnists who were very violently anti-Jack. Jack was just a symbol to them. But, they never missed a chance to say something unpleasant about him.

The Washington Post, the Evening Star, they were fine, what I call the really good newspapers. They were factual; they did not mince any words, but they did Jack justice. The Washington Star did a fine interview with Jack.

David Lawrence wrote a column--it must have been late December--about Jack, saying, as I recall, that he'd given some State Department documents, not the Amerasia things but other things, to somebody.

Now, that may not be what he said, but he said something that was absolutely not true. I said to Jack, "Aren't you going to do something about this? Aren't you going to have Ed Rhetts write a letter? This is a falsehood! They all know it."

Left-Wing Apologists Busy

—By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON—The left-wing apologists have already begun to nibble away at the verdict rendered by the United States Loyalty Board in holding that there is "reasonable doubt" as to the loyalty to the United States government of John S. Service, one of the experts on Far Eastern policy in the Department of State for several years, who now has been dismissed.

The argument is made that Service was indiscreet, of course, but that he has an extensive knowledge of the Far East, and presumably should have been retained—that all he did was to lend to someone outside the department documents he himself had written anyway; that this was the usual way to keep newspapermen informed in those days; that after all, he wasn't proved or found to be a Communist and that the action taken just helps Senator McCarthy's crusade.

* * *

ACTUALLY, the words of the Loyalty Review Board demolish every one of those points. The board says Service was a trusted officer, that he had no business lending any State Department documents to a man whom he himself suspected from his first meeting to be a Communist and yet had several meetings thereafter with him.

Nor can there be disregarded the actual words of a recording made by the Federal Bureau of Investigation of what went on in the hotel room of a suspected Communist who was being visited by Service. That record shows incidentally a discussion of a military "plan" by Service.

* * *

THE famous "whitewash" by the Tydings subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee brushed all this aside by declaring that Service wasn't a military expert and that matters he referred to were not within his scope anyway. The Tydings subcommittee cleared Service.

The defense of Service may be expected now to pour forth from the left-wing side because at last someone who helped and supported the policy under which Chiang Kai-shek was undermined in his relationship with the State Department has been dismissed from the government. The panel which condemned Service, it is known, consists of three eminent members of the bar, but their names have been kept confidential.

* * *

WHAT is involved in many of these disloyalty cases is contact with, association with, intimacy with persons who have been mentioned in congressional testimony as part of a Soviet espionage ring by witnesses who are ex-Communists.

Service admits he asked a friend after his first meeting on April 20, 1945, if Jaffe was a Communist. He was told by a naval intelligence officer that Jaffe was extremely sympathetic to the Communists.

Yet, though Jaffe was a man that Service professed not to know intimately, he went to his hotel room and met him several times thereafter and loaned him his own confidential reports that reflected on Chiang Kai-shek's regime and spoke favorably of the Reds in China. The F. B. I. raided the Amerasia offices and found many State Department documents that had been obtained from him and from persons other than Service. Some were highly secret.

* * *

THIS can't be excused on the ground that State Department officers were in the habit of "briefing" the press. Brooks Atkinson, reputable correspondent of The New York Times, testified that he couldn't get information from Service.

The clandestine meetings in which Service and Jaffe participated and the nature of the conversations recorded by the F. B. I. and the evidence all point clearly to the fact that, at best, Service may have been duped, or may have been carried away by his partisanship for the Chinese Communists who he thought were better than Chiang's Nationalists, and that he did use bad judgment.

* * *

THE debacle in Korea in which 100,000 casualties have happened is the direct result of faulty American policy in China. They were nice fellows, too. Mistakes must be punished and that's why the United States Loyalty Review Board summed up the case of Service as follows:

"We are not required to find Service guilty of disloyalty, and we do not do so; but for a trusted representative of our State Department to so far forget his duty to his trust as his conduct with Jaffe so clearly indicates, forces us with great regret to conclude that there is reasonable doubt as to his loyalty. The favorable finding of the Loyalty Security Board of the State Department is accordingly reversed."

* * *

DOES this mean that Service is not today a loyal citizen of his country? Not at all. It merely means his conduct, consciously or unconsciously, aided at one time those who were on the Communist side and that his judgment or discretion is not of a nature which warrants his continuance in the State Department.

(Copyright, 1951.)

C. Service: Jack said, "What's the use? All you do is get into an argument with them." Ed Rhetts, I think, decided against a protest. Nobody paid any attention to it, but it was a factual misstatement.

So, I--once again--[chuckle] decided I was going to see David Lawrence. I told nobody about it except my mother. My mother was still with us. I said, "Mother, I am going down to see David Lawrence."

My mother--who was a pretty fiery type--said, "All right, go." [Chuckle] So, I said, "If Jack comes home, before I do,"--because he wasn't working--"don't tell him where I've gone. Just tell him I'm out."

So, I went down to U.S. News and World Report. I walked up to the receptionist, and I said, "I am Mrs. John Service and I would like to see Mr. David Lawrence." She really looked much more frightened, or much more surprised, let us say, than the woman at Hiram Bingham's place. She went out of the room. She came back and said, "Mr. Lawrence cannot see you. He is in a conference." [Laughter]

Levenson: Same old ploy.

C. Service: I said, "I have nothing to do. I'll wait. I have not a thing to do. I'll sit on this chair. I'll just stay here. He's got to go home sometime." So, I sat down, and she looked at me for about five minutes. Finally she got up and went out of the room. Then, she came back. She said, "Mr. Lawrence will see you." [Laughter]

He only saw me, though, in the hall. There was a little antercom. So, he came out, and we sat down on chairs. I wish I had the column, but I don't know what happened to it. [Found subsequent to interview. R.L.]

I said, "This is a mistake. This is not so." He began to read it, and then he ran into his office and he brought out some other things. Finally, he said he'd made a mistake. He didn't say, "It isn't so," but he admitted it was a factual error.

I said, "I hope you'll never write anything like that again about my husband. Your views on my husband are your own. If you want to think he's of doubtful loyalty that's your privilege. But, this is not so, what you've written here." He agreed it was not so. He said he would not write it again. He got up and left.

I went back into the receptionist's room to say goodbye to her. I had left galoshes--it was winter--and I had left my galoshes around another corner. I had to go pick them up. So, I disappeared around this corner.

C. Service: My dear, she came after me like a flash! I don't know whether she thought I was going to follow Lawrence and shoot him or do something strange. Anyway, when she saw me sitting there putting on my galoshes, she blushed. [Laughter] I said, "I'm just getting my galoshes." I think she thought I was going to follow him into his office. So, I got up and left.

As far as I know, David Lawrence has never written another word about Jack. I didn't tell Jack for a long time about going to see him. I don't know that I ever told Ed Rhetts. I think that's the last time I took it upon myself to go and put in my two cents worth about-- But, I just couldn't stand this kind of thing. Many another time I have felt like it, but I haven't.

Levenson: You say you announced yourself as Mrs. John Service. Now, perhaps I'm wrong, but I thought John Stewart Service was the way that hostile people referred to Jack?

C. Service: That's right. He was never known as John Stewart Service till the Amerasia business. I would ordinarily have said, "I'm Caroline Service, Jack Service's wife. But, they were writing about John Stewart Service, it's true, so I always said, "I'm Mrs. John Service." When I went into David Lawrence's office, and the receptionist came out and said he was busy, I said, "But, he's taken the time to write a column about my husband. I think he could take the time to see me." I did feel that way. I felt very strongly about this.

Levenson: Quite rightly.

C. Service: The strange thing was that sometime before we went off to India--so this must have been either late 1949 or early 1950--we went to a meeting in Washington. We went with John Emmerson. Maybe Dorothy was along too. It was down on F Street in some sort of meeting hall. David Lawrence was the speaker, and this was shortly after China had been taken over by the Communists.

Somebody asked him if we would have to recognize mainland China, or whatever they called it then, Red China. His answer was "yes." Now, he has devoted the rest of his life to saying, "No, we shouldn't," but, that night we heard him with our own ears say, "This is probably inevitable," that we would have to someday. But, whether he changed his mind, or else he didn't think it was a good tack, I don't know.

[end tape 1, side 2]

IX TO THE SUPREME COURT, 1952-1957

And I have every confidence that time is on our side. I hope to live long enough to read an objective history of this period... C. Service to Lisa Green, March 26, 1952

Discrimination in Housing: the Equitable Life Assurance Company Refuses to Rent to the Services: Kew Gardens

C. Service: During the summer, Jack rented an apartment in the Bronx. It was owned by the Equitable Life Assurance Company. When they found out who Jack was--I suppose they investigated everybody that rented an apartment--they refused to rent it to him. Jack said, "But you've taken my check!" They gave him a check right back. Jack even got the State Department to guarantee that he wasn't going to do something dreadful. I don't know whether it was the State Department itself or the Foreign Service Association, but they did their best to make Equitable Life take Jack in, let him have the apartment.

I really think I know how displaced persons feel. I thought of all those poor wretched people who had come to Shanghai in the late 1930's.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: They had no place to lay their heads.

Levenson: At least there was a group of them. There was only one family of Services.

C. Service: True, there was a group, yes. But, I realized how awful it is to be a pariah. We weren't pariahs with our friends. But, when it came to something like this we were.

C. Service: This was just about two or three weeks before we were to move. Then Jack finally found a place in Kew Gardens. We had no trouble there. Nobody cared. I think the apartment was not owned by a big company. They didn't ask him anything. Maybe they didn't know who Jack was. But, they didn't ask him anything, and we moved to Kew Gardens in September, 1952.

Levenson: We could stop now if you want to.

C. Service: I'll just give you this and then we can stop. We lived in apartment 6H 123-35 82nd Road, Kew Gardens, New York. I had never been in Kew Gardens, New York. In many ways New York and everything about it was more foreign to me than living abroad. I felt as though I'd come to a foreign country in lots of ways.

Levenson: How so?

C. Service: It was a new experience. I've puzzled about it many times. I can't really give any good reason, except that I'd never lived in such an enormous city. But, I had--Shanghai. I think it was because we didn't know anybody around us. We did eventually, of course. We made friends.

Also, all my life I'd been either in the army or the Foreign Service. There had always been a readymade group. Even if we lived in cities my father, by coming in as the Army Engineer, always had a position.

Levenson: You were the daughter of the regiment!

C. Service: Not quite. Well, at Fort Humphreys I was. But, when going to a new place, in either the army or the Foreign Service, you have a place already cut out for you.

Going to Kew Gardens, New York, we were like refugees. We were just like refugees. Nobody cared about us. Why should anybody care about us? We didn't know anybody.

Now, we did make friends in New York. There were friends in New York who lived in New Jersey or in Manhattan or out in Westchester. So, we had friends nearby whom we saw. But, right where we were living we didn't know anybody. So, it was a new thing. I'll stop there for today.

[end tape 1, side 2]

A Visit From the FBI

[Interview 7: November 18, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

C. Service: I don't think I told you about the FBI man who came to see me in New York. He didn't come to see me. He knocked on the door. I better put that in. Very shortly after we had started living in Kew Gardens, I came home from work one afternoon, and a man knocked at the door and announced he was an FBI agent and could he come in.

I was tired and I was cross and I said, "Well, I've just gotten home. What do you want?" He said, "I want to ask you about the man across the hall."

The man across the hall worked for the UN, and perhaps it is forgotten now, but at one point the UN was being savagely attacked and various members-- We knew the neighbor had been mentioned on radio or in the paper.

So, I said, "Well, come in." The man across the hall was a very pleasant man. He lived with his mother. I said, "You'll have to sit in the kitchen, because I am going to have a cup of tea."

The FBI man's name was Swan--what else I don't know--Mr. Swan from Georgia. He had a thick Georgia accent. Then, he started to ask me these questions, the kind of questions I consider stupid. Did I know So-and-so across the hall, whose name I don't remember now. I said yes, I did. He said, "Do you consider him a loyal American?"

I said, "Look Mr. Swan, I see this man in the elevator. How would anybody in the wide world know who's a loyal American and who isn't, if they met in an elevator?" Once in a while I talked to him and his mother. I said, "In any event what do you mean by a loyal American?"

I suppose he had to ask these questions. I finally ended up giving poor Mr. Swan a hard time. I said, "Why are you working for the FBI anyway?" He didn't say anything. I said, "It's a job, isn't it? You're a lawyer, aren't you? You've got a law degree and you're going into a law firm." Poor Mr. Swan, he was so young. He said yes, he did have a law degree. [Laughter]

Mr. Swan left pretty soon because I said, "You know whom you're talking to? You know who I am? I'm the wife of John Stewart Service. Why are you coming to me for this kind of a character for somebody across the hall? Maybe you shouldn't be talking to me. Maybe this will be held against you." I was cross and I was mad and Mr. Swan--

Levenson: How did he respond to that?

C. Service: He just mumbled. He didn't really respond to me at all much. He had been trained to ask questions, and if I blew off steam he didn't say much of anything. He didn't say anything much, except he did tell me a little about himself. That's how I found out his name. Well, his name must have been on his badge so I would have found that out anyway. But, that's how I found out about he was a graduate of some university in Georgia. I'm not sure which.

He left. Of course, I told the man across the hall that the FBI had been around asking questions about him.

That's another stupidity of the FBI. Anybody, you know, would tell a neighbor, "Now look, they're watching you." Of course, he knew it too.

But, what's the point to it? I made up my mind on that day that if the FBI ever came and asked me questions again I would get out my notebook and paper, and I would not answer a question unless I wrote down both question and answer, because Mr. Swan was scribbling in his notebook the whole time.

No FBI man has ever come to see me since. [Laughter] I've never had the great delight of being able to say, "I'll write--" I told Jack this. He said, "They wouldn't talk to you then." I said, "Okay, they could leave."

Levenson: That's a very good point. I must remember it. [Laughter]

Jobs in an Art School and Discount Store

C. Service: All right. I had decided I must have a job. I went to an agency and I got a job with two people, a couple, who ran a kind of fly-by-night art school. How they made a living I will never know. They paid me $1.25 an hour.

Levenson: To do what?

C. Service: To type--and I'm a terrible typist, but I can type if I have to--and to do some accounts for them and write some letters. They ran this art school out of the basement of an apartment house in Forest Hills.

The art school got students on the GI Bill, so all its money was coming from the government. This couple were accredited people all right, but it was such a shoestring operation. Even paying me $1.25 an hour probably was hard for them.

C. Service: I took my lunch: I had to spend 10¢ on the subway each way. All of us were on shoestrings. But, it didn't cost me anything else. So, everything I made I saved for Ginny's college.

Then in the fall of 1953 I got another job. Now, this was a job I really want to talk about. Have I talked about the Schreibmans?

Levenson: No.

C. Service: I hadn't worked during the summer at all because I wanted to be with Philip. He was home and we did take little jaunts.

There was a kind of a discount shop very near us, and I had bought two or three things there, perhaps a pot and a pan. The owner sold costume jewelry and he sold kitchen utensils, clocks, watches, and so on, and anything from a catalog. A very pleasant man. His wife used to help him at times when he was busy. But, she had two girls and one of them was only four or five, and she really didn't like to be at the shop too much.

I decided maybe I could get a job with this shop. The owner was called Mr. Paul. That's all I knew about him. I went in one day and I said, "Don't you want to hire me to work a few hours a day? I need a job and I'm looking for one in the neighborhood."

He looked at me and he said, "Well, I'll think about it. I must talk to my wife." I said, "Maybe I could do what your wife has been doing. I'll come back in about a week and ask you." So, I did and he said yes he would hire me for $1.25 an hour. I was to work five days a week from 10:00 o'clock to 2:00 o'clock, which was about the hours I'd worked at the art school.

This man's name was Paul Schreibman. His wife was named Sylvia. We became great friends. We are great friends today. They have a daughter here in Berkeley, and when they come to Berkeley we nearly always see them. We have exchanged Christmas greetings ever since then.

Paul was born in Bayonne, New Jersey and has a law degree. She was born in Russia and was brought to this country when she was four years old and raised by an aunt.

What did I do in this shop? I tried to sell things, but I was a terrible saleswoman.

Levenson: I don't believe that.

C. Service: I was awful because I kept wondering, "Why do people want to buy these things?" [Laughter] Not that what Paul had wasn't just as good as what anybody else had, but I kept thinking, "Why should I try to sell them something that perhaps they didn't want?" I always had the feeling I should say, "Go away and think about it. Maybe you really don't need this pot or this pan."

Paul realized I wasn't a very good saleswoman. There was hardly ever more than one person in the shop at a time. If there was only one he always waited on him. I did sell a few things obviously. I also swept the floor sometimes. I dusted the shelves. I typed a few letters for him. If Paul had to go to the bank I was at the shop. I was sort of a handy girl.

But, I saved all my money this time because I did not have to pay 20¢ a day on the subway. I didn't take any lunch. I did sometimes but I didn't go out for a cup of coffee. I really saved every cent I made. At Christmas time Paul gave me twenty dollars which was a large sum of money as far as I was concerned. Wasn't that nice of him?

Levenson: What was a man with a law degree doing running a variety store? Did you ever find out?

C. Service: He did income taxes too. He had a pal whose name was Mr. Richman, I think. He was a jolly man. He and Paul set up an income tax business, and they did people's income taxes for five or ten dollars. They made quite a lot of money on this. That is not an exact answer, but it is the best I can do.

I worked for Paul two years. Then, he decided to sell the shop. He got a job with a big real estate company in New York City on a commission basis. He has been successful. Now he is mostly retired, and he and Sylvia do a lot of traveling. They have been all around the world. They are trying to go to China. [They went to China in the spring of 1977! C.S.] I think it was just a stroke of luck that I worked for them.

Levenson: Marvelous.

C. Service: Sylvia has gone on and gotten a degree. She's very interested in psychology. She has helped a great deal with disadvantaged people, with people who have problems. Remarkable. They're really an American success story.

Pollster for Louis Harris for Three Months

C. Service: Then, after my jobs with the art school and in the shop, and a year of not working, I worked for Lou Harris during the fall of 1956.

Levenson: How interesting; the pollster, you mean?

C. Service: Louis Harris, the pollster. He had just decided to strike out independently. He had been working for Roper. Louis Harris was married to the youngest of the Yard sisters, Jack's old friends from China. His wife was Florence. We met them as soon as we got to New York. So, I'd known Lou for several years. He said, did I want to be a pollster for him? I said, well, yes that sounded fine.

So, I worked for him for three months. It turned out that I was no good at this.

Levenson: I can't believe it.

C. Service: Because I didn't really have any faith in what I was doing. I was never sure that the people were telling me the right thing.

Levenson: Do you mean the truth?

C. Service: Not the truth, but if what they told me was a true picture of what they believed.

Levenson: Can you give me an example of the sort of question that was asked them?

C. Service: All right. Well, no, I can't because I don't remember. These questions were mostly about products. You had a long list and you stopped people on the street and asked them questions. There were also political questions.

I was never sure whether people really were going to vote for the person they told me they would, or whether, when they said they weren't sure, if they weren't sure. Perhaps I was unsure of the polls because I was unsure of myself in this job.

Also, I didn't like it because I had to go into New York City. I had to be away late in the afternoon sometimes when I did not want to be. I wanted to be home when Philip got home from school. After three months I said, "Lou, I cannot work for you anymore. I'm not earning my money. I don't want to do it." He was very nice about it. And I was certainly no loss to him.

C. Service: But, it's interesting to me that a job which did have, let us say perhaps more glamor than being in a shop--glamor in quotes--no, I didn't want to do it at all. I was no help to Lou really. We've remained great friends. It had nothing to do with our friendship.

He offered me the job out of friendship because he knew I was looking for something. We saw them, Florence and Lou, in New York last summer. I said, "Lou, you remember when I worked for you?" We both had a good laugh over it. I'd like to interpolate here that I think polls have become greatly refined and perfected since the 50's.

One Child at Home: Two in Europe

C. Service: Ginny had stayed in Washington. I mentioned that. Bob had gone to England to Magdalen College School, Oxford, and Philip was going to PS 99. We lived in Kew Gardens for five years. We lived there the whole time we were in New York.

As I think I mentioned, it was like a strange country to me because for the first time in my life I was not a part of anything. I was not a part of the army, I was not a part of the Foreign Service, and although we did have friends around New York, they didn't happen to be in Kew Gardens.

But, after a while I got used to it. Although I never really felt that I would become a New Yorker, I found many things about New York that were exciting, interesting. The museums were marvelous, of course. In those days my hearing was better and we went to the theater once in a while if we could afford it. On our wedding anniversary once we went dancing at the Roosevelt, I think to Guy Lombardo's orchestra. [Chuckle] It took us back to our youth, very definitely.

The children came back for vacations. Ginny graduated in the half year class, January, 1953. She was not given a Foreign Service scholarship. Later on, as I told you, I found out that they had considered her but were afraid to give it to her.

When she came to New York after graduating she got a job at De Pinna's for a while. My sister-in-law and brother-in-law, the Dick Services, were in Brussels. They had said that if Ginny could get to Europe she could come and visit them. Well now, Bob was in England. Instead of having Ginny all cooped up in an apartment in Kew Gardens with no friends, not a soul, nobody, we decided we could get her to Europe.

Mrs. Robert R. Service
625 Mayflower Road
Claremont, California

July 17, 1954

Dear Caroline:

There is only one thing to hope for now -- and that is that you will soon have Jack with you again. So do not feel that his delay is of his choosing, if such should happen.

I have always demanded certainty from the medical profession. But in this case my doctor seems not able to give me a certain word as he had about Dad. Whether I shall have to chase diminishing wits through a season, no one can give me any assurance. Everyone always speaks cheerfully, just as they always do to sick people .

Never, never forget, Caroline, that you have a very special place in my heart. No use to enumerate everything to you -- for you are a woman and have intuition. Just remember to keep my name alive with your family just as Jack's father has been kept alive.

Please remember me to your sisters and your Mother. They have always been good to me and loyal to Jack. I can say nothing adequate, but you can know what is in my heart. I really owe letters to both Gin and Bob, because they have both written very nice letters to me recently. Time is too short. I can only give these letters as messages to Jack and you. Pass the love around until Philip understands he'll have some letters from me later on .

Love to all from Mother,

Mother

(This letter was typed by Jack and signed by his mother, Anne Boggs Service. She died Oct 20, 1954, in Claremont, California)

C. Service: Jack's mother contributed a little bit. She sent us a book that had been written by Jack's great great-grandfather about a trip across Mexico.* It's a rare book. It's advertised in rare book circles. We sold it for a hundred dollars. That helped.

Ginny earned money. She had earned money babysitting, and she had done other things. She had her money from De Pinna's. Anyway-- I don't know whether my mother gave me a little or not. My mother helped at various times. But, we did manage to scrape up the money to send Ginny to Europe in May.

She went and stayed with Helen and Dick in Brussels and had a lovely, exciting time. Then, she went to England for two weeks and saw Bob and his school, Magdalen College School. Then, when the English school year broke up, in mid-July or late July, Bob and she met. I guess Bob came to Brussels. They took a bicycle trip through France for a month.

Levenson: How marvelous.

C. Service: Bob had already taken one in England during his spring vacation--1,158.2 miles!

Ginny and Bob took this trip together. They just went to youth hostels, bicycled all across and around France and finally ended up in Stuttgart, where the Rices [Edward and Mary] were stationed, and stayed with them a couple of nights, and then they put their bicycles on a boat and went down the Rhine and back to Brussels somehow. They got on a ship and came home in September.

"Verbal" Subpoena from Cohn, September, 1953

C. Service: Now, there's an episode there. After we had been in New York about a year--I think this is probably in Jack Kahn's book, The China Hands**--Jack had a phone call one day at Sarco, saying that it was Cohn speaking, a man named Cohn. Since in the steam trap business Jack had some dealings with a man named Cohn, he thought it was his steam trap friend.

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*A.B. Clarke, Travels in Mexico and California, Boston: Wright and Hasty, Printers, 1852.

**Kahn, op. cit. p. 269.

C. Service: It turned out to be Roy Cohn. Roy Cohn said, "This is a verbal subpoena"--well, there's no such thing, it turns out--or, "a telephone subpoena; come right down here to the courthouse at Foley Square because we want to see you. Senator McCarthy wishes to see you."

Jack said, "I'm not coming unless I have my lawyer with me." Cohn said, "Well, call him up and get him down here." Jack said, "My lawyer is in Washington." So, Cohn said, "Well, if that's the way you're going to feel, come tomorrow morning." Jack said, "I don't consider this a subpoena on the phone, but I'll come if I can get my lawyer."

Jack told Mr. Wells, and Mr. Wells said, "I'm going to get my lawyer down there too." Mr. Wells was simply great. His lawyer was a man named Leo Rosen who became a very good friend of ours. He was in the firm of Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst, Morris Ernst, who was very interested in civil rights.

Jack called up Ed Rhetts. Ed Rhetts could not come up, but Gerry Reilly could. Now, Gerry Reilly--that Reilly name is spelled differently from any other way--Gerry Reilly was the partner of Ed Rhetts. He has since become a judge, and he has just retired. He is a conservative, Catholic lawyer. He is a good friend of Jack's, good friend of ours, and he said he would come up on the night train. The idea was that everybody would meet at Foley Square the next morning which is where the U.S. Courthouse is in New York.

Ginny and Bob were on their way back from Europe, and they were due to come in on the Ryndam about the seventh or eighth of September. This was just about a day before. When Jack told me of Cohn's call, all I could think of was, "What if the children come home and now they find--?" and "What if Mr. Wells doesn't keep Jack?" Coming home to this, I could not bear it. I just thought it was terrible.

So, I went down to Foley Square with Philip. It was a hot, sunshiny September day. We sat on a park bench in Foley Square and waited. Jack and Gerry Reilly and Leo Rosen had all gone in. About two hours later they came out, and they all were looking pretty jolly. They were all looking sort of amazed.

Levenson: What had happened?

C. Service: They had gone in and the only people at this senatorial hearing were McCarthy, Cohn, and [G. David] Schine. It was their committee. Jack's lawyer, Gerry Reilly, said [to Jack], "The minute you go in, say you're not there under subpoena, just say you're here of your own free will."

C. Service: So, Jack got this in before they had a chance to say a word. Then, Cohn and Schine, I guess, started in and asked Jack what his business was, what he was doing. Jack said, "I'm working," told them about Sarco and steam traps. They meandered along.

Finally McCarthy, I guess, broke in. He said, "Let's get to the point gentlemen," or something of that sort. Now, I'm making up this conversation obviously, but the thing was McCarthy said [slapping one hand against another], "I have here information in my hand that you are an agent for the C[entral] I[ntelligence] A[gency]."

Levenson: For the CIA!

C. Service: For the CIA. Jack and his two lawyers, I guess, looked so dumbfounded, that I think McCarthy realized he was--this was when McCarthy was trying to get the CIA. He had it in for them. After that he turned to the army. But, at a certain point he was trying to get the CIA.

It was a fishing expedition. He thought that if he could find out that Jack somehow had a connection with the CIA, that he could use this against the CIA. He was nuts!

Levenson: Well, that's what I was going to say.

C. Service: His charges against the CIA didn't last long because McCarthy didn't get very far with this, not only with Jack but the rest of it. He was after somebody in the CIA. I cannot remember what the circumstances were exactly.

Levenson: It sounds so stupid.

C. Service: That's right.

Levenson: Not just implausible but stupid.

C. Service: That's right. That <u>is</u> right.

It seems that Sarco sold [steam] traps to the navy. McCarthy figured that maybe Jack's salary really came from the CIA and was hidden in the navy's payment for steam traps.

What was Jack doing with government contracts? That was another thing. Jack should not be having anything to do with government contracts.

I think they, Jack and his lawyers, all looked so dumbfounded by this that McCarthy realized that he wasn't going to find out anything here. So, the whole thing broke up. But, I believe

C. Service: Mr. Wells' lawyer, Leo Rosen, said Sarco would show that the navy payments were bona fide payments, that there weren't any hidden payments to Jack. I guess that he talked with Mr. Wells. Anyway, nothing was ever heard from McCarthy, Cohn, or Schine again. This was a fishing expedition and just an harassment, an absolute harassment.

Confidence in the Legal System

Levenson: I want to interrupt at this point, Caroline. You said, and you almost smiled, "I just couldn't bear it." Well, I can understand that. I can understand everything except the smile. Now, how did this affect you at the time? Did you lose your temper? Did you get depressed? Did you cry? It seems to me improbable that you could find it a smiling matter at the time.

C. Service: I often cried but not at this time. This made me mad. I smile because I'm thinking, when I say I can't bear it, of course you do bear things. You bear whatever, finally, you have to bear.

The thing that I could not stand, I thought, was to have the children come home to headlines, or to have Jack lose his job. Really the thing that got me was, "What if he loses his job? Where will we ever get another job? What will we have to do?"

Of course, I don't know that I cried then, but I did weep many a tear during these years--sometimes from sheer rage. Sometimes I was just furious. I always had the sensation, "I want to go in and see McCarthy and tell him what I think of him." Well, of course, I couldn't do this. I'd already seen a couple of people. [Chuckle]

But, it was a mixture of anger and disbelief and of sheer fear that maybe things were just never going to be right for us. I'm sure that I had this sensation. Well, this episode was nothing.

Levenson: It was almost a comic opera.

C. Service: Yes, that's right. It was ridiculous. Cohn and Schine were like a couple of buffoons. McCarthy was like a great oaf. He was a great oaf. He was a bully and an oaf. Those are the words I think of in connection with McCarthy, because I do not really think he ever believed half the things he said. Jack had this feeling.

Levenson: In those very difficult and frightening years for you and your family did you maintain a confidence that Jack would be vindicated by legal means? Did you believe that the legal system would work for you?

C. Service: I thought it would work. I did not know what the outcome would be, but I thought we had a fair shake in the legal system, yes.

Levenson: In retrospect we know it worked.

C. Service: Yes. I did not know what the outcome would be, but I thought if there was anyplace that we would get a fair hearing, it would be in the legal system. I always felt that the Supreme Court was above politics. Now, perhaps it has not always been so. But, I still feel this today, that the one place--and I think that the Watergate affair proved this--where you have a hope, maybe you will lose, maybe you won't, but where you have a hope is through the legal system.

I felt it then. I feel it now. I think some of the letters that I've given you, perhaps I've said so in there.

Sources of McCarthy's Popularity and Power

Levenson: Do you now have any theories as to why McCarthy was for a while so appallingly popular and powerful?

C. Service: Yes, he said things the American public liked to hear. That's exactly what I think.

This country has spent a great deal of its energy, since the early part of the century, in being terrified of Communism. We have frightened ourselves. Perhaps Communism is something to be terrified of; it has been, in the Russian form of it. But, why a great powerful country like the United States of America, that has so much going for it, and with our form of democracy which I do think is tremendous, why we should have let ourselves be bamboozled by knavish demagogues frightening us to death, I do not know, except that the American people wanted to believe it.

In some ways it was like the anti-foreign sentiment against immigrants, against anybody and anything new coming in. Against change. It's the way the Japanese were treated during the war. They were taken off to camps. It's this feeling that foreigners are going to take something away from us, that the whole thing is a plot to destroy us.

C. Service: But, that we should have been so fearful, so distrustful of each other, so easily led to turn on other Americans and accuse them of things--it was both sad and frightening and showed a lack of belief in our own institutions.

Two Children at Oberlin

C. Service: After this episode with McCarthy we had no more problems along that line. When Ginny and Bob came home from Europe Ginny went to college.

Levenson: Where did she go?

C. Service: She went to Oberlin. She wanted to go to Radcliffe, she thought, but she was not accepted. She was accepted at Oberlin and was given a scholarship for her first year. So, Ginny went there, and I think it was a good choice, although college was not altogether a happy time for her.

Bob had his last year of high school at Forest Hills. So, he really went to four high schools, and Ginny went to three. But, Forest Hills was all right for Bob. He did well and he was accepted at Harvard. He also applied at Yale. They wrote him a letter and said, "We understand you're going to Harvard, so we're not going to consider you," or something like that. [Laughter] They simply took him off their list.

Levenson: That's what they always do.

C. Service: They do? I just think that they should have-- They don't want to be turned down. Bob wasn't going to go to Yale, although he had applied. He didn't go to Harvard. He went to Oberlin. I wept a few tears then. I thought, "My goodness, here I've got a son who has turned down a chance to be a Harvard man!" But I think he made the right choice. So, Ginny and Bob were at Oberlin, and Philip was growing up.

The Legal Process

Levenson: I would like you to summarize what Jack's case was. I know that he will be going into it.

C. Service: Jack's case was based on the fact that he had been illegally fired from the Department of State, and that this charge of doubtful loyalty--they didn't say he was disloyal; they just said there

April 18, 1956

Dearest Bruces and Hausmans:

Since I know that you have had a long letter from mother about our week in Washington, especially the day at Belvoir, and no doubt a letter from Diana too, I shall start this letter with the day in Court and then return to the other events of the week, which I might say here, even tho we have no idea how the case is going to be decided, was a perfect week for us. ——Jack arrived in Wash Thursday night. I was having dinner with Frankie and Wayne and the assembled relatives so couldn't meet him. But Gin finished work at 8 that evening so went to the station and then drove out to the Greens with J. where I met them. Next morning J. went off to see Rhetts and I had lunch with Gin. Mother was having lunch with Diana that day. Neither of the girls could go to Court as they were both working. The case was scheduled for 2 p.m. and mother and I got to the U. S. CourtHouse—not far from the National Gallery about 1:30. Went up to the Court of Appeals and sat in one of the benches for spectators. The room is not large but it is very handsome. J. and Ed Rhetts were already there and the Gov. lawyer, a man named McGuiness. Gerry Reilley also came to be with Jack as he was one of the original lawyers. He and Ed have now dissolved their partnership as Ed is moving back to his home town in Indiana in order to be able to run for Congress two years from now. The only other people in the audience were Ruth Rhetts, a Mrs. Lee who is a friend of the Rhetts, Rosamund Burling Edmunson who used to be married to Jack Burling a son of one of Acheson's law partners, Uncle Wes, who joined mother and me, and assorted men who may have been reporters or observers from the Justice Dept. As there was nothing at all in the paper about the case going to court I am inclined to think the latter. Sharp on the stroke of two the three judges walked in, we all stood up, they sat down, and we sat down. Until they walked in no one knew who the three would be and I didn't know till afterwards when I asked Ed. They were a Justice Miller, a Justice Bastian, and a Justice George Washington. To me they all looked as much alike as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee—medium height, grey-white hair, ruddy-roundish faces, and rather rotund figures—at least in the all-enveloping judges' robes. Each side had forty-five minutes in which to present his case. Ed started off and talked for about 35 minutes. It was very hard for me to hear because there was no amplifying system and he talked right to the judges. However I had read both his and the Gov. brief so knew about what they were saying. Mr. McGuiness talked for about 25 minutes when his turn came—the Gov. now contends that Jack wasn't fired for either loayalty or security reasons even tho that is what was said at the time. He was fired simply because the McCarren Rider to appropriations bills at that time allowed the head of any department to fire anyone at will. Of course that is <u>not</u> the reason that was given at that time so I suppose the judges will now decide whether or not the firing will stand because of the reason given <u>now</u>. Who knows? Both Acheson and Humelsine have made written statements that Jack was fired only because of the Loyalty Review Board decision and these statements are quoted in the brief, but Mr. Acheson also makes a contradictory statement that he fired Jack on his own volition without going over any of the material and that he could do this. Again who knows? Ed Rhetts gave a 10 minute rebuttal after Mr. McGuinness sat down. Then Mr. McG asked to be allowed to say a few more words which he did in about 2 minutes. As Ed Rhetts was entitled to the last word the Presiding Judge asked him if he wished to add anything but he said he didn't. So at approximately 3:15 the Judges walked out and it was over. Now we have no idea how long we have to wait for a decision, and none of us felt that we had the slightest clue as to how the judges were thinking. Often they ask many questions which at least give the lawyers an opportunity to see what needs amplification or clarification, but they asked almost no questions at all and their faces were complete blanks to me. All right and proper, I know, but I have an idea that occasionally one is able to get an inkling as to their thinking from the things they want to know. The one impression I did get was that none of the three really knew very much about the case before they walked into the room and that they would have to go home and really read the briefs well.

C. Service: was a doubt--and that this was an illegal procedure because he had been cleared so many times, again and again and again and again and that the Loyalty Review Board should have had no jurisdiction to reverse a favorable decision. Eventually this was what the Supreme Court said, that the Loyalty Review Board had no jurisdiction, they had no right to do it, that Jack had been illegally fired, that Jack had never been out of the State Department. This was the basic thing about it, that the whole proceeding was illegal.

Jack was one of the lucky people because after a while the State Department changed the rules so you could be fired for anything and then nobody could take his case to court. They changed the State Department rules.

The Supreme Court said that the State Department had to follow its own rules which it had set up, and which in Jack's case they did not do. After that they found out they'd better not have any rules so they could fire people for anything, truly. Since then I think things have been reversed again. They have to have some legal system.

When we left Washington in the fall of 1952--Jack had already been in New York--Jack came down and he and Ed Rhetts got the first brief together to go into the district court. This ground through the courts until the next summer. I think that the decision there was that Jack could not be reinstated, but I'm not sure just what the exact decision was. So, Ed Rhetts appealed it to the next court, to the court of appeals.

The court of appeals--1956--said that the Loyalty Review Board was wrong, and that all these findings about doubtful loyalty and so on should be expunged from the record, but that the court could not order reinstatement.

Anyway, who knows whether everything has ever been expunged? Who knows? We've never found out. Jack never asked. The finding was that Jack could not be dismissed on those grounds, but the court did not have the authority to order his reinstatement.

So, the next thing Jack and Ed had to do was appeal to the Supreme Court for reinstatement. Now to appeal something to the Supreme Court is a very expensive business.

June 15, 1956

Dearest Lisa: If this letter is not cheerful you can understand why—yesterday's unfavorable Court decision has been an unhappy blow, and I still don't understand the train of reasoning that led to it.

Saturday

I couldn't concentrate anymore yesterday on writing so sent you a post card instead. Since then I have read the court opinion and it seems less logical than ever. They quote Acheson as saying in his affidavit that "I made that determination solely as the result of the finding of the Loyalty Review Board and as a result of my review of the opinion of that Board.——I did not make any independent determination of my own as to whether on the evidence submitted before those boards there was reasonable doubt as to Mr. Service's loyalty. I made no independent judgment on the record in this case.———" Then the Court goes on to say that this didn't matter anyway; that under the McCarren Rider "plaintiff could have been summarily dismissed without notice of charges, hearing, or appeal." It strikes me that this flies right in the face of the Fourteenth Amendment which says in part: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges of immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." I suppose this applies to U. S. laws too, and I can't see where there is any "due process" in a summary dismissal without charges, hearing or appeals." At the end there is a little note attached, to wit: "It is only fair to add that since the finding of the Review Board is a nullity, and since appellant's discharge is sustained only under Public Law 188, the following quotation from note 2 in Sbher V. Wecks, supra, would seem equally applicable in this case: 'It should be noted, however, that in the case at bar appellant's discharge carries no implication that he might be either disloyal or a security risk.' "———All fine and beautiful, but four years too late. That defamation of character and all the anguish we've been subjected too all these years. Wish I had a dollar for all the times I've read in the papers and various magazines that Jack was fired because of "a doubt of his loyalty." And now to blandly have the government contend that this wasn't the so-called reason at all is pretty thick. Maybe we should be greatful for the testimonial to unblemished character given above. Jack is going to appeal to the Supreme Court. If they hold that anything at all can be done under Public Law 188 then I don't see Jack's winning. On the other hand I don't believe that such a law, completely contravening Due Process, can be right. In which case he should win the final decision. But who knows? Anyway it will go on another year or so and in the meantime we will stay right here in Kew Gardens. Maybe someday we'll do some traveling again and take that trip to Europe I dream about. Of late I've found it more and more difficult to be content in Kew Gardens. Poor Jack—this is another bitter pill to swallow, but he manages to remain more calm and philosophical than I do. A lot of it is tied up with my longing for a change of scene and a more interesting and exciting life.

That is enough of our woes and problems. The reunion could not have been happier and more fun. (I'm glad this decision wasn't out before then so it did not mar our pleasure.) We had five days of absolutely perfect weather. The New York Turnpike goes thru magnificent rolling country and thru the Mohawk valley, a winding tranquil waterway carrying considerable river traffic. We arrived at Niagara about four in the afternoon and spent about an hour on the American side which Philip donned rain togs and went with the group to look at the foot of the falls. That is what delayed our crossing to the Canadian side till shortly after five. Just as we started across the bridge Jack looked back toward the American side and

Fund for Legal Expenses

Levenson: How did you finance these very expensive legal proceedings?

C. Service: John Reid, an Oberlin friend and tax lawyer, offered his services to set up a fund to help Jack with legal expenses. I believe this included the Foreign Service contributions. I don't know exactly how much was raised--between three and five thousand dollars, I think.

We have never known who contributed--with a few exceptions. As I wrote to Lisa [Green], March 22, 1952.

> *Please thank Marshall for his contribution to the fund. You too Lisa. I believe that everyone is getting a receipt or something of that sort from John Reid. And I don't know that Jack is being told who all the contributors are--at least for the present. I believe that the idea is that if he is ever asked by any committees, etc. he could say he did not know and would not be forced to give out lists of people who had helped him. So if you ever hear of anyone who wonders why Jack has not acknowledged a donation in person you can tell them the reason why.*

Ed Rhetts did most of his work for nothing. There were certain secretarial jobs that had to be paid for and for which the fund paid.

John Reid did this all without any reimbursement. He took charge of the fund and he made the disbursements when they were needed.

I think a lot of the fund went into the Supreme Court case, because briefs had to be printed. I think there had to be something like twenty-five copies. It's an expensive process.

Ed Rhetts did not charge us for his labors and work, and neither did the other lawyers. Eventually they were paid. But, this was by good fortune.

We sometimes paid a little money, when we could, four or five hundred dollars or something like that, if we could pay. But, we were trying to pay back debts too.

We had a friend named Craine, an Oberlin friend, Lyle Craine. His wife, Asho, was the daughter of a wealthy woman, Marian Ingersoll. Asho and Lyle loaned us $1,000 twice--perhaps three times--which we did pay back.

C. Service: I like to think we paid back everything. The Reids, John and Peggy, gave us $3,000 when we were fired. They gave Jack a check for $3,000. This we did not ever pay back because it was a gift.

I have a friend named Delia Tyrwhitt, a widow, a most amazing person, who loaned me $1,000 on my own.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

I did not tell Jack about this. Actually I wanted some of it to pay back something else. Delia gave it to me. I do not believe she ever expected to be reimbursed. But, this was on my mind very strongly. Well, a year and a half ago--Delia comes to visit us nearly every year--she was here and I said, "Delia, I am now going to pay you back that money," because I had gotten some money from my mother's estate. I didn't ever want to pay it back out of something that belonged to Jack because this was my own thing.

She said, "I don't want that money back." I said, "You're going to have to have it back, because I'm determined to pay it back." Well, we finally had a compromise. I paid her back $500. Of course, interest never entered into these things. The other $500 I gave to various wildlife projects. Delia is keen on conservation. I said, "If you won't take it all, I'm going to give it to the Audubon Ranch and some other places." She said, "Fine, you do that." [Chuckle] So, in this way Delia got back $500, which she, I think, immediately turned around and gave to other conservation causes.

But, I'm sure there are places where we did not pay everything, such as the fund, back; but we did what we could. I'm glad we were able to, although many of the people would have been quite happy if we had not.

Service vs. Dulles. Reinstatement by the United States Supreme Court, June 17, 1957

C. Service: To return to the 1950's. On November 13, 1956, we learned by telephone call that the Supreme Court had accepted Jack's case. They have to vote on what they'll accept, and if they vote against accepting a case then that is that. It's finished. The case goes no further.

If the Supreme Court had not taken it we still would have had the reversal in the court of appeals that Jack had been fired unfairly, and that the ruling of "doubtful loyalty" must be expunged. But, we never would have gotten back into the State Department.

C. Service: Now, for us it was extremely important that we win this case. We had lived with this for so long, so many years, ever since 1945. We wanted to vindicate ourselves, we wanted our name cleared. We wanted to be back in the Foreign Service. We just felt, both of us, that this was of vital importance to us. And we wanted and needed a pension from the State Department for all the years in the Foreign Service. It had been our life.

Many people were surprised that we did go back when the case was won. I do not think they realized what winning this case meant to us.

The thirteenth of November happens to be one of our wedding anniversaries. The other is November 9th. So, we had a little celebration and we called my mother. Jack's mother had died in 1954. She did not live to know Jack's vindication, but she never lost faith in him. She was a most remarkable woman. I cannot say enough about her, how much I admired her. I think in many ways-- Well, Jack was her oldest son and my own parents' son-in-law. So, for her it was even a harder tribulation than for them.

Since the Supreme Court had accepted Jack's case in November of 1956, we knew that they would decide it by the end of the court year [June, 1957]. Ed Rhetts was finally given a date in early April to plead the case.

The older children were home from college as it was during their spring vacation. We all went down to Washington, Philip and Ginny and Bob and Jack and I. Helen and Dick [Service] were in Washington, and we stayed with them. They were living in the house we both owned.

The Greens were in Washington. Now, these letters that you have been reading have been addressed to Lisa Green for the most part. They came to the Supreme Court. The sessions are open to the public. They came to the hearing.

Then, Connie Green,* Marshall's sister-in-law, had a small, little, nice, old house right behind the Supreme Court building. We asked Connie if, when the hearing was over, if we could ask our friends to come over to her house and we'd bring some drinks and have a little party there. We wouldn't know whether we had

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*Constance McLaughlin Green. She won the Pulitzer Prize in history in 1963 for her Washington: Village and Capital, 1800-1878.

C. Service: won or lost, but we would like to come over there. Connie nobly opened her house to us, and I think about twenty of our friends including all our children went over and had a party at her house.*

The Supreme Court hearing itself was a most solemn affair.

Levenson: Were you afraid?

C. Service: No, I just thought-- At this point I just thought Jack would win, that Ed Rhetts would. I just could not conceive that he wouldn't. Ed did a superb job. He had fifty minutes. The government lawyer was very weak. I don't mean as a person. I don't think he had a good case. I'm not even sure his heart was in it. It was a very routine pedestrian presentation of why Jack should not be reinstated in the State Department and why the verdict should be left as the appellate court had decided.

Levenson: That was the Warren court, wasn't it?

C. Service: Yes, it was the Warren court, Earl Warren. Someplace, I have a list of the justices.

There was [Felix] Frankfurter. [William O.] Douglas was on it. It was a liberal court, obviously. [William J.] Brennan was the new man on it, and there was Hugo Black. He was marvelous--Black and Frankfurter both. Then there were [Harold H.] Burton, [Charles E.] Whittaker, and [John M.] Harlan.

There were only eight justices on Jack's court because Tom Clark took himself off because he had been attorney general during the Amerasia case. So, he abstained. So, this was an eight man court which could have meant a four-four decision perhaps, which would have left the decision as the court of appeals had decided.

When it was all over and we were talking about it, I said I thought it ought to be a six-two decision in Jack's favor. I

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*Just recently, October 1977, I found a letter written to my mother April 4, 1957, telling of the Supreme Court hearings. I had forgotten that Ed Rhetts presented his case to the court on the late afternoon of April 2. It was after this session that we went to Connie Green's. The government lawyer, Mr. MacGuineas, presented his case at noon on April 3. We were present at this hearing too, returning to New York immediately after it. C.S.

C. Service: don't know what Jack said. We did not think it would be unanimous. There were one or two people who hadn't said anything and whom we knew were very conservative.

This was early April. We knew that the court finished in June sometime. But, from about the middle of May on, every Monday, which is Supreme Court decision day, we would listen to see what was happening--nothing.

June came. Ginny came home from Oberlin. Bob had come home, and he was on his way west with a bunch of boys to work in the west.

Finally June 17, [1957], rolled round. [Opens envelope with sheaf of letters.] I'm going to read something from this letter to Lisa in Washington. I'm going to give you this letter, of course, to type. I have June 17. My habit is often to put a piece of paper in the typewriter and then put the date and then maybe I won't write right away. But, this way I get letters written.

Dearest Lisa,

It is really June 19, now, but I am going to leave the historic date in the Service family at the top of this letter. It is a date that is going to be circled in red in my mind for the rest of my life. I will try to recollect my thoughts in some coherent form to write this short note to you.

Shall I read a little more?

Levenson: Sure.

C. Service: Thank you. This tells it better than I can say it now.

Gin--

That's Ginny.

--went to Philadelphia for the weekend getting back about noon Monday. She had a two o'clock appointment to have a wisdom tooth out, so I decided I wouldn't turn on the news until we got back from that. There usually isn't any Supreme Court news till the three or four o'clock broadcasts.

C. Service: *But at twenty to two, just as Gin and I were about to go out the door, the phone rang, and a man said he was calling from the United Press. I literally held my breath. The man could hardly get the words out for stuttering. Whether he too was excited or whether he naturally stutters I will never know. After a few agonizing seconds he managed to say that the Supreme Court had just announced an 8-0 decision in "your husband's favor."*

You cannot imagine how I-- I cannot even to this day say how I felt about it, except, as though I were transported to another world.

I let my breath out, and Gin could see by the expression on my face that it was joyful news. I thanked the man and gave him Jack's phone number which is what he wanted.

So, I heard before Jack did.

Then I tried to call my mother and sister, but no one was home but my quite deaf aunt. However, I did manage to shriek loudly enough for her to understand that Jack had won.

Then we--

That's Ginny and I.

--rushed out of the apartment and were only fifteen minutes late for the dentist appointment. Tooth was out in a whisk and we were back home shortly after three.

We heard the news on the four o'clock broadcast, and from then the phone began to ring and didn't stop before midnight. Dear old Ludden--

That's Ray Ludden who had also been in China, of course.

--phoned from Germany. He'd been listening to a German broadcast.

Levenson: Good gracious. It was international news.

C. Service: Yes--right--oh yes, it went all around the world because Jack had been in the news so much. It was an important case.

Morgan Slayton phoned. He was in New York for just one day and was riding from the station to his hotel, and the taxi radio was on, so he heard the news.

Well, then I go on. People came out and so on.

The [Gunnar] Jarrings sent us some beautiful red roses.

Now, that's Mrs. Gunnar Jarring--wife of the then Secretary General of the UN--she sent us some beautiful red roses and she phoned. The Jarrings lived right across the street from me in New Delhi and we had become good friends.

Mrs. [Joseph] Stilwell phoned Jack from California.

By this time TV was on, and Jack was on TV. The TV people went to Sarco and they did an interview. You see, five years before there hadn't been any TV news but now there was.

Jack had got home about seven, looking like the victor returning from a long, tough battle. The day was boiling hot, and what with the television cameras beating on him in the late afternoon and then the subway ride, he was dripping with sweat.

Philip watched TV and called us when a news broadcast was on. Jack looked fine in one of them, but in another his eyes were black. But, that may have been our TV set.

[Laughter] We had a very punk little TV set.

Anyway, I thought he looked wonderful, and I liked what he said. Yesterday we managed to pull ourselves together a little, although the phone continued to ring both here and in Jack's office, and lots of telegrams came in.

Then I ask her if she'll please thank somebody for theirs, and I go on about these people.

I could not help thinking of five and a half years ago when Jack was fired. Then the phone rang constantly too, and letters and telegrams

C. Service: *came. But, all was sadness and grief, and we felt as though a blockbuster had been dropped on us. Jack and I sat in Ed Rhetts' office, and there seemed no place to go and nothing more to do, just as though we had gone down a large black hole. But, right then, Ed said he was going to try to take the case to court. I think at that moment he was the only person who thought there was even a ghost of a ghost of a chance that a case could be gotten into court or that someday it would win. I know I didn't. At that time I did not. Ed has been magnificent. I often wonder how we would have managed all these years without the love and confidence and help of our friends and family. Before you get this you will have seen or talked with Jack.*

I guess Jack had gone to Washington.

I haven't even read the court opinion, as Jack took it to Washington with him.

Yes, he did.

Just what happens now we don't know. I am sure the State Department doesn't either. I can't help but wickedly hope that they are scratching their respective heads. [Laughter] They must have thought they'd never see Jack again. We may go on trapping steam forever, but I should think there'd have to be some kind of technical reinstatement in any case. Then, I suppose that Jack's career could be terminated in whatever way is going these days. But, nothing can be done the way it was before. Lisa, do write me any opinions pro and con which you may glean on this subject.

Then, I thank her for their phone call.

Levenson: It's like a fairy tale.

C. Service: That was written right after the decision. So, this really shows the way I was feeling. It just still seems in some ways a miracle, although now I think it couldn't have been any other way.

C. Service: Jack did go back to the State Department, because the Supreme Court said he had never been out. They had no choice but to take him back. I think they, the State Department people, were dumbfounded. I don't mean in a bad way, but they really were as struck dumb as anybody could be. [Chuckle]*

Clement Wells, the Sarco Stock, and the Improved Steam Trap

C. Service: Jack stayed with the steam trap people until September, [1957], because at this point they were selling Sarco International, which had been Jack's particular job, to an English firm, Spirax, in Cheltenham. Jack took part in the negotiations. Have we got a little more time?

Levenson: Oh, yes.

C. Service: I must talk a little about Sarco. Mr. [Clement] Wells had retired from Sarco about two or three years before, but he kept Sarco International. He held all the stock. But, he had decided to sell the stock in the main Sarco Company to a certain number of people in the company of whom Jack was one.

Jack got one eleventh for $5,000. We did not have $5,000. We borrowed $5,000 from Priscilla Silber, Priscilla and Fritz Silber. Now, Priscilla was one of Jack's old friends from his childhood days in West China, the daughter of Jack's mother's oldest friend, Mabelle Yard.

Priscilla and Fritz said they would loan Jack $5,000 to buy the Sarco stock. We were able to pay it back a year later, after Jack's mother died and her estate was settled. I think we paid Ed Rhetts something at that time. We were able to pay back Priscilla and Fritz. In this case we did pay interest because that had been the agreement. Priscilla and Fritz immediately put the interest that we gave them into John Reid's fund. So, they did not make any interest on it which is too bad. But, we did pay off that and we did pay various other things.

Anyway, I won't say anymore about Sarco but the sale of this stock was what was going finally to give us the financial independence to leave the Foreign Service in a few more years when we saw we had no future there. But, that is a further story. I wanted to put in this part about how Jack got the stock.

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*See Appendix 4 for complete letter.

C. Service: I should also say that what helped make the stock so valuable was Jack's improved steam trap. When Jack began to fiddle around with the steam trap to see if he could improve on it--because that's really what he did--he didn't so much invent a new one as improve on an old theory.

Levenson: Build a better mousetrap?

C. Service: Yes, exactly. He read a great many books and he wanted to have a working model made to test his ideas.

In New York, through our friends Roger and Harriet Clapp, we had become good friends with Mary and Midge [Ernst Leland] Midgette. Jack took his problems to Midge, and he thought that they could make a working model and test it. Midge made it or had it made in his machine shop. They tested it and it worked. But the trap had to belong to Sarco because Jack worked for Sarco, and Sarco was able to patent it. They were able to patent it because it was different enough from any existing steam trap to be patented.

Levenson: I believe it has to qualify as an invention rather than a discovery.

C. Service: I guess so. But, anyway, this did prove of great value to Sarco. This made a great deal of difference in our life. It made a great deal of difference in the value of Sarco.

At Sarco there was a woman named Ruth Greenfield. She was an enormous help to Jack when he arrived. She had worked for Mr. Wells for years and years and years. When Mr. Wells formed Sarco International Ruth went there with Jack. Then when Jack went back to the Foreign Service Ruth Greenfield took over Sarco International herself, and she did a fine job. And she continued in charge when it was sold to the English company. Ruth and we have remained great friends.

Before we leave New York I'd like to say a little about our summers there. I didn't work because I wanted to do things with Philip. We were lucky to have friends who asked us to visit. Nancy and Hugh Clark--friends of my girlhood--asked us to stay with them on the Eastern Shore (Maryland), several times. Barbara Morris, an Oberlin and New York friend, asked us to visit her in her cabin in Vermont. We visited the Lakings in Maine. One summer Philip spent two months in Beloit with the Gages. Ginny spent one summer with my mother in Berkeley. Bob worked one summer for Sarco, Canada, and lived with my Uncle Harry in Toronto.

C. Service: Then one summer Bob, Philip and I drove to California. Bob worked as a forester, near Chester, a job gotten him by Jack's brother, Bob. In late July of that same summer we had a Service family reunion in Chester and Berkeley--Jack, his brothers, their wives, and all of our children--the only time we've ever managed this.

Two other families I want to mention. Patricia and Denis Dunlop, in the New Zealand foreign service, had Jack stay with them as well as with the Gladieux, for several weeks when he first moved to New York. And one summer Philip and I stayed with them near Cape Ann, Massachusetts.

Then the Hunts, Callie and Sam Hunt. We had known them in San Francisco through the Sanders. By the time we moved to New York they were in New Haven. Sam, a practicing psychoanalyst, was connected with the Yale Medical School. They asked us to New Haven for our first New York Thanksgiving--and we stayed the whole weekend! After that we visited them once or twice a year--both summer and winter.

And at least once a year we visited Carol and Dick Smith in Bristol, Connecticut. Carol is Jack's first cousin, but I had not known her before.

All of these friends, and others too, made it possible for us to get out of New York sometime during the summer; this was greatly appreciated, especially because of Philip.

[end tape 1, side 2]

X FIVE MORE YEARS IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE, 1957-1962

[Interview 8: November 23, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

Back to Washington

C. Service: We moved back to Washington in September, 1957. Jack was back in the State Department. He was given a job which meant nothing--moving furniture overseas.

Levenson: Oh dear!

C. Service: Because they were not going to put him in anything sensitive of any description. He did have to go through another security hearing. Our main hope at this time was that he could stay in till he was fifty years old when he would qualify for a pension.

We had two years in Washington and Jack was put through another clearance. He had many hearings, and I'm not sure whether it was when we first went back or the next spring or whenever.

One of the men on the board was a man named Otto Otepka. Now, Otto Otepka was a very right-wing person. I think he would have liked to get rid of Jack.

We heard later--we didn't know this at the time--that Otto Otepka was all for firing Jack again. He himself was finally fired for leaking various things to congressional committees. [Chuckle] He had a very tough time in the long run. I've never felt much sympathy for him though.

In any event the other two men cleared Jack. It was a three-man board. Then Mr. Henderson--

Levenson: What was his position?

C. Service: Loy Henderson was then the highest ranking career Foreign Service officer in the State Department--a career ambassador.

Jack passed this last clearance. In other words Mr. Henderson went over the whole thing, and his decision was that Jack was not a security risk. There was no doubtful loyalty. But, it was obvious Jack was not going to get much of a job.

Jack could not be sent overseas until he was cleared. When he was cleared it was decided to send him to Bonn, Germany. Then the Bonn orders were cancelled.

Finally it was decided to send Jack to Liverpool, England, to a consulate, but without the title of consul-general, because the consul-general title had to be approved by the Senate at least once, and this had never been done. Consular titles need Senate approval.

I heard later from a friend that the reason the Bonn orders were cancelled was because John Davies had been in Bonn, and John Davies was fired in 1954 because of Nixon. Nixon was the one who really was determined he should get out. John had been having a terrible time. But, the Bonn government simply didn't want another person to come that they could not accept wholeheartedly. They had had enough, I guess, of China people who'd been sent there to get them out of the way.

So, those orders were cancelled. Jack had been trying to learn some German. One thing he learned was, "Wo ist der Bahnhof?"--which turned out to be very helpful once when we were traveling in Germany. [Laughter] Where's the station?

Levenson: Could we just stop there for the moment? I'd like to ask you some questions. Apart from Otto Otepka, how were you received back in Washington?

C. Service: Ah, yes, all right. Now, I'd like to say that everybody, all our friends, were overjoyed. In fact people who did not know us, had not known us before, came up and said nice things to us and congratulated us. We were asked to cocktail parties, and so on, by people we barely knew simply as a gesture of goodwill and to say they were glad we were back.

Levenson: This was during a Republican administration.

C. Service: This was during Eisenhower, yes. Yes, but I don't think people thought in those terms. I think they were wholeheartedly--aside from two or three people, maybe five if I had to think of them--I think that the Foreign Service was genuinely happy about our return, not only because of us, but because of the Foreign Service,

C. Service: because this firing for doubtful loyalty was a blemish on the Service too. After that they didn't use that. They just fired people. I think the Foreign Service had felt as though it were something against them too as well as Jack.

We had no difficult experiences when we came back. Maybe Jack did. I don't know.

Levenson: I'll ask him.

C. Service: But, I did not, aside from the one woman who came up to me--and she did it in a goodhearted way--to say that she was sorry they couldn't give Virginia a scholarship. She was saying that she herself had wanted to give the scholarship, I think!

The whole experience was a good one. We had two very good years in Washington.

Levenson: During the years of the repeated security hearings and clearances and then the eventual dismissal, were you personally ostracized at any time in Washington or in New York?

C. Service: I don't think that I personally was ever ostracized, nor Jack. I would say people who didn't know us at all would not have wanted to meet us. You might call that ostracism. I don't know.

Levenson: No, that's not what it is.

C. Service: We had one experience and it shall be nameless. It was not anyone in the Foreign Service. It was an old friend, and she told me that her husband would not allow us to come to their house. The breach has since been healed and the episode is never mentioned.

Levenson: I would like to ask a question at this point. I remember when E.J. Kahn was talking about the book, The China Hands, and he made a general comment that there was no point in talking to the wives because they said nothing but good about their husbands! You have generally presented a picture of continuing smooth relations between yourself and Jack--

C. Service: Right.

Levenson: --through all these very, very troubled years.

C. Service: Yes.

Levenson: I want to know whether that was really how it was, because it seemed to me that it must have been a time of enormous tension and fear and worry.

C. Service: Yes, but the tensions between Jack and me, which still exist--I mean the same tensions still exist--are more tensions of personality. I did have many a fight with Jack, and I sometimes criticized him unmercifully, but there was never any feeling that our lives were not linked together to such an extent that they could ever part.

Divorce was never in my mind. I would never have considered getting a divorce and leaving Jack, never, regardless of what happened. It just never has been something I would do.

Jack and I are very dissimilar people, and we still have fights. I mean Jack and I can have a riproaring argument but over personal things, much more than over anything that's happened to us. Jack really does not like to fight or argue, but I have a very quick temper at times--when I feel I'm being put down--and then I blow up.

We have vast areas of agreement. We usually think alike in our political life. I would say we're both liberal, somewhat to the left but not very far to the left. We're both registered Democrats. Religiously we have no problems. Jack, if anything, is a little religious and I'm not. He has a feeling for religion which I do not have. When it comes to the children we've always pretty much agreed. We really haven't had any big problems in any of these fields.

Our tensions are-- They're very picayunish many of them. I certainly didn't always agree with the way things were running with the case, because I wanted something more done. I'd sometimes say, "Why don't you do something? Why doesn't Ed Rhetts do something?" They were doing all they could. I didn't understand how slow it would be. I would sometimes be frantic.

I sometimes couldn't stand the publicity in the papers, although actually Jack had a very good press. But, sometimes I just thought I just couldn't stand it.

You asked the other day, why did I smile when I said something. I think I was smiling because it sounds so melodramatic to me now. Much that I'm saying, as I look back, I think, "Why was I so impatient? Why didn't I understand things better?"

Levenson: Did the press invade your personal life?

C. Service: No, not really. It was before the days of instant television, basically. In fact, the press never came to see me.

Levenson: That's interesting.

C. Service: Never-- They were going on the theory that Jack Kahn did: there is no use talking to wives. [Chuckle]

Levenson: That's very different from what happened in Watergate.

C. Service: Yes.

Levenson: You commented to me at the time about how sorry you were for the wives and families of those people.

C. Service: Yes, right, and for the parents.

Three Very Happy Years in Liverpool, 1959-1962

C. Service: In the fall of 1959 we were going to Liverpool, England. By this time Bob had graduated from college, and he was going to Princeton. He had been accepted at the Woodrow Wilson School for graduate study with a full scholarship, so there was no financial problem there.

Ginny had got a job in Washington. Now, Ginny had been in and out of college. Ginny had had a hard time. Of all our children she had the toughest time. She did get her Oberlin degree, delayed, but with the class of 1957 and she and a friend got a little apartment in Georgetown and moved in there. She had a job with the National Gallery of Art, as she'd taken much art history at Oberlin.

So, only Philip went to Liverpool. He and Jack went off in September. Philip went to Liverpool College when he got there, which was the local public school, mostly day pupils and a few boys who boarded. I came later after I'd packed up the furniture and shipped it off.

I landed in England on October 1, 1959. It was an absolutely beautiful day. I had never been in England before. I felt in many ways as though I were coming home, because of all the English literature I'd read. It looked green, of course, but also very low lying. Southampton--there were no hills around. I hadn't expected that. I didn't expect it to look quite so what I call tropical, but it did.

Jack met me and we went to Oxford and spent the night with Sam and Belle Griffith, our old and dear friends from Peking days. Sam was there getting a Ph.D. at Oxford. He was at New College.

We had three very happy years in Liverpool. I'll probably say this again and again.

Levenson: Let's just site Liverpool. It's in, as I recall, northwestern England, cotton manufacturing area, ugly industrial city. That's my impression of it.

C. Service: That's right. But, it's nice. It's on Merseyside. It's on the Mersey River and it is a port. Liverpool's great heyday was in the last century, Victorian--Liverpool is a Victorian city. The charter came from King John a long way back in 1200 something, but basically the discovery of America-- One of the fascinating things in Liverpool is in Sefton Park. There's a statue of Columbus. Did I tell you this?

Levenson: No.

C. Service: I thought to myself, "Why in heaven's name would Liverpool have a statue of Columbus?" The reason was given in the inscription, which read, "Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, and the maker of Liverpool." I find that fascinating. Because of the [American] trade Liverpool became a great, booming port. It was the port that was used until Southampton was developed. The Cunard Lines head office was still in Liverpool, and in fact, in the last century, right up to the First World War, practically all transatlantic passengers from England went from Liverpool.

Levenson: That's where I left from in 1949.

C. Service: Yes, well Liverpool is a city full of character. It has some beautiful buildings. An absolutely elegant town hall built around 1750 or 1760 by John Wood, a famous English architect. The Blue Coat Chambers there are beautiful. They're Georgian and Regency. What they have of Georgian and Regency is fine, extremely fine. But, the main building in the city is Victorian, except now it's becoming modern.

Hawthorne House

C. Service: The American government owned a lovely house. Here we were in this lovely house which had very large and beautiful gardens. Did I say this last time?

Levenson: No. No.

C. Service: There was a beautiful formal garden and behind that, hidden behind a brick wall, was a great big kitchen garden. We had all kinds of things growing: endless rhubarb--rhubarb never stopped growing, and I love rhubarb but Jack doesn't--brussel sprouts and things

C. Service: like new potatoes and raspberries and strawberries and currants and other things that came along, vegetables in the summer, Swiss chard, beans, all kinds of good things.

The house had steam heat. It was built in the mid-thirties, by an English couple. The house had been built on the site of an old Victorian house which had been torn down, but they had kept part of the original basement. So, this basement could be used for dances, and we had a ping pong table down there. We had parties there New Year's Eve and various other times. It was a wonderful place for New Year's Eve parties.

We had a little old lady who worked for us, Mrs. Melling. She was a character, about four feet ten inches high. She never walked, she scuttled. You know Edith Bunker from "All in the Family?" She always runs a little, trots a little. Well, Mrs. Melling trotted like that. She trotted around.

We had a gardener named Matt Clarke. Then, we had a cleaning woman, a daily, Edna. We were all good friends, and we all drank tea!

The American consulate was closed this year, very sadly, after 186 years. It was one of the oldest that we had anywhere in the world. I wish they had kept it open.

The most famous American who has ever been in Liverpool was Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was consul in Liverpool during the presidency of Franklin Pierce. He wrote some sort of a campaign manual for Pierce. So, when Pierce was elected Hawthorne was given the choice of going as minister to Lisbon or as consul to Liverpool.

In those days the consul's salary came from his consular fees, shipping and this kind of thing. He could make more money, I think, in Liverpool than he could having a salary in Lisbon.

So, Hawthorne chose Liverpool and he lived there four years. He wrote a book about it called Our Old Home. After four years, Hawthorne apparently had made enough money to retire. So, he went off to Italy to live and wrote the Marble Fawn.

This house that we lived in in Liverpool was called Whinlatter. Well, I did not like this name. It sounded to me like a horse. [Laughter] Doesn't it? Whinlatter, whinny, Whinlatter. So, after I had been there a while, I began to think, "Why don't we change the name to Hawthorne House, because Hawthorne is a famous, famous American, one of the great writers?"

C. Service: So, I asked around to see if any of the neighbors would care, if Whinlatter had some significance. Nobody knew what it meant. It had no significance. It hadn't been used on that house forever, or rather that site. We asked the embassy in London if we could change the name. The embassy didn't care.

So, we changed the name to Hawthorne House, and it was called Hawthorne House from then on until now-- It's up for sale since the Americans have moved out of Liverpool. Maybe the people who buy it will keep the name. Maybe they won't.

But I felt very pleased. I had a creative thought, let's say. [Laughter] I don't have many.

Light Consular Duties

C. Service: I'll try to make this very short now. Our life in Liverpool was happy. There were very few things we had to do. Very few Americans came. No congressional people came roaring through Liverpool. People who did come, came because they wanted to see us.

A few strangers came through. Liberace came once and gave a concert. Once in a while somebody else would turn up. I'm trying to think who else. Well, I can't.

Our friends therefore were English. There were a few American women married to Englishmen, and of course we knew them well. There were one or two other American couples. It was a four man office. Jack was in charge, but they never made him consul-general. The State Department never would put it up to the Senate. So, Jack was in charge as consul. Then, Henry and Betty Nichol who became dear friends; I would not have loved Liverpool so much without Betty Nichol. She was marvelous. One of the vice-consuls was Mary Willis MacKenzie. We, too, became very good friends. Mary Willis later, after she retired, married retired Ambassador Wilson Flake. And we became good friends with many of the English staff.

Liverpool's quite a gay place; people give lots of parties. They give cocktail parties. The British love to dance. Every winter the Lord Mayor gave a ball. There were about thirty-nine consulates in Liverpool, a fair-sized consular corps. The consuls gave a ball every year too and invited the Lord Mayor and various functionaries.

Levenson: Did you have many official duties?

C. Service: Practically none because there was no reason to be official. Official duties usually come if you've got a large American community or a lot of people coming through. But, we all entertained each other and that was it. It didn't matter what I did. I explored Liverpool and I went antiquing and to museums. And I became great friends with the owner of a pawn shop, Mr. Browner, who would save any Georgian spoons he got for me.

Philip went to the local public school, Liverpool College. He did well there. He got a history prize one year.

Levenson: Great.

C. Service: The official things were more for men only. I don't recall that we did anything on the Fourth of July. Jack had a party at the consulate and the men came to it, which was fine.

We were able to go to Scotland. We didn't travel very much, but every so often Jack could have leave. We went to France for several weeks and to Zurich to see Mr. Wells. I had never been to Europe before.

Levenson: You did once. You were in Rome.

C. Service: Rome, I had been in Rome. Right. You are right. [Laughter] I had been in Rome.

We're both very, very keen on cathedrals, romanesque ones particularly, so we went to Durham which is a magnificent romanesque cathedral. And St. Albans--that's another romanesque cathedral, marvelous. Ely is wonderful; it's early English however. Winchester is marvelous. I like it better than Salisbury.

For me being in England--I began to reread all the English novels, the 19th century novels. I reread all of Jane Austen. I reread all of the Brontës. We went to Haworth, in Yorkshire, where they lived. I reread all of Thomas Hardy. I didn't read so much of Dickens. I read him much more, later. I had read most of these books before, but now everything became so meaningful. Anyway, the books are marvelous. George Eliot, all of them, you get so much more out of them when you're older. I did not "discover" Trollope till I lived in Berkeley.

One thing that interested me is that very few of my English friends had read any of these books. This did interest me. The people we knew best in Liverpool must have been upper middle class? We didn't know any aristocracy.

There were two local deities who lived near Liverpool, Lord Derby and Lord Sefton. These people were like, yes, like deities. They floated in the air above the city. They had their

C. Service: names in the papers as being the honorary something or other of a committee. But, you never saw them. There was an ambience around their names. I did meet Lady Sefton once. She happened to be American. The Derbys--I finally did meet Lord Derby. But, they really weren't part of Liverpool.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

C. Service: People mentioned their names in bated breath. At Christmas time we always got two pheasants from the Seftons.

Levenson: Oh, lovely.

C. Service: Apparently they believed in-- They had always sent two pheasants or two somethings to the American consul. But, I felt a little bit put down by this because I thought, "Well, why do we get two pheasants but I never meet the Seftons?" I felt really a bit [laughter] like a tenant. They sent the pheasants at Christmas or New Year's. I didn't know what to do with these blasted birds. They came with all their feathers on. I finally took them to the butcher, and I said, "You do something with them." I think that one year we ate them. Another we didn't. I'm not very fond of game.

But, it was a nuisance because I had to write a nice note to Lord Sefton. It was ridiculous, wasn't it, sending two pheasants around? I'm sure Lord Sefton didn't know it. I'm sure back in the 19th century somebody had started this, and there was a list and they sent two pheasants around to the people on the list. And the American consul was on the list.

To go back to why I started this. I did not know a single Englishwoman who had a university education. Now, this really fascinated me. Now, remember they were my age, in their fifties. Maybe a few were younger. Some were younger in their forties. Some were older.

A few of the daughters were going to University. Most of them left school at seventeen, eighteen, and that was it. They went on to jobs and eventually they got married. The people my age had never thought, of course, of going to University. There weren't enough places.

Levenson: That's true.

C. Service: This I understood, of course, but I also realized that most Englishwomen that I met were not terribly well educated.

Levenson: That's also true.

C. Service: This was a surprise to me. I think they were probably fairly well grounded in languages, but English literature, my dear, they did not--at least the ones I knew--did not seem to have read most of these books. Now, I can hardly believe that yet. They did not know much English history either. Well, this interested me; it is just a little aside that had nothing to do with friendship or knowing people. But, it's something I found out after I'd been there a while. Perhaps if we had lived in some other place, I would have met more of a University oriented group. Cambridge, Oxford, of course I would have, but not in Liverpool.

Virginia's Marriage and Bob's Career

C. Service: We arrived in Liverpool in the fall of 1959. The next spring our daughter Virginia wrote us a letter and said she was to be married to Garth McCormick, Garth Philip McCormick.

So, Ginny came in July, and Garth came about a week before the wedding. They were married August 20, in Liverpool in a little Unitarian chapel called the Ancient Chapel of Toxteth which had been founded in 1619 as a Presbyterian chapel, I believe, and the reception was at Hawthorne House. It was a beautiful day. Ginny and Garth have three daughters and a son.

That spring Bob passed the Foreign Service exams, much to our joy and happiness. He was accepted in the Foreign Service, but he asked for a six months leave because he was going to do six months in the army. He did six months in the army and then in January, 1961, he joined the Foreign Service. And he is still in the Foreign Service.

In 1967 he and Karol (spelled with a K) Christine Kleiner were married. She had worked for the Department of Labor. They have a daughter and a son.

Levenson: I know that Jack Kahn when he was doing research for The China Hands had talked to your son Bob. Were you aware at the time that he wanted to join the Foreign Service to vindicate his father's name?

C. Service: No, we had never read that before. I don't think-- I spoke to Karol about that, and she said, "Well, that isn't quite what Bob said." [Chuckle] I think he always wanted to join the Foreign Service. I think he was very happy to vindicate his father's name, but I do not think that that was solely or even the main reason. I hope Bob joined the Foreign Service because that was what he wanted to do. We've never mentioned this to Bob, but Karol said Bob wasn't quoted quite accurately on that one.

Levenson: Sure.

No Promotion for Jack

C. Service: Several promotion lists had come and gone since Jack had gotten back in the Foreign Service. He got back in 1957. By the year 1962 Jack realized he was never going to be promoted again.

We had leave in 1961, and I came home early with Philip so that he could learn to drive a car. By this time he was sixteen. Then, Philip went back to school in Liverpool, and Jack came home. I had about a month with Jack in Washington, and then I went back to Liverpool. Jack didn't come back till December, 1961.

He had talked with Ed Rhetts. He had talked with lawyers. He had talked with people at the State Department, and they had given him the feeling that he could stay on in Liverpool forever, but they would never really give him a good post and he would never be promoted again, although this was up to the promotion boards, but they felt that he would not be promoted.

Levenson: What was he, a class II officer at that time?

C. Service: Yes. He had been made class II in New Zealand, you see, way back in 19--oh my, I'm trying to think--1948.

Levenson: Forty-eight, yes.

C. Service: So, here you see thirteen years had gone by without a promotion. Also, although the Supreme Court decision stated that Jack had never been out of the Foreign Service-- And presumably this meant that Jack should have had a promotion. But it didn't happen. Nobody was going to do anything. Nobody was going to bother Jack, but if his name had been put up for promotion it would probably have created a commotion.

When Jack came back he said he was going to retire. He could get a pension then from the State Department, and the Sarco stock had been sold which would give us a financial cushion even after all taxes, lawyers' fees, and debts were paid. It was a gift from heaven, or rather I should say it was from Mr. Wells. Because of Jack's being hired by Mr. Wells. We owe him a great debt of gratitude.*

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*See Appendix 5 for a summary accounting.

Early Retirement

C. Service: In April, 1962, Jack handed in his resignation, or rather he applied for retirement. So, we retired on May 31, 1962. We were in London at the time. We had gone up for some reason to London. We had cocktails with some people we hardly knew. It was very strange. Just suddenly that was it. But, having been out of the Foreign Service once before, it was not so difficult the second time around.

I would like to say here too, although I adored the Foreign Service and I think it was a wonderful life, when we were reinstated and went back in a lot of the fervor I had had was gone. You asked me if there were a lot of official things in Liverpool. No, there weren't. But, even if there had been, I wouldn't have felt it quite so incumbent on me to do so much anymore. I'd been a very good Foreign Service wife, I think, right up to the day Jack was fired. But, I could now stand back and look at it with not a jaundiced look, but with more of a clear-eyed look than I had before.

After we retired Philip was still in school. And the embassy in London was very considerate. They just said, "Stay in the house until you leave." We did and we paid the servants ourselves. That was all there was to it.

Jack and I, though, we went off on a trip, a five weeks' trip [laughter] including a two weeks' Mediterranean cruise starting at Venice and going through the Greek Isles.

Levenson: Great.

C. Service: Yes--wonderful. When we got back to Liverpool Philip was through school. We packed up and we left England, I weeping so many tears. We sailed down the Mersey River, saying goodbye to so many people that we really hated to leave, and I was weeping, weeping, weeping. I felt sad. I felt sad for many reasons. We'd been very happy in Liverpool. I thought, "Oh dear, this life--" We were fifty-two years old. We'd had a rather checkered career, hadn't we?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: We came back home. We saw our children in Washington, Ginny and Garth. We were grandparents by then. Jessica McCormick was born on June 3, 1961. We'd already seen her the year before. She was now a year and a half, and Ginny was about to have another baby, who turned out to be another girl, Rachel. Caroline is the third girl, and then John. And Bob's and Karol's children are Jennifer and John. Both of the boys are named for Jack.

C. Service: We came back to Berkeley where we've been ever since. Jack decided he'd get an MA, which he did, in political science. My mother in her mid-eighties lived here, and my sister Katherine and her husband lived here. This was a natural place for us to come. Jack's family came from around here.

Philip came back with us to Berkeley, of course, and graduated from Berkeley High School. Then, he went to Pomona. He was married to a classmate, Jolayne Williams. They then went to Chapel Hill, [North Carolina], and both of them got masters degrees. Unfortunately the marriage broke up. They had no children.

I have not mentioned Jack's brother Bob and his family. They lived in Chester, California. Bob was killed in a forestry accident in 1964. He, his wife Esta, and son Rob, always were our strong supporters, and Esta and we have grown closer during these Berkeley years.

The great event in our lives in these later years was going back to China in 1971, but that I'll do next time. I think we can finish things up next time.

Levenson: That sounds like a good place to stop today.

C. Service: Yes, because that is-- Well, it's unbe-- [Chuckle] The circle really had gone round, to go back.

[end tape 1, side 2]

The Service Family, January, 1973 - Left to right: (top row) Garth McCormick, Jack Service, Bob Service, Philip Service; (middle row) Virginia Service McCormick, Caroline Service, Jessica McCormick, Karol Kleiner Service; (bottom row) Callie (Caroline) McCormick, Jennifer Service, Rachel McCormick, John Service.

John McCormick, 1976

Guide Wu Shih-liang and Caroline outside Peace Hotel, Peking,1975

Ma Hai-teh's Courtyard, Peking, June 25, 1975 left to right: Dr. Hans Muller, Dr. Wu, Sol Adler, Jack & Caroline, and George Hatem.

Jack & Caroline Service, Fall, 1969 - 40 years after first date

XI BERKELEY, JACK'S THIRD CAREER, AND TWO TRIPS TO CHINA, 1962-1977

[Interview 9: December 7, 1976]
[begin tape 1, side 1]

Jack Gets an MA in Political Science, and a Job at the Center for Chinese Studies

C. Service: We bought a house with some of the Sarco money, this one.

Levenson: I love it.

C. Service: It's made our life very comfortable.

Jack was a student at the University of California for two years, and he got an MA in political science, at which point he thought maybe he should go on and get a Ph.D. (He had to take a lot of undergraduate courses because he'd been an economics major in college.) But, he didn't really want to, if the truth must be known, because it meant more years of grind. Let's see, by this time Jack was fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five. [1964]

Levenson: What he told me at the time was that he wanted to spend some time with his wife. [Laughter]

C. Service: That's lovely. I think his wife said, "Look, you've got to spend some time with me," as husbands and wives do say these things. [Laughter] I was very glad when Jack decided not to work for a Ph.D.

He decided not to do it mainly though--sweet as he was to say this about his wife--because he found he could get a job at the Center for Chinese Studies. He came home very happy one day, and he said, "I think I'm going to get a job there working in the library and this will be fine. This is just what I would like to do because it would take me back into my field." It suited us both. It was lovely for both of us. So, he did get the job.

C. Service: He was just very, very happy. It put Jack back into his field of Chinese. It brought him into contact with all sorts of people who are interested in China.

Jack stood on his own merits, because he himself is a China scholar. He began to feel his world was opening up again. I think we both did. People wanted to talk with him. They wanted to know what he thought, what he knew, although he didn't know too much about recent events. Of course, we never dreamed we would ever go back to China. Nobody did. Nobody thought in those terms.

Levenson: Let's just put a date on this. We are now talking about 1964?

C. Service: That's right. Actually, he started at the center in the fall of '64, I think. From then on, he did do the library part, but then he began to do other things. Finally, the center gave him the title of specialist. What does that mean? Who knows? But, it was an official title which covered whatever Jack did, and he did a lot of things there at the library and at the center. He began to do a lot of editing. He began to read manuscripts for people. He began to do all sorts of things.

Amerasia Again

C. Service: Then, the center began to put out a series of monographs. Finally, Jack did his own monograph called The Amerasia Papers: Some Problems in the History of U.S.-China Relations [Number 7, May 1971, University of California, Berkeley]. He wrote this because the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee came out with a perfectly horrible volume rehashing everything again, full of wrong facts, absolutely wrong facts.* So, Jack finally decided the time had come for him to tell his story.

Levenson: As I recall, he was able for the first time to get access to his own files.

C. Service: Yes, he was. He was able to do that, and he got those, a lot of them. So, he could disprove things by showing chapter and verse, that what they were saying was for the most part wrong and was propaganda. Of course, it was old stuff that they had been sitting on for, how many years?

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*Dr. Anthony Kubek, editor. The Amerasia Papers: A Clue to the Catastrophe of China, two volumes, 1970.

Levenson: Over twenty years.

C. Service: Yes, right. They decided suddenly to publish it for no real reason. I think it had something to do with the fact that people were beginning to talk in terms of maybe opening relations with mainland China. I really think that that was it. This was in 1970 before, long before Nixon went to China, but perhaps there were rumblings in Washington that something was going to happen. These people wanted to do everything they could to stop it. Who, who? When I say "these people," I do not know exactly who. Sourwine? People like Kubek? The China Lobby?--still far from dead.

Ping Pong Diplomacy

C. Service: But, in 1971--that was the year of ping pong.

Levenson: Ping pong diplomacy.

C. Service: Ping pong diplomacy. We were all electrified one day--was it April or May; April I think; sometime in the spring--by seeing on television, reading in the paper, seeing pictures that the American ping pong team was going to Peking. It really--it was an electrifying thing. We couldn't believe it.

We had known that Edgar Snow and Lois were in China that year because we had had a post card from them from Yenan, and it was really like getting a missive from the moon. We did not know that people could go to Yenan. We did not know that people could get mail from Yenan. This came in February, I think, of 1971. I remember Jack took it to the office and showed it around. Here was [chuckle] a post card from Yenan. Could anybody believe it? Yes it was from Edgar and Lois Snow.

We went to Alaska that summer. We went to Alaska all of June. So, ping pong had to be before that. Then, when we came back I went east to Washington for two weeks to see Ginny. Then, I'd no sooner got back from that, than my brother-in-law in Seattle died. So, I went up to be with my oldest sister, Gertrude Hausman.

Then, when I got back from that, the end of July, Bob and Karol and their two children were coming home from Mexico. They were being transferred to Washington.

Sometime before Bob and Karol arrived on August 15, Jack came home from the office one day and said, "We've been invited to China!" I said, "Jack, what do you mean, we've been invited

C. Service: to China?" He said, "Well, the New York Times called up and said, 'You are going to be in [James] Reston's column tomorrow,'" and that Reston had asked Chou En-lai, at a dinner, what about the people who'd been so badly hurt during the McCarthy era and could any of them come back to China? I don't know exactly how the question was couched.

Chou's reply was, "Yes, they would be very welcome to come back to China." He named four names. The four were John Carter Vincent, John Fairbank, Jack, and Owen Lattimore, and that they would be welcome to return to China.

So, when Jack said that to me I said, "That's not an invitation. That simply says you'd be welcome to come back." Let me go back a minute. In July, Kissinger turned up in Peking, like the genie from the bottle. It was announced that Nixon would be going to China.

Of course, this was even more electrifying than the ping pong team. Well, this was the most stunning thing that could happen. Now, I have hardly a good word to say for Nixon. I have disliked him intensely forever, it seems to me, since ever he appeared on the political scene. Yet, I suppose that only a Republican conservative, reactionary almost, president could have done this. I do not think a Democrat could have done it. I think it had to be done. It should have been done long since.

So, Nixon did do it through Kissinger. This was, of course, why Reston was in China, and one or two other people were beginning to go.

When Jack came home and said this, he also said, "I'm going to write to Canada [to the Chinese embassy] and see if we can go to China." I said, "Jack, you can't go before the president of the United States goes." He said, "Why not? Other people are going." I said, "Of course, that's true. There's no reason why you can't. But, if you go, I'm going. You're not going to go off to China by yourself! I would just have a fit." (Jack may have been saying "I" rather than "we." I am not sure.)

Levenson: [Chuckle] Good for you.

C. Service: Anyway, he wrote to Huang Hua in Canada and asked if we could go. He quoted this, you know, the fact that Chou En-lai had made this statement that he would be welcome and that he would like to bring his wife with him.

We did not hear for three weeks. So, I assume the letter went to Peking or it certainly was discussed with Peking. I have a letter here, a note. I wrote to Lisa on Monday a.m. September 13,

C. Service: 1971. I say,

> *I didn't get my letter mailed, so I'll add this. Jack just phoned to say that we've been granted a one month's visa to visit China starting the end of this month. Miraculous! We will try to leave here by the 25th. Impossible to believe. Jack is perhaps going to Ottawa to get the visas probably late this week. He was going to phone Ottawa this morning, so I will know more this evening. He had a personal letter from Huang Hua. Jack said to tell you and Marshall, but we will say nothing to others until some details are more definite. Hope we will see the Osbornes in Hong Kong. Any suggestions for Hong Kong? Please phone me by the end of the week if you care to.*

We did get the visas. I couldn't believe it. I really-- If somebody had told me earlier that I was going to China in 1971 I would have said, "Impossible." We never could have believed that such a thing would happen.

To China, September 23, 1971

C. Service: But, on September 23, we left. I have the letter I wrote, which I wrote for Christmas about our trip, but I'm going to talk about it now.* We left on September 23, and we arrived in Peking fifty-six hours later.

I had left Peking in September of 1937, and I had left China in November, 1940. So, this was thirty-one years later for me and twenty-six years later for Jack.

Even now I can hardly express the changes. I had left a country which was being ravaged by the Japanese war. I had left a country that was disintegrating. Now, it had been disintegrating for a long, long time. But I was not very much aware of this. I did know things were terrible. People did have an awful time in China. These are generalizations, but people did starve in the hundreds of thousands.

In order for the Chinese to live they had almost to do somebody else down. People were eating off of each other. It was really sort of a tooth and claw existence for the vast majority of Chinese people. There were wealthy people at the top, yes. There were people who did not base their lives on this

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*See Appendix 6.

C. Service: kind of an economic system. But, in order to survive in China at the lower levels they almost inevitably had to do it at someone else's expense.

There was almost no way, except through the family system, that people could survive in China. There were no charitable organizations, except a few foreign ones like the China Famine Relief. There was nothing that could help a person who was down and out. He was down and out. Maybe he would starve a little, beg a little, take to the streets a little. Even to be a rickshaw man he had to have somebody who would set him up with a rickshaw. There was just no way for many people to survive. I can't emphasize this enough.

When we arrived in Peking in 1971 we were met by two companions who stayed with us the whole six and a half weeks: Mr. Lao T'ang* and Miss Hsiao Meng.** Mr. T'ang was about forty-six or forty-seven. Lao T'ang we called him, after a bit. Of course, he knew the old China. Hsiao Meng, as we called her, little Meng, was only thirty or thirty-one. She had been born at the end of the war, and she knew nothing about the old China except what she had heard.

We were taken from the airport to the Peking Hotel where we had gone dancing in the old days in Peking but where we had never stayed. It was done up in the Chinese interior decoration style, which leaves much to be desired. The one art form they do not understand is interior decoration, the Chinese. They just put things against the wall, put out big rugs, which are fine, a few pictures on the wall, a few spittoons and that is about it. We had a very comfortable room on the third floor, looking right out on the Chang An Chieh the great big wide street running east and west from T'ien An Men square.

The people were very well dressed. On this first trip in 1971, there were a few pedicabs, usually run by old rickshaw men for old people or sick people. When we returned to Peking in '75, there were no pedicabs at all. There was very good public transportation. There were millions of bicycles. And there were taxis.

People were not all dressed in blue. They dressed in grays, in browns, and various darkish colors, dark green and so on. The children were very brightly dressed. Everybody looked well-fed. Without exception, no place in China did I see people who looked as though they were starving or as though they did not have enough to eat.

Now, I am not talking in any way, in a political sense. I am not talking about the toll this probably took when the Communists finally took over and had to organize people. Many people did lose

* T'ang Hsing-po
** Meng Hsien-ying

C. Service: their lives in some of the early periods. The Cultural Revolution was a traumatic experience. But, I do not think that vast millions of people were killed or died. This I simply do not believe, and I hope someday to see figures which will bear me out on this.

Levenson: I'd like to know about that too because the teaching in the public schools says something like 800,000 people were killed in the early days and I doubt this.

C. Service: I got that figure too out of the World Almanac. Now, 800,000 is terrible. But, nevertheless, you used to lose that many in a famine, easily.

Levenson: More.

C. Service: More. This happened over and over and over again. It does not happen over again now in China.

Old Friends

C. Service: One of the interesting things about going back to China was seeing old friends, foreign friends. Now, we did not see any Chinese old friends because we didn't have any Chinese old friends. In fact, it made me realize that I had really not had any Chinese friends. We had lived as foreigners in China. The few Chinese we knew well in Shanghai were really foreign-type Chinese. They were born in China surely. But, they were educated abroad, they were mostly Christians, they were very westernized Chinese, and they had all left China. So, there was nobody like this left.

Jack had some old friends from Yenan days. That is true. He saw some of them, a few, not all. He would have liked to see Chu Teh. He mentioned that, but he did not see Chu Teh, maybe because Chu Teh was not well. He was very old. He didn't die though till this year. But, he saw several other people whom he'd known in Yenan.

But, the people we did see-- We saw Sol Adler whom Jack had known in Chungking, and whom I had met in Washington--him and his second wife, Pat. His first wife had died. Pat is a Welsh woman. We saw the [George] Hatems. Now, Jack had known George Hatem in Yenan and his very beautiful Chinese wife Su-fei. And Rewi Alley who's a New Zealander.

Then, there were several other foreigners in Peking whom Jack had known in Yenan. Well, here they still were. They had lived in China all these years. Sol Adler had returned to China

C. Service: in the 60's. They looked simply great! They were all flourishing. [Chuckle] We all had had the feeling something terrible might have happened to them. Where were they? What did they do? They looked just like the rest of us and there they were! [Laughter] It was really an old home kind of week for us.

Levenson: Were there any tensions--any tensions of any sort?

C. Service: No, none at all. The only person I had known before was Sol. I hadn't known the others. I didn't feel any tensions at all.

In Peking--we never have yet discovered if there is a telephone book in Peking. But, everybody has his little book of telephone numbers. You can call up anybody and it is direct dial. We could dial right out of our hotel room and get people. This was astonishing to me. I didn't really expect something like this. I didn't expect so much modern life in China. I don't know why. I suppose because when we lived there if you wanted to telephone you got the boy to call the number and he got the place and you went through a big rigamarole. No more; you do it yourself if you've got the number and know the person. We really had just a fine time with these old friends. I soon felt they were my old friends too.

October 1 Banquet and Chou En-lai's Reception

C. Service: We stayed in Peking-- We were there for the October 1 celebrations. They asked all the foreigners in the place, the people who lived there permanently and the visitors, to a big banquet. They had two big banquets that year, one on October 1, and one on September 30, I think. We were invited to the one on October 1.

We were in the big grand hall, in the Great Hall of the People, in the room that holds five thousand people, the one you always see on TV when heads of state visit. Chou En-lai came--we saw him at a distance; we did not meet him that night--and lots of Chinese officials, some that Jack had known before. We sat at a table with foreigners and with our interpreters.

> Entry in a travel book for October 1, 1971:
> Evening. State Reception at the Great Hall of the People, the second of two. This one mainly attended by non-communist groups of foreigners and foreign Peking residents (not diplomats). Chou En-lai and Chiang Ch'ing (Mao's wife) were the ranking people present. The dinner reception began at 7:00 p.m., ended

C. Service: at 8:30. Back at hotel by 9. We sat at same table with a Prof. and Mme. Freymond (Swiss) & Prof. Michele Loi (French).

This was the first time I'd ever consciously heard "The Internationale" played. The music is beautiful. The orchestra played some foreign music as well.

We knew that we were going to Sian and we knew that we were going to Yenan, but we didn't know quite when we were to leave Peking. One thing you have to get used to in China, you never know until almost the moment it happens just when you will do something. If you're going to be invited to dinner you're not invited until that day. Although you may hear you're going to be invited, you're never sure because the people who run things are apparently so busy that they hardly know themselves whether they're going to be able to see you. So, everything has a kind of last moment atmosphere about it. But, on October 4th, in the afternoon, we were told to stay in our rooms, that we were going to get a call.

Well, I must tell you that one of the foreigners in Peking at that time was Jack Belden. Now, Jack Belden wrote a marvelous book about China, a classic called China Shakes the World [1949].

He had been invited back and he was in the hotel. Jack Belden was not well. He was coughing, coughing, coughing. He was going to be taken to Inner Mongolia to see things there because he wanted to go, I guess, or they offered him the chance.

So, he was sort of sitting around. He was down on the second floor right under us. Jack had known him very well in Chungking. We became very friendly and often ate our meals together in the hotel.

Jack Belden was not happy in China. I don't know why. He was most unhappy. Whether because he couldn't do what he wanted or what. He had traveled any place he wanted before, and this you cannot do in China today.

When this information came that we were to stay in our rooms, Jack Belden called up from downstairs and said, "Is this house arrest?"

Levenson: Oh my!

C. Service: He said, 'I've been told not to leave." I said, "Well, we have too, but it's nothing like that. We're just going to be invited to something." Jack Belden was very unhappy during this period.

C. Service: Ma Hai-teh who is George Hatem had invited us to dinner that evening. So, we said, "We better call up Ma Hai-teh and tell him we can't come to dinner. We have to stay here in the hotel." So, we called up Ma Hai-teh and he said, "Oh, that's all right. You come on out here because we also are staying around waiting for a phone call. They'll phone us here. If they can phone you at the hotel they can also phone you at our house." At 8:00 o'clock they called and said nothing was going to happen. So, we stayed on at Ma Hai-teh's for a while.

This was Monday. Well, the next day the same thing. "Stay around in your room. Don't go out. Stay around where we can get in touch with you." I think we did go someplace in the morning because we knew we wouldn't be told to do anything in the morning.

The second night we stayed in the hotel. We ate dinner very early. We were told, "Eat dinner early." Our companions really did feel something was going to happen. At 8:00 o'clock a phone call came to the hotel saying, "Come to the Great Hall of the People." We were going to be received by Chou En-lai. This was Tuesday, October 5.

So, off we went to the Great Hall of the People. Chou was standing at the head of a long stairway receiving people. There must have been about sixty Americans there and a few others.

Levenson: Gracious, that many?

C. Service: Yes. Well, Americans who were visiting, Americans who lived there. There were also people like Rewi Alley, who is a New Zealander, and a few other foreigners who lived there. Among the visiting Americans were Dr. Samuel Rosen and his wife. He's a famous ear specialist from New York and he had been in China traveling around, looking at their ear operations and and showing them his. He and his wife and Dr. and Mrs. Victor Sidel were brought back from Shanghai for the reception. Huey Newton was there--he and some of his people.

Levenson: Black Panthers.

C. Service: Yes, Black Panthers I suppose--two or three perhaps. Endless Hintons were there.

Levenson: Hintons?

C. Service: The Hintons are a famous family in China and elsewhere. I believe they started the Putney School in Vermont.

Levenson: Oh, yes.

C. Service: Mrs. Hinton, Sr.--her granddaughter is named for her--Carmelita. Mrs. Carmelita Hinton was there. She had come out with a group of young people, and they were going off to a commune.

Her son, Bill Hinton, had come back with his black wife and three children. His first wife had stayed in Peking with their daughter Carmelita, a beautiful blonde girl. His beautiful black wife was also there. I mean he had two wives--his ex-wife and his beautiful black wife, his present wife, and three darling kids, and his daughter, Carmelita, who had grown up, who had stayed in China with her mother when the Hinton marriage had broken up. They were all, except the three young children, at this meeting.

Bill Hinton has written a classic book on China called Fanshen [1967]. He had come back to return to the village where he had done this study.

Levenson: Oh, yes. I remember that.

[end tape 1, side 1; begin tape 1, side 2]

Levenson: You said Bill Hinton has two sisters.

C. Service: Hinton has two sisters. One had stayed on in China with her husband, the Engsts. And they live on a commune. His other sister was visiting out there; whether she was there at that time--I'm not sure.

Anyway, the Hintons are a remarkable family. They know a great deal about China. They have many contacts in China. They are persona grata always in China. They were there.

There were lots of other people at this reception, people we didn't know. There must have been sixty people. Chou talked from about 8:00 o'clock--well, after he met us all--about 8:30 p.m. till about 10:30 p.m. We all sat in a big circle. He sat in a chair with Grace and Manny Granich beside him. They had been friends of his in the Shanghai days, when the Graniches had edited a paper in Shanghai. They sat next to Chou En-lai in the seats of honor.

He talked and talked--Chou did--telling us various things about China's feelings about the rest of the world, relationship with the West; with Russia, which was not good of course, and that they were not going to make friends with Russia again, at least not then.

Then, Chou kept looking at his watch. Finally, he said, "Right at this time--" He looked at his watch and he said, "At this very moment it is being announced simultaneously in Washington

C. Service: and in Peking that Secretary Kissinger is coming to China again towards the end of this month." So, Kissinger was coming on his second trip! After that the meeting broke up.

Jack had not seen Chou En-lai, of course, since the Yenan days [1944-1945]. When we had gone into this meeting he and Chou had had quite a long conversation. Several times during the evening--which was mostly Chou talking; in fact, it was that--he had looked at Jack, referred to him, spoken to him, and said, "When Mr. Service was in Yenan," and this, that, and the other. He had been very, very cordial to Jack.

We thought, "Well, this may be the only meeting that we're going to have." We had hoped-- Of course, Jack had hoped that he would see Chairman Mao. This never happened. He did hope, too, to see Chou again. But, nobody ever tells you. We didn't know.

Travels in Sian and Yenan

C. Service: Well, two days after this meeting, on October 7, we started off on our trip to Yenan, Sian, Chengtu and so on, and I won't say much about it except that we flew always in little Russian planes, Ilyushin-14's usually.

From Sian to Yenan we rode in a very small plane, also Russian. You go into Yenan through a narrow rift in the hills, and you put down on a little, tiny airstrip. Well, it's not so tiny, but it looks tiny.

Levenson: Frightening?

C. Service: Well, I'm always somewhat frightened in an airplane, but I'm no more frightened in this kind of an airplane than I am in a great big one. No, the closer I am to the ground the better I like it. Jack says this is ridiculous. [Laughter]

Levenson: Yes, I agree with Jack, if you'll excuse me!

C. Service: It is ridiculous. It's all simply psychological. I don't like to be way up in the air, and the closer I get to the ground the happier I am. Isn't that stupid! I'm always happy going down, but I'm always frightened going up, which makes no sense. It isn't logical. But, so I didn't mind it too much.

Always on a Chinese airplane you are given candy when you take off and land, you know, the old fashioned way. There was usually music piped in. In fact there always was, except on these trips back and forth to Yenan when the little stewardess sang us songs to give us some amusement.

Levenson: How nice.

C. Service: Wasn't that sweet?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: The stewardesses served tea. They also came around and wanted to know if we wanted pills. I said, "What's the pill for?" to Hsiao Meng. She said, "Well--" She took one. She said, "It makes you feel better." I don't know whether they were for sickness, or whether tranquilizers. I didn't take one. I did once just to see, but it made no difference. Maybe the pills had nothing in them.

When we got to Chengtu, a cold I'd been harboring became severe. One thing foreigners have in China now is bronchial problems. They get bronchitis; some people get pneumonia; some get colds. I don't know why. It seems to be some germ, some bug, we're all susceptible to.

My cold became bronchitis and I did not go to Chungking. I was really too sick to go. I went to bed and stayed by myself, with Hsiao Meng, in Chengtu for about three days. A very nice woman doctor came, and she gave me antibiotics, tetracycline, and I just had a good rest.

It was lovely. I stayed in a big room in the hotel and read Edgar Snow's The Other Side of the River which Hsiao Meng had in English. I needed the rest. The meals were brought to the room, and there were movies put on at night. They were shown in the hotel and I could go to them; mostly documentaries about how to keep tomatoes from spoiling, and another one about the great commune, Ta Chai, and this kind of thing.

So, I was very well cared for. Every morning the responsible member of the revolutionary committee in the hotel, the local head of the Friendship Association, and the lady doctor would come in and look at me and ask me if there was anything I wanted, [chuckle] what could they do for me. We'd all talk about it for a minute, and the doctor would come back during the day. So, I had a very comfortable, pleasant time and really felt a lot better.

Kissinger Sees Jack

C. Service: We got back to Peking towards the end of October and Kissinger was in Peking. He had arrived with John Holdridge and Al Jenkins. They were State Department people. Holdridge, I believe, was

C. Service: in Kissinger's office in the White House. This was before Kissinger was secretary of state. We knew they were in Peking, but there was no reason why we should assume we were going to see them.

But, one day Jack was told that he was going to meet Kissinger that afternoon--I wasn't to go--that Kissinger wanted to see him. This I doubt. I imagine that the Chinese said Jack was there, and that they arranged the meeting.

So, a car came in the afternoon and Jack was taken around to meet Kissinger and the other two. I guess he was with them about forty-five minutes or so. You'll have to ask Jack what they talked about. I think that Kissinger was surprised that Jack had ever known Mao. I don't really know.

So, then Jack came back and I said, "Well, so how was that?" Jack said, "Oh, Kissinger said that when I get back that he'll call me up and get me down to San Clemente." Well, that never happened. I mean this was just a way of talking, and just as well it never happened. But, this was, of course, before Nixon had gone to China. So, I suppose the idea was maybe Jack would be able to brief Nixon on Mao. I'm not sure whether or not Kissinger had met Mao at this time.

Levenson: I don't remember.

Private Meeting with Chou En-lai

C. Service: It was decided that we would leave Peking, I think, on October 28. This was also the time when the vote was coming up in the UN on whether or not China was going to be admitted to the United Nations. Kissinger was in Peking just before that time. We were invited to have dinner with Ch'iao Kuan-hua who, right now, is out of things.

Levenson: Did you keep a diary while you were in China?

C. Service: No, I just kept a sort of daily journal. This is not a diary. But, on October 25, in the evening actually, we went to a formal dinner given by Ch'iao Kuan-hua. He was vice-minister of foreign affairs then. It was in an official residence in the old legation quarter.

The legation quarter, that's one place that was kind of a ghost city, the legation quarter. It's where many of the

C. Service: foreigners used to live, where most of the legations and embassies were. The old houses had been taken over. The Chinese used some for guest houses.

This is where the dinner was, in one of them. I knew I had been in that residence before. I think it was the old Austro-Hungarian embassy or Austrian embassy. I'm not sure, but it was some old residence that I had been in.

That was the night of October 25. We waited and we waited and we waited for dinner. I still think we were waiting for Chou En-lai to come. But Kissinger, who was supposed to leave that day, had not. He did not leave till the next. This was the night they were having the UN vote, the night the People's Republic of China was voted into the United Nations.

Anyway, finally we did eat dinner. There was somebody at the table--an extra person. The interpreters always eat at the table with you. They don't sit behind you. It's very nice. Whoever is at the party eats at the same table and it's lovely. But, there was one person, just sort of an extra, who didn't seem to have any connection. Jack said I probably was wrong, but I still think that the real reason the dinner was set up was because Chou was going to come to it and we were going to see him. The Adlers were the only other foreigners there, I think.

That was Monday. We were going to leave on October 28, Thursday. Tuesday nothing happened, although I thought something was going to happen. I don't know why. On October 27, well, we were going to leave the next day. Nothing was going to happen. That afternoon Jack was to go out to Pei Ta University and I said I did not want to go. We went out walking in the morning.

We walked a great deal by ourselves in Peking. We didn't have people with us all the time. When we had spare time and wanted to go out we went out. There was no compunction or feeling we had to stay in or ask somebody to go out.

In the afternoon Jack went off with Lao T'ang to the university. I wrote a lot of post cards, and then I went down and bought some stamps and mailed the cards. This was about 3:30, 4:00 in the afternoon. I decided I'd go out and take a little walk. It was very bright and sunny as it often is in Peking in the fall. But, after I'd walked to the corner I thought, "Oh goodness, Jack will be home soon. I guess I'll go back." I didn't feel like walking any further.

So, I went back to the hotel. As I came in the door there was our friend Lao Hu,* the man from the Friendship Association. He said, [excitedly] "Where have you been?" So, I-- [Chuckle]

*Hu Hung-fan

C. Service: I said, "Been? I've been out walking." He said, "Go change your clothes!" [laughter] He said, "Put on your dress. You're going to meet the premier."

I said, "What? Jack's not here." He said, "Jack's coming." I said, "But, he's gone out to Pei Ta University." He said, "No, we've telephoned. They're coming back." They'd telephoned-- They were always telephoning. It was simply the most amazing thing. I said, "But, does he know?" He said, "No."

Then, he said, "Put on your dress." I had one party dress. [Laughter] So, I rushed up to the room and changed my clothes.

Pretty soon Jack did come rushing in and he said, "What's up?" They hadn't told him yet. I said, "Don't you know? We're going to see the premier. We're going to see Chou En-lai." I said, "Put on your suit!" [Laughter] I said exactly what Lao Hu had said to me, "Put on your suit."

By that time somebody had come up to the room. Lao Hu had come up. Well, Lao Hu had come up and then Jack knew. So, we hustled into our clothes and we went off to the Great Hall of the People at 5:00 o'clock.

We had three long hours with Chou En-lai. The only people there were our interpreters, Lao T'ang and Hsiao Meng, and his interpreters. One was Nancy Tang who is the famous woman interpreter who was born in this country. The interpreters and a couple of people from the foreign office, that was it. There was tea. We all sat in chairs and we all had tea. We've got a picture of it somewhere.

It was mostly a monologue. I mean I think this was probably always true. But, Chou went through the whole field of foreign relationships again. It was just after the UN session when China had been voted into the United Nations. So, he was feeling good about that. He and Jack talked about that a bit. He talked about his feelings about Russia and about the world situation. I really cannot tell you any details because he talked in Chinese, of course. Jack spoke in English, but they understood each other very well without the interpreters. Chou, I think, knows a lot of English, did know a lot of English. Jack's Chinese is still pretty good.

The only question he posed directly to me was about birth control.

Levenson: What did he ask?

C. Service: He asked me about birth control in the United States, what we were doing. He must have known. It was just a question. But, I said, "Well, of course, we have all the methods. We're pushing it but not as hard as in China. It's more a personal choice in the United States." He said, "Well, here we have everything. We have all the birth control methods. We are very interested in birth control."

I saw recently, just in the last two or three weeks, that China has done better in lowering its birth rate than any other third world country.

Levenson: Extraordinary.

C. Service: Yes. They have made remarkable strides. When we were back this last time [1975], one day we went out of the hotel and there were little pink paper streamers pasted on the walls near the Peace Hotel in Peking--had just been pasted up. They all had Chinese characters. I said, "Jack, what do these say?" He said, "Practice birth control." They all say, "Practice birth control," or "Don't have too many children." It was some little neighborhood group that decided it would have a little--

Levenson: Drive.

C. Service: Yes, a little drive, just to keep reminding people that they should continue to practice birth control.

Anyway, Chou talked a little about birth control, but mostly his talk was a running commentary on his views of the world at that time.

He spent three hours with us--a man who was carrying the Chinese foreign and internal policies on his shoulders! I can understand why we didn't know till the last minute we were going to see him. Several times Jack made a motion to go, but Chou talked on. You can't just leap up. So, finally about 8:00 o'clock, why, Jack did say that he thought we'd taken up enough of his time and we should be going.

Levenson: Let me ask you some things, Caroline. When you came back from that first trip I heard that the talk with Chou En-lai was confidential.

C. Service: I don't know why.

Levenson: Were there things that Chou En-lai said that were sensitive at the time?

C. Service: Not to my knowledge.

Levenson: And are not now?

C. Service: No. I don't really think they were. I don't think he said anything that couldn't have been published. I think that mainly it was the idea of Jack's coming back and giving a long interview and saying everything Chou said, which Jack couldn't have done. Jack did take notes. But, it was that kind of thing. Many other people did have interviews with Chou too, so-- I think maybe this was Jack's method of protecting himself from being asked too much by people. As I recall there was nothing said that could not have been made public except you don't want to go shouting out of the room, "Oh boy, we had three hours with Chou En-lai, you see, and now we know a lot of things!" I think it was more that feeling.

Levenson: Was there any chat about the good old days in the caves of Yenan?

C. Service: They talked about some of the old friends. Chou asked about various Americans. He asked about Dave Barrett and he asked about Ray Ludden. He asked about various other people whom he had known. Yes, there was quite a lot of talk about that. It was nice.

We felt so lucky and so really--I hate to use words like privileged and that kind of word because--but that's what we were. Chou didn't have to do it. You know, we had seen him at this other meeting. This could have sufficed.

Well, it was in the paper the next day that we had seen him. The Chinese put that in. They take notes, shorthand notes, of everything. So, someplace in the Peking archives there must be notes of this meeting! It was in the paper the next day and we did leave the next night. At the train there were some foreign correspondents wanting to know what Chou had said to Jack and so on. Well, Jack said, "We just had a friendly talk." There was really nothing to say. Jack will remember more than I, of course, about this whole thing.

Levenson: Yes, I'll talk with Jack about it.

C. Service: Yes.

Levenson: Chou at that time was well and outstandingly handsome, wasn't he?

C. Service: Yes. Yes, he was. He was.

Levenson: One of the handsomest men in the world, I thought.

C. Service: He really was, and one of the most urbane, and considerate. Oh yes, when we were sitting there--this room had a thermostat in it--he noticed me pulling my coat around me or arranging my

C. Service: shawl or something. He immediately turned to one of the little girls that were in attendance and told her to turn up the thermostat. He was conscious of what was going on.

Also during this talk a little girl came in--when I say little girl, the attendants were all in their late teens or early twenties, but they looked like little girls with their pigtails and their cute little outfits--she came in with a pill for him, and she walked right up to him. She had a pill on a tray and a glass of water. She held it out and said something to him. He took the pill and he took the glass of water. Now, what the pill was for, who knows? But, she just marched in and marched out again. He stopped and he laughed. He sort of laughed and he looked at her and he took the pill.

Levenson: In my interview with Professor Y[uen] R[en] Chao,* I learned that Chou En-lai had wanted to be a student of Professor Chao's in 1920.

C. Service: Did he? I did not know that.

Levenson: But, at that time Professor Chao was interpreting for Bertrand Russell, and Chou En-lai went elsewhere. And I also learned that Chou was famous in small circles as a first class actress, Chou En-lai. He took female roles.

C. Service: Well, that's interesting!

Levenson: I have looked and looked at his face with those great eyebrows--

C. Service: Yes.

Levenson: --and the virility of it. But, I tried to peel the years off and look back to a delicate young student and I can't see it. But, apparently he was well known in student and university circles as an actress. [Laughter]

C. Service: That's interesting because except for the bushy eyebrows, of course, he has a very--what should I say--delicate face.

Levenson: But, isn't that a nice little footnote to history?

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*See interview with Yuen Ren Chao, Chinese Linguist, Phonologist, Musician, and Author, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 1977.

C. Service: I think that's lovely. I think that's lovely. He was an extremely gracious, charming person. He made us feel that he really wasn't in a hurry and he must have had a million things to do.

Levenson: That's amazing.

C. Service: This in itself is a sign of great sensitivity to other people. We did not see him when we went back in '75. He was very sick then, and you see he died in January, '76. He died about six months, seven months after we left Peking. He sent a message to us of greeting through Lao Hu of the Friendship Association. But, I do feel that I met one of the great statesmen, one of the great men, of this century, when I met him.

To Hong Kong via Shanghai, Hangchow, and Canton

C. Service: After we left Peking we went down-- The rest of the trip was rather an anticlimax as you can imagine. But, we traveled by train which we had wanted to do. We kept asking, "Can't we travel by train?" We wanted to see the countryside. So, we traveled by train to Nanking where neither of us had ever been--Jack may have been as a baby--and then to Shanghai where we had lived for two years in the thirties.

Although Shanghai looks the same, the old foreign buildings are all there, everything looks the same in that sense, but there are no foreigners. Shanghai used to be a foreign city. In Shanghai, we saw no foreigners except a few who stayed at the hotel. It was astonishing because it always had been really a foreign city.

Then, from there we spent two days, three days, at Hangchow. We had wanted to see a silk filature plant. We wanted to see how the cocoons are unwrapped and how the silk floss is taken off. So, they drove us way out in the country to see one of those places.

Jack went to a large hydroelectric plant pretty far from Hangchow. I didn't go that day. I decided to rest.

Sometimes I just said I wouldn't go because I was tired. I found that although our companions could plan anything, could plan our whole day for us, that if we said we wouldn't go we didn't have to go.

C. Service: We always had a long lunch hour. They wanted us to rest from 12:00 to 2:00 or to 2:30. We went out in the morning early, came back, had lunch, then perhaps a nap, the afternoon out, and then dinner. Then, in the evening they sometimes would have entertainment for us, but if we didn't want to do something we didn't have to do it, because it was pretty strenuous, the whole thing.

Well, then when we were leaving Hangchow--we were flying again; we were going to Changsha--we took a plane. On the plane was a man named Mr. Charlie Davis. We had met Mr. Charlie Davis, who was a Canadian, in Shanghai. He had been in the hotel and we had talked to each other and introduced ourselves. He was on the plane.

When we got to Nanch'ang--yes, N-a-n-c-h-'-a-n-g--where the plane was making a stop, the weather was so terrible we could not go any further because they were flying, so far as I know, just flying, without instruments. I was very glad to get on the ground, I can tell you. We came down through soup.

We stayed at Nanch'ang three hours. The plane had foreigners and a few Chinese; there were fourteen passengers, I think. They were all going to Canton except us. We were the only passengers bound for Changsha.

So, after much talking back and forth we were told by the people running the plane that if we insisted on going to Changsha they would hold the plane over for a day, and they would make all the passengers stay over. They'd put us all up in a hotel and they'd try to get into Changsha the next day.

Well, of course, at this point we said we would go on to Canton where we were going anyway and we would just forget about Changsha. The weather in Canton was fine, and so we flew off to Canton, and had two extra days there.

But, I want to say something about Mr. Charlie Davis. Now, first of all, when we were in Peking, when we were talking to George Hatem, he said that prostitution had practically been wiped out in China and also venereal disease. Also, schistosomiasis, you know the thing-- How do you pronounce that word, that liver fluke thing?

Levenson: I don't know but I know how to spell it!

C. Service: That had been practically eliminated too. They were working on that. But, I said, "George, do you really think they've done away with prostitution?" He said that for the most part he thought they had. I said, "Well, what did they do with the

C. Service: prostitutes?" He said, "Well, after the revolution these prostitutes--" Of course, there were thousands upon thousands; little girls who had been sold into slavery, been sold to people in Shanghai and other places. They were slaves. They were literally slaves, many of them.

The government had simply taken them, the prostitutes, out to the countryside, and rehabilitated them. Most of them did get married. They got married eventually and were simply absorbed into the community and the society. There was no feeling against them. That's what George Hatem said.

Mr. Charlie Davis and I at Nanch'ang airport--Jack was talking to somebody else--Mr. Davis and I set up a conversation. It turned out that he is a glove manufacturer. He had been coming to China for the past ten years. He had come all through the Cultural Revolution. He had brought his wife once. He'd had no problems. He was traveling alone. I said, "You don't have anybody with you?" He said he just went where he had to go and somebody, whoever was the business representative in that place, met him with a car and took care of him. But, he was used to traveling about China on his own, maybe only from Canton to Shanghai, Peking, whatever. I don't know.

Then, he said, "Were you in China before the war?" I said, "Yes, we were." He said, "Well, tell me, is it true there was a lot of prostitution in Shanghai?" or "vice" maybe he said. I said, "One of Shanghai's biggest industries was vice, without any doubt. Gambling of all descriptions, prostitution, any kind of thing that you can name, it was going on in Shanghai, in the foreign concessions, everywhere." You know in the foreign concessions these underworld industries were outside of Chinese jurisdiction.

And I added, "But, I have been told by somebody who knows, in Peking, that there isn't any more prostitution now." Then, he laughed. He said, "Well, I'll tell you a story. That's probably right."

"One day," he said, "I was walking on the Bund, not this trip but another trip, and I got into a conversation with a Danish seaman." And Mr. Davis asked him, "What do you do when you're here?" The Danish seaman said he didn't do anything, that Shanghai was the dullest port that they could possibly be in. No one could get a girl for love or money and the only thing that they could do was play chess or play cards in the seamen's club. (The old British consulate is now a seamen's club, for foreign seamen.) I laughed and I said, "If a sailor cannot find a girl, there must not be any to be had."

Levenson: I think you're right. [Laughter]

C. Service: Especially in a place like Shanghai. China has done a miracle in this-- Whether it will stay this way or not, who knows? When China is open more and more to foreigners, when there's not quite such a desire to improve themselves, who knows? Things never stay the same. But, at this time this was so.

After we got to Canton where it was warm and tropical we stayed three or four days, and then we went back to Hong Kong on November 10.

Levenson: What was it like hitting Hong Kong after six weeks in China?

C. Service: It was a shock. I can tell you it was a shock. After six and a half weeks in China, we had a real culture shock going back to Hong Kong. The noise, the bustle, the shouting, the fact that we also had to shift for ourselves. Nobody was going to care whether our bags were carried or not. We had to get the taxi. We had to do everything. Well, that's all right. But, I mean the noise, the noise in Hong Kong. China was quiet.

Levenson: Even Canton?

C. Service: Yes. Now, Canton is different from the rest of China because it has more foreign contact. We went to the Canton Trade Fair. But Canton is much quieter than Hong Kong.

[end tape 1, side 2]

The Press and Lin Piao

[begin tape 2, side 1]

C. Service: Of course, when we got to Hong Kong, why we were swamped with newspaper people, because although people had been going to China, Jack was one of the first to go back who had been invited back, who had been there before, and so on. There were all sorts of interviews and one thing and another.

The question everybody asked us--this is interesting--was what happened to Lin Piao? Now, I might say that all the time we were in China nobody mentioned Lin Piao, but his pictures were still up.

Levenson: Oh really?

C. Service: When we went to Yenan his pictures were still there. Now, this was--

Levenson: How long was it after he crashed?

C. Service: I think September 10 was about the time he was supposed to have gone off and the plane crashed. But this was still not known.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: I think Jack did ask, "What about Lin Piao?" and so on. Nobody had ever given an answer. I don't suppose anybody knew, except that something had happened. But, they had not yet got around to taking his pictures down. In fact, Jack told a newspaper person [in Hong Kong] that nothing had happened to Lin Piao. He was wrong, but he didn't know that.

But, there was no-- Jack asked some of the foreigners. Nobody-- It was as though-- You could not have pierced-- It was just opaque. There was no way to know what had happened to Lin Piao or if anything had happened.

One of the first things Jack did in Hong Kong was to buy a recent magazine, printed in China, and it had Lin Piao's picture on the front--

Levenson: Extraordinary.

C. Service --because the magazine had been printed and put out before Lin's defection. They hadn't been able to recall it. So, when he saw the picture, Jack came to the conclusion that nothing had happened to Lin Piao. But, of course something had.

There was just no way in China-- If anybody knew, they would never have told us. This is the kind of thing you do run up against in China. If the Chinese don't want you to know something you are probably not going to find it out, because of course they do not have a free press. They do not have people telling you things on television. In this sense you are in a very different society. You are in a closed society in this sense.

But, when I think about China I tell myself and I tell other people, I say to myself that I must not compare a system like that with our system. You cannot. Their history is so different.

We are basically and essentially an extension of Western Europe, our civilization. Two hundred years we have had a country. But, our laws, our thoughts, our ethics, all those things have been fashioned by philosophers in Western Europe, by the Bible, by the Judeo-Christian religion, and by English common law, by the French Enlightenment, essentially, and some German philosophy too, by our Greek and Roman heritage.

C. Service: So, when you think of China it has got to be in terms of its own history, its own cultural development. China, I would say, has always been pretty much closed as far as anybody's knowing what the government is doing. It's true right now. Who knows what's going on in China right now? You get tricklings and inklings and that type of thing.

But, what they have done for the people to me is a miracle; a miracle of bringing eight hundred million people from feudalism, from poverty, from starvation, into the modern world, but modern in their own way. One of the things we've held against China is that it hasn't become modern in our way.

But, they certainly have come into the world, and they certainly are going to stand on their own feet without any doubt about it. As for the Chinese people, I think they're one of the most remarkable in the world.

Levenson: Now, I have a number of questions I've been saving up.

C. Service: Yes. That's my little speech!

Levenson: I'm glad you said that. You mentioned in that first reception with Chou En-lai a number of blacks. Was there any difficulty that you could perceive for blacks in China?

C. Service: No. No. Now, of course, I saw them only in the hotel. We all were there together. The dining room at the hotel was fascinating. It was a kind of a mini-UN because there were lots of people from Africa there, lots of Africans, you see, from the embassies now in Peking, and more so the second time we went.

No, I could detect no feeling that the Chinese had against any of these people. Whether or not they had any I do not know. Well, after all whites--we're not the same race either.

Levenson: What was the old Chinese phrase--big nosed barbarians?

C. Service: Yes, well, right. Big nosed, yes, foreign devils. But, they don't call you that anymore. No, we did not notice anything.

Levenson: You told me that your relations with the press during the McCarthy period were not painful. How did you find 1970's media involvement? I didn't catch you and Jack on television as much as I would have liked, but I know that you were swamped. Did this bother you?

C. Service: I have never been on television. It was Jack. They were very persistent, and we had to tell them something. Sure, that was their job.

Levenson: Right.

C. Service: One of the nicest people we met was a man, Arnold Abrams, who wrote for the Seattle Times and for the Kansas City Star, I think. He wrote, what I consider, the most perceptive article about Jack that was written after we came out. Of all the people who wrote anything about Jack, our trip, I think what he wrote caught Jack and his experiences the best.*

Second China Trip, 1975

C. Service: What else? I'm sure there must be some things. I won't talk much about our second trip. We stayed three months and had a wonderful time. We lived in Peking and Jack borrowed a bicycle. But, the great experience was going back the first time. We hope to go back again, of course, sometime.

We lived in Peking in 1975. This was lovely. We did some traveling. We went up through the Yangtze gorges, had a marvelous trip. We have seen a great deal of China. We haven't been to the northeast or to the northwest. We kept making sounds about wanting to go to Tibet. Whether we'll ever--

Levenson: Oh my goodness.

C. Service: Well, I don't think they'll take Jack since his heart attack [1976]. But people are going to Tibet now. They took [James] Schlesinger to Tibet.

Levenson: Really?

C. Service: Yes, and Lloyd Shearer, the man who puts out Parade magazine, his wife got to Tibet. He couldn't go because he had had a heart attack. The Chinese wouldn't take him.

Our second trip was very relaxed. The Chinese seemed very relaxed, more so than the first time, in the sense--

Levenson: Four years later.

C. Service: Yes. The people were more relaxed. So, we came home thinking that the transition was all worked out with Teng Hsiao-ping. But, of course, it turned out it wasn't. They've had this upset this year, but now it seems to be falling into place and to be calmer, calming down.

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*See Appendix 7.

C. Service: But, certainly when we went in the summer of '75, we had a feeling that things were in good shape and just going along in a kind of calm way. There again, it is hard to know what's going on under the surface in China in political things. I am not particularly interested in politics in this sense, so many things escape me.

I do not think the foreigners who live in China know very much either. They just live there. They have a very good life. They're treated extremely well by--I'm not talking just about Americans; I'm talking about all the foreigners--by the Chinese. They nearly all have jobs, but they're paid at a higher wage level than Chinese are because Chinese do not believe that foreigners can possibly live the way Chinese live. They can't. They have more privileges in many ways. They can travel. The people who live there see much more than the people in the embassies. But, what they know about the real workings, internal workings, of China, I don't know. I would doubt if they know very much.

Levenson: Is there anything more you want to say about your trips to China?

C. Service: Well, there are lots of little things I could talk about, the fact that to buy any cotton cloth, even foreigners must have coupons. There are lots of little things.

One day we went shopping. We picked out some nice cotton cloth. We said, "We'll take it." Jack was with me. We were by ourselves and he and the girl were talking Chinese. She folded the cloth up and said we couldn't have it because we didn't have any coupons. [Chuckle] So, we looked astonished and left. Later we got some coupons from the Friendship Association.

I could ride anywhere around Peking in a taxi. I once rode on a bus with Pat Adler. It was easy to do. I really do not speak Chinese at all, but I know a few isolated words and I could say where the hotel was. You know, when we were there the second time we didn't do very much. Jack went out on his bicycle. I went walking. We read or we wrote letters or we went to see friends.

We saw the tunnels in Peking this second time, the tunnels underground.

Levenson: Oh yes, the air raid shelters.

C. Service: Yes. They were absolutely fantastic. You can't believe it. You go in a little shop, the floor slides open, and you go down steps and there you're in a whole new world.

Levenson: That's a poignant waste of resources for a country that's struggling so hard.

C. Service: Yes, except that they've used the soil other places. They've made a hill in a new park! Everybody in China is working. They do some make-work, obviously. But, there's nobody who does not have a job. Everybody belongs to some organization.

The one thing you cannot do in China, you cannot drop out of society. You cannot opt out. There are a few people always who are leaving through Canton and who get out to Hong Kong who don't want to stay in what I could call such a controlled society. But for most Chinese the new society has brought them such benefits that they do not find the control onerous.

Also, there's always the hope it will be easier, which it probably will be. They have now got enough food. They're practically self-sufficient in food for their country. We went way down to the Burma border on this last trip. They're introducing coffee trees, rubber trees, to see how they will do.

Everybody is working, but they're not doing grinding toil. In other words, no matter how hard they work they have time off, they have enough food, they do not work at the pace that Westerners work. This is something we all noticed. They do not walk so fast. They just walk at a slower, evener pace. They don't rush at things.

This bothers a lot of Westerners. They say, "Why don't they work faster? Why don't they go faster? Why are they leaning on their hoes looking at you?" Of course, they want to see you. H-o-e-s, that is. [Laughter]

Levenson: I can spell it!

C. Service: I think the Chinese smile a lot. You hear people say they never smile. Well obviously, if they're staring at somebody, wanting to see what they're like, they're not going to smile. But, they smile at each other. They always smile when they're talking to you. They have a very pleasant smiley look on their faces.

I thought to myself, "Do I walk down the street in Berkeley smiling hither and yon?" Of course, I don't. I'm usually concentrating on what I'm going to do, thinking. I don't even see people I know. I'm certainly not smiling at people I see on the street. So, why should the Chinese smile at foreigners they see on the street? This is ridiculous.

Levenson: Sure.

C. Service: If you have any business to do with any of them, they're perfectly polite and helpful, extremely helpful. But, foreigners do get a distorted view, especially foreigners who have not seen the old

C. Service: China. I do not know why. I still think it's sort of the White Man's Burden. You know, the Chinese are supposed to be grateful because we're there, which is just to my mind the end of nonsense.

It's true! They do think this. You know, we're doing the Chinese a great favor by coming. This is ridiculous. No more. In that sense they don't need us. We can just lay that burden down! [Laughter]

They have only Sundays off, but I noticed the Swiss have just voted against having a forty hour week. They're going to continue their forty-eight hour week. Now many Americans think, "Oh, how awful if you don't have both Saturday and Sunday off!" The Chinese have Sunday off. They do work a six day week. But, they only work about seven hours a day, except maybe in the communes in the harvest season, times like that. Some of them have their days off during the week. They do stagger the week.

So, there are all kinds of things. Life is simply easier. It is much easier for them. But, certainly the Chinese are one of the most industrious people in the world, and if they need to work they do.

Take the Tangshan earthquake. They refused outside aid for this. We've heard from all our friends in Peking since the earthquake. A lot of buildings there had a lot of damage done to them, and our friends have had to move out of the Peace Hotel.

Levenson: In Peking?

C. Service: In Peking. The Peace Hotel where we lived, our friends who lived there have been moved out into other places because the Peace Hotel was pretty well damaged. It was an old Chinese home really, various compounds and big heavy roofs and not built to withstand earthquakes. Sol and Pat Adler, and Rose Smith, a wonderful Englishwoman in her eighties, lived at the Peace Hotel. We became, Rose and we, very good friends. She loaned me Olive Schreiner's Story of an African Farm, which I had never read.

Strange thing is when we lived in China in the thirties nobody ever mentioned earthquakes. I don't understand it. Japan had earthquakes, not China. But China has had earthquakes through the centuries. Terrible ones.

They do have a very good warning system. This last trip [1975], we were going to the Red Flag Canal. We were told maybe we couldn't go because there had been some earthquake warnings. Well, then we did go because the warnings had stopped. But, they would not have taken us if they had thought that there was going to be an earthquake.

C. Service: Well, I could ramble on indefinitely, but I want to tell about our companion and guide on this second trip. We had only one, Comrade Wu Shih-liang, a forty-three year old woman who spoke beautiful English. And she was a beautiful person in every way. She came every morning to spend an hour with Jack reading the papers. Then if I needed her for shopping or to go to the hospital--I had several back treatments, not acupuncture, but electric current ones--she would go with me. If we went on some special excursion of course she went along. We saw her maybe thirteen or fourteen hours a week, hardly ever on the weekends. She had another job besides helping us as she was secretary to a playwright.

When we traveled for four weeks she went with us; and then of course we were together all the time, even to the extent of sharing the same train compartment at night when only one was available. A more pleasant, agreeable, helpful companion cannot be imagined. There was never a word of dissension between us. Jack and I both grew to love her.

At Changsha I had a very bad sore throat and I was too tired to visit Mao's birthplace at Shao Shan. Shih-liang, as we called her, found me sitting on my bed, the tears rolling down my face with fatigue. She put her arms around me and said, "You don't have to go. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do." And she stayed with me in Changsha while Jack went to Shao Shan. She answered a letter I wrote to her after we left China.*

Some Reflections and Recollections

C. Service: Now, here is another thing. People ask me would I like to go and live in China. No, I would not like to go and live in China permanently because I am not Chinese. I've mentioned that a good number of foreigners do live there. But, I am not prepared to make my life in China. But, I would enjoy living in China a year. I would like to live there a year, but I don't think that will ever happen. But, to pull up my roots and go to live in China, no. That I would not want to do.

I think it will be a long time before China is really a place where foreigners can just come and go at will, and rightly so. The Chinese have had enough of foreign domination, especially, what, since 1840. They have to, I think, feel a sense of absolute independence before they will want to have people wandering around in their country, before they will hand out visas right and left.

---

*See Appendix 8 for New York Times article by C.S.

C. Service: I think one of the reasons they got rid of the Russians--and I don't know much about that--is because they felt the Russians were in the process of trying to take over China.

Levenson: Sure.

C. Service: Or make themselves just sort of above the law, the way foreigners had always lived in China. The Chinese won't have this anymore; any more than we would have it.

Levenson: I would like to ask you about the relations between the "China hands." You mentioned to me once--and perhaps you don't want this in the transcript--that when E.J. Kahn's book, The China Hands, came out none of you had talked to each other about it.

C. Service: Yes, that's quite true. We didn't. I think all of us perhaps felt a little embarrassed about-- Now, I can only give you my own thoughts. I don't like so much to be known. I don't like to be so exposed maybe. Now, this is silly because really there's nothing in the book that I should bother about, and nobody remembers what they read about somebody else. So, this is a false kind of modesty on my part, a false feeling.

Levenson: I don't see it that way.

C. Service: You don't? Well, all right. Jack says, "Forget about it. Nobody cares." Well, it's true nobody cares, and the book was very fair, and very good to all of us, but I guess I care. Maybe I just don't like that much publicity.

But, if you're asking about the feelings among the China hands, we're all good friends. I do not believe any of us has ever fallen out with anybody else. We are devoted to each other. I would say Jack and John Davies and Edmund Clubb, and John Carter Vincent, and John Emmerson and John Melby and Ray Ludden have great respect and fondness for each other. John Carter Vincent died before the great State Department luncheon, but Betty came to it.

The only person mentioned in the book who was not simpatico with them and who I do not think liked them all was Everett Drumright. Everett Drumright comes pretty well out of the book. But, he was never a person that the others liked very much anyway, nor he they.

Now, when I say this I do not wish to do quarrel with Everett Drumright. He's a perfectly nice chap, but he was always, he was always, well, should I say, on the Taiwanese side? No. Nobody thought in terms of Taiwan in those days. He just didn't like what the rest of them were writing. I don't know. I don't know Drumright that well.

C. Service: But, as for the people who were pilloried, who were hurt by McCarthy, they have maintained always an enormous amount of respect and friendship for each other.

Levenson: One of the things that has impressed me is the fact that you remained friends with people like the Rices and the Greens whose careers escaped.

C. Service: But, of course! Ed Rice was an old friend from Peking days. He was a language student when Jack was. So, we have known Ed forever. He married later. We've known Mary though ever since she married Ed. But, they have always been the most loyal of friends. Ed did escape because he happened not to be in a place where he would have had to make these reports. He himself was surprised that he escaped. But, he did. But, he has always been a very warm friend and supporter of all of the others. And Phil Sprouse and the Freemans have been too. Jack lived with Phil Sprouse one of the times he was in Washington alone.

Now, the Greens-- The Greens are a case apart. The Greens we met in Wellington [New Zealand]. Lisa and Marshall were young. He was a third secretary. Lisa, who married at seventeen, was about twenty-one or twenty-two at that time. Lisa and I have been very close friends since New Zealand. She is fifteen and a half years younger than I.

Our correspondence which I've talked about earlier has been a source of great comfort to me and great solace. Also, for both Lisa and me it is an outlet. No matter what else is happening we can sit down and write each other a letter.

Now, the Greens had no reason in the world to do as much as they have for Jack and me, except out of pure friendship. The Greens have been steadfast in their friendship, as have many, many other people. Now, if you'll turn the recorder off a minute I'll get something out.

[Tape off]

C. Service: I told Lisa in my last letter that I was doing an oral history and that I was using the letters that I'd written her and which she'd returned to me as a help to my memory. (We have returned each other's letters since 1950.) She writes:

> *I am glad if our letters served to refresh your memory. If I did not have you to write to I would explode like a pressure cooker. All these years you have been my safety valve in life. There is no other person in my life who could have given me this relief and pleasure and comfort.*

(Caribou) Rabat

The Ambassador of the United States of America

and Mrs. Marshall Green

wish you a Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year

Love, love, love, Lisa + Marshall

1975

C. Service: Now, this is what the letters have been to both of us. We have formed a friendship which has meant-- I can't imagine not writing to Lisa now. There are some things we don't agree on. But we don't have to agree. There are some interests we don't share in common. But there are many we do. We both like to read a lot and we write about the books we read. In fact, this letter has got quite a lot about Edith Wharton in it. Our lives have been quite different since Jack and I left the Foreign Service. But, that has nothing to do with our friendship. It's something which long since has become an integral part of our lives.

Then, I could name any number of other friends who have been wonderful to us. Our families too, and I've not said much about my sisters. But, my sisters have helped me a great deal. Our parents I've mentioned a lot. Both of our fathers died, you see, before the worst happened. In fact, Jack's father died long ago. My father died before Jack was fired. But, both of our mothers were staunch people and my sisters, Jack's brothers, our sisters [in-law] and brothers-in-law, all of them. I can't express how important it has been to us, but it's there. And our children--all of them.

Well, Rosemary, I've said a lot and I'll go over these tapes. Some things I'll have to change because my memory is not always that correct. We are now sixty-seven years old. Jack has been through a bad heart attack. But, in fact, the last five years Jack has had a kind of a renaissance in his life, hasn't he?

Levenson: Yes, it has been beautiful.

C. Service: Yes, it has been. As many people have said to us, isn't it wonderful to still be alive and see it happen? It is.

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: We couldn't have imagined it would happen either. We thought, "Well, all right, history will vindicate Jack." But, he's already been vindicated. He doesn't have to wait for history.

Jack didn't come in, did he?

Levenson: Yes.

C. Service: Because he wants to take his heart pill. He forgot to take it this morning. That's all right. I'll write something out perhaps that we can add to this.

We have had a wonderful five years since our first China trip. We have had an amazing time. I think that our life--generally speaking, we've had a good life. When I think of the tragedies,

C. Service: such as we were talking about this morning [off the tape], we have not had anything like that. We have not lost our children or our grandchildren. We have not had any terrible illness. Jack's heart attack yes. But, if I had to make an evaluation, we've had tough times but not half so tough as many people have had in this world. Well, I think that's enough now.

[end tape 2, side 1]

Old Age, peeping round the corner,
Beckons softly with her hand;
I take the out-stretched fingers gently,
And glance ahead--
To see where I am being led.

Then towards the mirror of my mind
I turn my eyes and look behind
To husband, children, family, friends--
Each image with the next one blends.

A small hand is reaching out,
It beckons softly too;
I take the out-stretched fingers gently--
For dancing there inside of me,
Is the little girl I used to be.

Written June 2 & 3, 1974, at age 64½

© Caroline Schuh Service

The Human Race, The Human Race
Marooned all together on an Island in Space;
And for all we know, there's no other place,
For the Human Race, the Human Race.

So let's stop killing and saving face,
And try to join hands with a friendly grace—
As we move towards a future we can all embrace,
And a decent life for the Human Race.

Caroline Service
Written in Hawaii
July, 1967

Caroline Service

AFTERWORD

by Caroline Service

A 1977 postscript: On May 29, 1977, Jack was given an honorary Doctorate of Law by our alma mater, Oberlin College. Our three children came to Oberlin to be with us. They had also all been present at the Foreign Service luncheon given January, 1973, in the Department of State, in honor of the Foreign Service officers who were the "Old China Hands," many of whom had been so shabbily treated during the McCarthy heyday. No one at this luncheon could have believed twenty years earlier, that such a tremendous event would ever take place. Barbara Tuchman and Jack were the speakers, and they spoke for all who had a difficult time, and for all who had stood with them to bring about this miraculous day.

Transcriber and final typist: Teresa Allen

China Reconstructs

Life in a People's Commune

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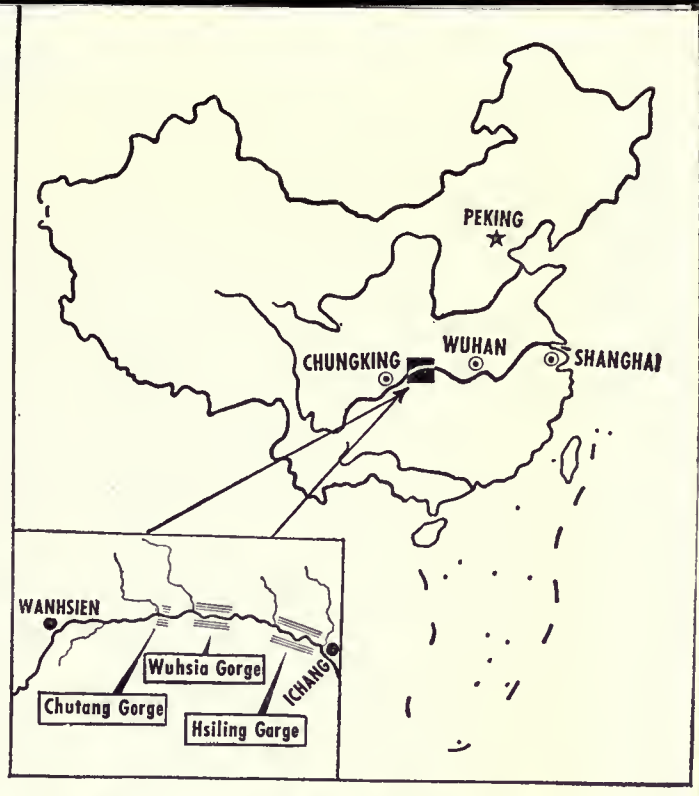
Two Trips Through the Yangtze Gorges

CAROLINE SERVICE

Caroline and John S. Service at the Temple of Heaven in Peking, 1978.



The Yangtze River Gorges

IN December 1905 Bob and Grace Service, parents of my husband, John S. Service, with their three-month-old daughter, Virginia, arrived in Shanghai from the United States. On January 17, 1906 they set off on the long trip up the Yangtze to Chengtu in Szechuan province, where Bob Service was to be a YMCA secretary. They traveled by steamer to the big mid-river port, Hankow, then took another steamer, the *Kiang-O*, to Ichang, a city at the eastern entrance to the Yangtze gorges. From there they continued upriver by houseboat. Following are Grace Service's reminiscences of the houseboat trip, collected from letters and diaries.

We went on board our houseboat at Ichang on February 16. The next morning, amid a great din of the crew, a cock was killed and held so that its blood ran down on the prow of the boat. Then, as soon as it was light enough to see, the boat cast off.

Trackers were to haul the three houseboats in our convoy by long plaited bamboo ropes. The constant pulling of the ropes across rocks on many points of the shore had worn deep grooves in the hard limestone. A certain complement of trackers went with each boat, the captain hiring others to assist at rapids and places of peril and difficulty. The boat crew slept and ate in front of the craft. The captain and his family lived in the rear. We were in between and put up our own cot beds. Cooking was done on a small charcoal brazier in a tiny kitchen.

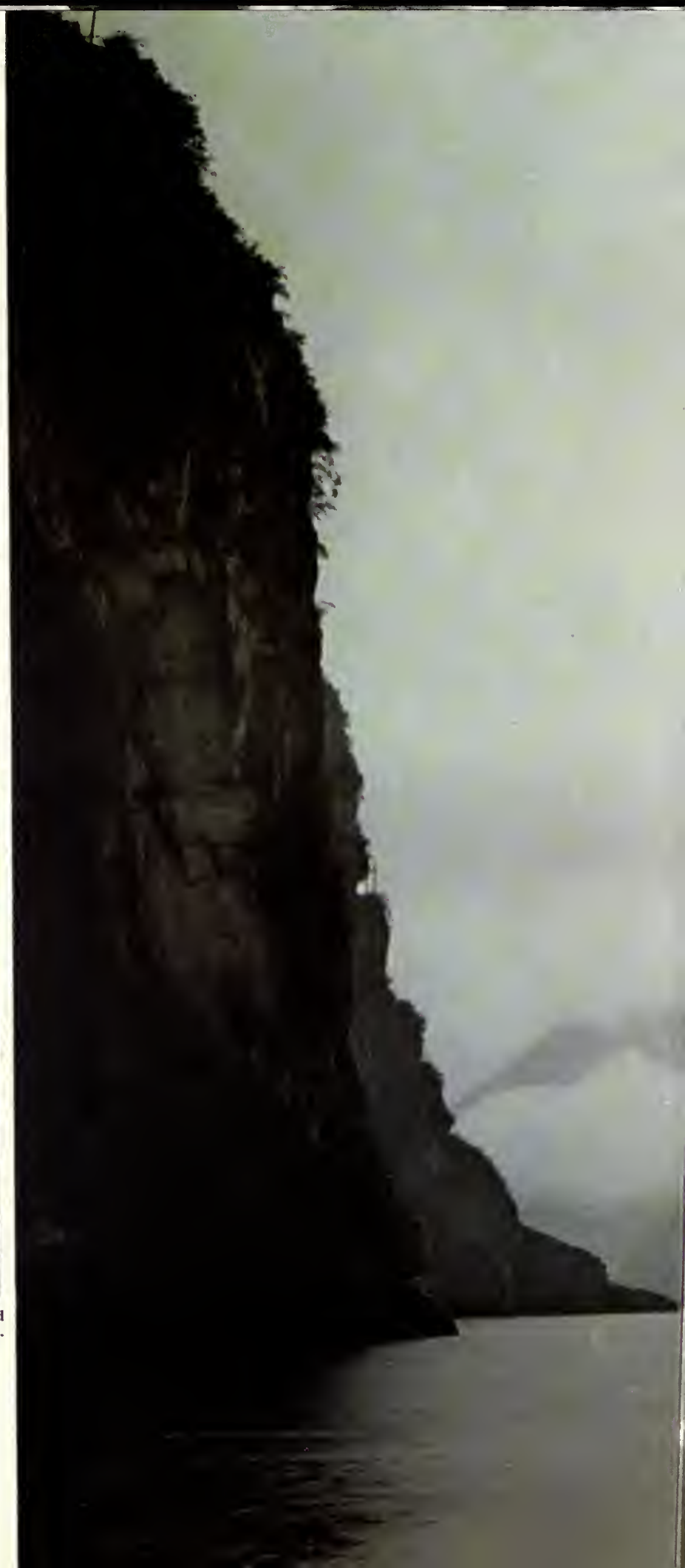
Very soon we fell into a regular routine, tending the baby, looking at the scenery, writing letters, and continually marveling at the handling of the boat, the vistas of the river, and the daily life of our Chinese companions. The gorges of the Yangtze are magnificent. In a houseboat we were so near the water that there was more realization of the power and sweep of the current.

It sometimes took hours to round a turn in the cliffs, so sharp that one could see no opening for the river's course. In a steamer this corner might be behind one in half an hour and its passing not seem the achievement it did under man power, with the long lines of pullers on the ropes pitting every ounce of their strength against the force of the stream.

In some places there were no paths for the trackers and they sat on the forepart of the boat, or they rowed feverishly to gain on the current as their yells and cries resounded from cliff tops lost in clouds. A strange hush often lay over the oily-looking water in places where no sounding had ever recorded its depth. We had little sun on our way through the gorges.

THE SERVICES' trip was marked by tragedy: the death of their baby. Grace Service wrote:

> When we had almost reached the west end of the gorges, a week out of Ichang, Virginia became ill. During the baby's illness we were traversing that section of the river with the worst rapids. Now one can hardly imagine the scenes of those days: the roar and surge of the wild waters, often rising in high waves at the crest of the rock barrier; the yells of the men, stimulating the trackers to greater efforts with voice and whip; the long lines of tracking men, fairly lying on the ground (or so it seemed at times) as they bent far over and clutched rocks and earth to aid them; the ropes of immense length (frequently the trackers were out of sight around the rocky points), laid in certain ways found most efficient by the long-experienced pilots; the signals of the drums to the trackers far ahead; the appearance of the boats as they came up to their crucial trial in surmounting the rise of the water in front of them.
>
> All my thoughts of that time are forever blended with the sounds of rushing water, of the hiss of the crisp surge against the thin wooden sides of our boat, of



Scenes in the Yangtze Gorges — Chutang Gorge and Hsiling Gorge (above) and Wuhsia Gorge (right).

looking out when caring for the sick child and seeing into the heart of a vicious whirlpool, or rocks with seething water half disclosing their wicked-looking points near the side of our craft — of a feeling of man's utter impotence, and the irresistible power of the wild river.

Perhaps it was as well for us that we had not time to spend in worry for our safety. We thought only of our baby and of caring for her. When the men burned incense, laid out new ropes with much care and ceremony, undergirded the ship with heavy bamboo cables to prevent its stern being pulled off by the weight of water pressing back on the summit of a rapid, we gave all these details but scant attention.

We hurried to Wanhsien hoping to catch the new doctor for the American Methodist Mission in Szechuan. However, he had left with the China Inland Mission folk of Yunnan in order to help them with a sick child. So we made all haste to Chungking, engaging extra trackers and pushing on as fast as possible.

Still, our Virginia was never to see that city. On the 4th of March, a Sunday, she died at eight in the evening. I washed and dressed her and we put her in her basket with lighted candles close by. The next day the boat captain went by land across a bend in the river and bought a little Chinese coffin for us.

That night as we were going to bed I happened to feel Bob's hand. It was terribly hot as it rested on the side of the bed. I told him he must have a fever and he reluctantly agreed. Still more trackers were hired until they overcrowded the boat and slept even on its roof. I lived in a daze. My husband lay ill on the bed; our baby in her coffin in the same little room.

The houseboat on which Bob and Grace Service traveled up the Yangtze from Ichang in 1906.

On the morning of March 10, seven and a half weeks after leaving Shanghai, and 22 days from Ichang, the Services arrived in Chungking. The baby's funeral was held that same afternoon with only Grace and a few missionaries attending. Bob was too ill to go. The little coffin was lowered into the grave somewhat askew, and one of the men present jumped down to straighten it. Grace wrote: "I had felt a terrible numbness for days since my first violent weeping and the beginning of Bob's illness. But that friendly little act started my tears."

Finally, on May 10, 1906 Bob and Grace Service arrived in Chengtu,

Trackers hauling the boat upriver against the rushing current.

where they were to live until 1921 and where their three sons were born.

IN May 1975 my husband and I had the opportunity to make the same trip. On Monday morning the 12th we drove to the bund in Hankow, still dominated by the buildings of its foreign heyday, where our ship, the *Dongfanghong* (East is Red) No. 32, was waiting. It was a handsome modern ship, painted white, with a back-raked superstructure, and looking to be between 1,500 and 2,000 tons. Our cabins were just below the bridge deck. Directly under the bridge was a comfortable lounge with a dining table and chairs, and several large overstuffed easy chairs which we turned to face the windows giving us a 180 degree view of the sweep of the river. Between meals we used the dining table for card games, Chinese chess, tea drinking, letter and postcard writing and reading. But most of the time we walked on the deck outside our lounge, or looked out the windows at the unwinding scene before us.

Our cabins were very comfortable. Each had a bed, a washstand, a chest of drawers, a small desk,

and two chairs. Hooks and hangers were against the walls. Candy, tea with the usual thermos of hot water, and fruit were on the desk. The showers and toilets were in small, separate rooms.

The river above Hankow is wide and wandering — through several lakes — and calm-appearing. The day was hazy and the whole watery scene, with occasional steamboats, tugs and barges, and small junks with sails, had a rather dream-like quality. In the late afternoon a drizzly rain commenced which, with a sort of low-lying fog, obscured the river and its banks. Our ship slowed down and every so often we would hear the muffled sound of the foghorn.

Shortly after we sailed the captain appeared, accompanied by the Communist Party secretary, and by the purser, a tall, strongly-built and very pleasant-faced woman. Jack told the captain that this was his 12th Yangtze River trip, the last having been downriver in 1923. We were told that we were the first foreigners to make the upstream trip.

We asked the captain some questions about his ship. It was built in 1958, is of medium size, has 2,400-horsepower twin diesel engines, and twin screws, and a draught of about two and a half meters. It normally carries about 1,000 passengers, but right then had about 800. There are sleeping accommodations for about 500 to take care of overnight passengers (many of the travelers are day passengers between small ports of call). Food is provided for all.

Once settled, we quickly made ourselves at home. Breakfast, foreign style for us, was served at 7:30; lunch and dinner, always Chinese (our preference) were served at noon and at six o'clock, with tea in between, or all day long if we wished. To care for our needs were three young men and four young women, all very helpful and pleasant. When they had free time they joined us in gazing at the scenery, pointing out various landmarks and rivermarks.

When we wakened Tuesday morning the river had narrowed. The flat land was giving way to hills, the dikes became banks, and mountains could be seen in the distance. At nine in the evening we reached Ichang.

Wednesday morning Jack was up at 3:30 to see the ship start through the first gorge, a scene well-remembered from his boyhood.

The gorges of the Yangtze wind and twist through the Tapa Mountains which form a great barrier between the coastal plains and the fertile basin of Szechuan province. They narrow to canyons with sheer rock walls, and then widen into valleys, with small villages, scattered houses, terraced fields, and occasional citrus orchards dotting the rising flanks of their walls. Some of the fields are at least 300 meters or more up the hillsides. The houses are generally of two or three stories, some with plain, often austere, façades and roofs, others with the high curved eaves of Szechuan.

NAVIGATION through the Yangtze gorges has been enormously improved in recent years. The more treacherous rapids have been modified by blasting out hazardous rocks and shoals; the channel has been widened and straightened wherever possible; and navigation aids have been multiplied and standardized. Triangular buoys, fastened to small skiffs, mark the river channel every hundred meters or so. In the narrow sections of the gorges, where the channel may be the entire width of the river, these markers are on the canyon walls. The marking buoys are white on the north side of the river and red on the south side, with similar colored lights at night. Each marker is inspected every day.

In addition to these channel markers there are direction arrows high on the cliffs in the narrow gorges where the river makes such sharply-angled bends that the view ahead is blocked. The arrows are controlled by what I called "arrow-keepers", people who live in small cottages beside the tall staffs. When the arrow points up, upriver traffic has the right of way; when down, the downriver

On its way through the Yangtze gorges a riverboat receives a salute from one of the light crews that makes its passage safe.

traffic. If two ships approach the blind bend at the same time, the downriver boat on the swift current takes precedence. We were told that our ship makes an average of 17 kilometers an hour going upstream, and usually takes a little over four days to reach Chungking from Hankow. The same downriver trip takes only about two and a half day.

We noted that our ship gave a long-short-long horn blast as a warning to small boats that a ship was approaching and that it slowed down whenever it neared smaller boats so as not to rock them or hinder their progress unduly. Later Jack mentioned this to the captain who smiled, as much as to say that it was the custom now.

The ship was equipped with two powerful searchlights which played on the gorge walls, lighting the river, the rock walls, and the stony banks like a football field at night.

On Wednesday we traversed the three most spectacular gorges. The canyon walls, rising sheer from the water to heights of anywhere from 400 to 600 meters and more, shoot up as bare rock from the swift-flowing water; and then above and beyond the rock walls rise the green-clothed mountains 1,500 meters and more in height. In these narrow defiles the water rushes deep and swift and menacing. We could see the old tracker trails cut into the perpendicular walls above us. Those tracks where endless numbers of men used to strain their muscles, their hearts, their lungs, indeed their very lives out to pull the enormous old junks up the dangerous river.

Occasionally a limpid blue-green side stream would enter the Yangtze from a small side gorge and mingle its clear waters with the frothing brown torrent of the great river. Over the side streams small bridges, some covered, had been built long ago for the trackers.

When we awoke on the morning of the 15th we were tied up at Wanhsien, the town where Jack's parents so desperately hoped to get medical help for their baby daughter. It was easy to imagine that the sight of this gray old city, clinging to its steep rock walls must have filled them with foreboding. Even today it has the look of an oldtime fortress, not unlike some of the old fortress towns in Europe. The high buildings rise from equally high stone foundations seemingly springing from the rock itself. An amazingly wide stone stairway leads from the river bank to the main street, high above the river at this time of year.

Our ship stayed at Wanhsien until late morning when we left for Chungking. At three in the afternoon we were invited to the bridge by the captain. It was a fine modern place with all sorts of up-to-date equipment: radar, depth indicator, and radiotelephone between ship and shore and between ships. The helmsman was guided by a pilot using finger signals standing to the left of him. On the right of the helmsman stood another man with binoculars, but who, when we were there, was watching the river closely with his eyes. We were told that the ship carried six pilots, and that they worked one hour on and one hour off during their shifts. The captain, a fine-looking big man, wore what I call English-style trousers, an open-necked shirt, and leather sandals. On the way back to our quarters we went to the ship's store where candy, cigarettes, handkerchiefs, toilet articles, ball point pens, and such like could be bought.

Friday, May 16, our last day on the river, we woke to a pale gray misty morning which soon turned sunny. The scene had become rural with villages and fields and farm animals along the banks. The wild and rugged gorges were behind us. We docked at Chungking at 12:50. As we were driven to the Chungking guest house off to the right we could see a large television tower gracing a hill, not unlike the tower we see on Twin Peaks in San Francisco.

THIS is Grace's description of the city as it appeared in 1906:

> Chungking occupies a high, rocky promontory between two rivers, the Yangtze and the Chialing. There were then, in 1906, no wheeled vehicles inside the walls nor within sight of them. The city streets were narrow, crowded, dark, smoky, full of jostling people; pigs and dogs scuttled and scrapped underfoot, horses climbed the steep stone steps like goats. All water for domestic and other use had to be carried up from the two rivers by coolies using shoulder poles and large wooden buckets. At each of the city gates long files of these watermen could be seen: some were privately-hired servants, others sold their loads to a specified clientele or to any chance buyer. The hundreds of roughly-paved stone steps at the gates were always wet from slopping water pails, and everywhere on the streets one saw signs of water carrying.
>
> Many so-called streets were nothing but slits between high walls; often a street consisted merely of a narrow flight of stone steps, many of these cut from living rock. On these confined thoroughfares the open shop fronts displayed every sort of activity and employment as well as the goods produced. Weaving, tailoring, brass work, blacksmithing, and a thousand occupations were carried on in public view, while innumerable food shops and itinerant 'tuck shops', carried on shoulder poles, tempted the hungry. Their odors were often appetizing, but rancid grease, smoking oil, and burning peppers frequently put forth such pungency as nearly to stifle one. And over and through all these mingled smells was to be detected the inescapable odor from hundreds of open and totally unscreened latrines.

Today Chungking is full of paved streets, with traffic police and traffic lights, and glass-fronted shops. There is a piped water system and an underground sewage system. Gone are the water carriers and the stifling odors of all sorts, and gone are the old walls. The widening of the streets and the disappearance of the walls, in part due to the heavy bombing which Chungking sustained during the Japanese war, have helped create a modern city on the ancient rocky promontory. This Chungking is centuries removed from the medieval city to which the Services came in 1906.

I'm sending this for reference

APPENDIX 1

American Embassy Peking December, 1935

Ambassdoar	Nelson Trusler Johnson — wife Jane
Counselor	Frank P. Lockhart — wife Ruby
First Secretary	George R. Merrell — bachelor — then married Nathalie Chase
Second Secretaries	Robert L. Smyth —
	Laurence E. Salisbury
	Paul W. Meyer — wife Herrel
Third Secretaries	O. Edmund Clubb — wife Marian
	Cecil B. Lyon — wife Elsie
2nd Year Language Student	James K. Penfield — bachelor
1st Year Language Students	Charles Millet — wife Billie
	Edward E. Rice — bachelor
	John S. Service — wife Caroline
Code Clerks	Brye Goldsborough — wife Mary Clare
	Philip D. Sprouse — bachelor

Besides which there were a number of female clerks, some who had been with the Embassy for years---Emmeline Arguelo, the Ambassador's secretary, and Dorothy St. Clair whom we afterwards saw in New York. Roberta Duncan was the most glamorous of the younger girls. Kay Todd eventually married and then divorced Troy Perkins. Phil Sprouse did not become a language student until 1938 after he had passed the F. S. exams.

Looking at the above list it is hard to believe that any Embassy, especially one or the magnitude of Peking, could have had so few people. Of course there was also the Marine Guard. And then there were Army and Navy attaches, and language students.

Col. Joseph Stilwell was the Army Attaché - wife Winifred
Capt. David Barrett was the Asst. Army Attaché - wife Dee
Capt. Samuel Griffith was a Marine language student - wife Lillie
Capt. Edwin Sutherland was an Army language student.
(He and his wife Flip greatly befriended the children and me years late in New Delhi where Ed was the military attaché and where they lived just ~~x xxxxxxxx~~ two doors from us on Ratendone Rd.)

Alvin Barley
Emily Corson } non-career

P. 9. 91

APPENDIX 2

January 14, 1950

Dearest Mother:

I am very distressed to hear about Father. He spoke of the pain under his shoulder blade a year ago when I was home so this must be the same thing. I know he must be feeling very badly and blue and depressed. If this proves to be gall-bladder trouble what will they be able to do about it? Don't bother to write long letters mother as I know you are going to be very busy at home and getting over to the hospital to see father. Maybe Tat can drop me a line on a post card whenever there are any developments. I am so glad that they are giving him enough dope to keep him from being in great pain because pain is the most wearing ~~thing~~ thing of all. It is sad to think of Father's being sick and I am glad that I will be seeing him before too long. I wonder if you two should really make this strenuous trip East in the spring? Do you think it will really be worth all the struggle and tediousness if Father is not feeling too well? Of course this does not need to be decided now but I would think about it.

We are still going to Calcutta. The powers above have decided that. Jack's name for Consul-General will not be sent to the Senate for the time being as it is still some months before we will be in Calcutta and then the hue and cry about Formosa should have died down a little. Of course why Formosa should have anything to do with Jack is stretching the imagination to the furthest limit because J. has had nothing to do with the China policy for the last five years and never in his life has had anything to do with Formosa. And yet Senator Knowland got up in the Senate this week and wanted to know if Jack and John Davies had had anything to do with the paper on Formosa which was sent out before Xmas advising State Dept. officials abroad that Formosa could not be held by the Nationalists. Knowland cannot be so stupid as not to know that Jack is no longer in China Affairs particularly as he has been mentioned many times as being in Personnel and "arranging all promotions and transfers" another statement which is absolutely false as Jack has nothing what-so-ever to do with transfers and when he was on the promotion board last year it was majority rule, not one man's opinion.* Ugh! I do not wish to put my oar into how people vote, but I do hope that you will give Knowland's qualifications careful consideration when he is up for reelection. On Wednesday the Dept. told Jack to go around and see Knowland which he did and had about half an hour with him. Kn. was fairly grim and said that someone was responsible for the debacle in China—which is just like saying that a handful of men was responsible for the downfall of feudalism in Europe, and shows no knowledge whatsoever of history —and he wants to know who it was. However Jack went over several points with him step by step, about his arrest, his appearance before the Grand Jury, clearance, etc. the various investigations by the F. B. I., the damage Hurley was attempting to do him and is still attempting; the fact that we are constituents of his (which was news to Knowland) and that Jack's father was the Roy Service for whose work a drive was held each year on the U. C. Campus. Knowland went to the University of C. And as an amusing item J. told him that he had once won a gold watch from presented by the Oakland Tribune to the winner of a marathon around Lake Merritt. Anyway when Jack left he was given the impression that Knowland would not try to block his appointment at C. G. and he was certainly in a better mood then when Jack came in. However I do not know how Knowland will finally react. Mr. Peurifoy and his hen seem to feel that there will be no real opposition when Jack's name is put up, presumably in two or three months. If it is not ratified we will just stay on in Calcutta anyway with Jack's being the man in charge whether

whether he is C. G. or not. And we are definitely going. My personal feeling is that this will come out all right altho we may still have a bad time occasionally. My main reason for this feeling is that the Dept. is now solidly behind Jack and is fed up to the teeth with his being pushed around so unmercifully for political reasons and because people like the vindictive Hurley spend a great deal of time trying to ruin Jack and John Davies. I just do not understand such things and never will.——No I have not heard Fulton Lewis this week because no one mentioned that he was talking on the Far East and I never listen to F. L. unless someone says to. So please let us know if he mentioned Jack at all and what he said. The four State Dept. men he means are Jack, John Davies, John Emmerson, and Ray Ludden. John Emmerson is the salt of the earth and one of the best experts we have on Japan. Ray Ludden is an ardent Irish Catholic and the least likely man in the world to take a Communist line. He was here a couple of times this summer and I wish you could have heard his views on Hurley and Co. Ludd is a completely honest man. The three Johns and Ray were as conscientious and fine a group of men as you could find doing one job and all they have gotten for their ability and integrity is villification and worse. Oh well, there is no use going on. Atheson gave a good talk and stood up for his Dept. and got in a couple of good ~~xxxxxxxx~~ cracks at Alsop's article. The second installment of the article seemed very vague and poor. And Hurley is never mentioned at all! I understand that the third article is to be about the Marshall mission. And Alsop never says anywhere that Mr. Gauss gave whole-hearted support to Jack and the others. I've decided that all these "if-only-my-advice-had-been-followed-" articles and books that are written are done to glorify the ego of the person doing the writing at the expense of tearing down everything and everyone else.

Well this letter is much too long already and I am supposed to be going through some trunks this morning. I've had a bad sore throat and cold all week, the worst I have had in three years. Finally yesterday I went to the doctor and he gave me some sulpha which I am taking. I feel much better today. Haven't been able to go to bed because after all Philip is around the house has to keep going. Tuesday night I had some people to dinner but that was not difficult. And tonight Gin is having the Johnson children and a boy who invited her to a dance to dinner before the dancing class. A simple dinner. Fried chicken, frozen peas, rice, rolls and jelly, and ice cream. Bob and a friend of his are having a party next Saturday at the friends house so I won't have to do much about that.

Last night we went to the Flemings to dinner. Saw some old friends from Humphreys days—Betty and Koehler Daly, and Bill and Rose Mills whome you may not remember. The Dalys you will remember of course. They all sent there love and wanted especially to be remembered to you. I am very fond of both the Flemings.

Have called Uncle Wes to tell him about Father. He wasn't in but I talked with Tante Ettie and she said that she was sorry to hear about it and would tell Uncle Wes. I am sending father a note to Letterman so he will get it at the same time you get this but you may want to read him some of this.

I do hope you are all right mother and that your finger will soon be well. Just drop a postal about father when there is any news. We will all be thinking of him and hoping that he will soon be better. Much love from us all,

Caroline

Our train is the California Limited which leaves Chicago late Sunday evening and gets to Berkeley at 7:40 p.m. on Wednesday.

Feb 7 —

Caroline Service

4608 Butterworth Place, N.W., Washington 16, D. C.

Monday - Jan 7 - 1952

Dearest Mother - I still cannot believe that the 3 months have passed & you are on your way home. We all miss you very much, Philip is quite lost & discouraged as no one did so much for him as you did, and your staunch spirit has given us all an indominable lift. I know I needed it because I find these blows of fate hard to bear. They are so against my nature. I am particularly glad you were here for Jack's rare mother. You exude continual my more emotional ways & Jack has the greatest affection & respect for you. So I hope you won't think of my crossness because so much of it is just a nervous relief like Father's reaction, and I just long for a quiet spot to rest in maybe some day — when I get in fine shape & it is good to have her here. I couldn't have a more congenial nurse-in-law & Dick is a good home for Jack.

Caroline Service
4608 Butterworth Place, N.W., Washington 16, D. C.

They won't be here very long as Helen goes back to Brussels on Jan 31 & they must go to California this month. Then Dick will be here in February. — No news since you left. The nat heard from us for several days. No news yet from the Review Board altho we heard the rumor that they held a meeting. And now McCarthy comes out with the minutes of a secret meeting the Review Board had last January in which it appears they decided to fire someone in the State Dept. no matter what. That looks like collusion of some sort to me. Uncle Wes phoned in a great excitement over this as he feels it shows the Board had a preconceived bias — do tim sure they did. And where did McCarthy get the secret transcript & how can he make it public? — Also Jack had a letter from a firm in N.Y. with some kind of a job offer. He is going to look

Caroline Service
4608 Butterworth Place, N.W., Washington 16, D. C.

in to it so. Something should turn up. — I'm enclosing a letter which I started to open by mistake & the receipt of your doctor's bill. — I'm trying to get a few more letters written also am enclosing a letter from Gertrude. — Now I must stop but not without thanking you for all you did for us both financially & otherwise. I just would not have been able to get the things for Xmas that you did. And I am getting my lovely coat on Wednesday. The more I think about it the better I think it is and I should wear it for years.

Will you please thank Tante Flo for her very warm & sympathetic letter that came this morning. I'll write to her and Uncle Harry before too long. I wish we might see them & they the children. — I'll write again the end of the week. Very much love mother as always. You know my heart is in the right place. Caroline

June 17, 1957

Dear Aunt Lisa:

It is really June 18 now but I am going to leave the historic date in the Service family at the top of this letter. It is a date that is going to be circled in red in my mind for the rest of my life.——All try to collect my thoughts in some coherent form to write this short note to you.——Gin went to Philadelphia for the weekend getting back just about Monday noon. She had a two o'clock appointment to have a wisdom tooth out so I decided that I wouldn't turn on the news until we got back from that. There usually isn't any Supreme Court news till the three or four o'clock broadcasts. But at twenty to two, just as Gin and I were about to go out the door, the phone rang and a man said he was calling from the United Press. I literally held my breath. The man could hardly get out the words for stuttering. Whether he too was excited or whether he naturally stutters I will never know. After a few agonizing seconds he managed to ~~get out~~ that the Supreme Court had just announced an 8-0 decision in "your husband's favor." Well, I let out my breath and Gin could see by the expression on my face that it was joyful news. I thanked the man and gave him Jack's phone number which is what he wanted. And then I hung up and Gin and I just stood and hugged each other. In about a minute the phone rang again and it was Jack telling me the news. He hadn't known that the UP man had phoned me first. Just about all we could manage to say to each other was how happy we were. Then I tried to call my mother and sister but no one was home but my quite deaf aunt. However I did manage to shriek hurrah loudly enough for her to understand that Jack had won. Then we rushed out of the apartment and were only 15 minutes late for the dentist appointment. Tooth was out in a whisk and we were back home shortly after three. We heard the news on the four o'clock broadcast and from then the phone began to ring and didn't stop much before midnight. Dear old Ludden phoned from Germany—he'd been listening to a German broadcast! And Morgan Slayton phoned. He was in N. Y. for just one day and was riding from the station to his hotel and the taxi radio was on so he heard the news. We persuaded him to come out in the evening and then I phoned Jody and her husband and got them to come over too because I've been wanting to do this for about three years! They came shortly after nine each bringing a bottle of champagne and a friend in the apartment house came up bringing another bottle. We should have furnished the champagne but we hardly got any supper, let alone champagne. About 8:30 I managed to make some hamburgers and we beat up some milkshakes and that is what we had. Jack had got home about seven looking like the victor returning from a long tough battle. The day was boiling hot and what with the television cameras beating on him in the late afternoon and then the subway ride he was dripping with sweat. Philip watched TV and called us when a news broadcast was on. J. looked fine in one of them, but in another his eyes were black but that may have been our TV set. Anyway I thought he looked wonderful and I liked what he said.——Yesterday we managed to pull ourselves together a little altho the phone continued to ring both here and in Jack's office and lots of telegrams came in. Will you please thank the Searey's for their's. Will write Shirley a note but it probably won't be till after I get Philip off to camp. The Jarrings sent us some beautiful red roses and she phoned. Mrs. Stillwell phoned Jack from California. I could not help thinking of five and a half years ago when Jack was fired. Then the phone rang constantly too and letters and telegrams came, but all was sadness and grief, and we felt as tho a block-buster had been dropped on us. Jack and I sat in Ed Rhetts office and there seemed no place to go and nothing more to do—just as tho we'd gone down a large black hole. But right then Ed said he was going to try to take the case to court and I think at that moment he was the only person who thought there was even a ghost of a ghost of a chance that a case could be gotten into court or that someday it would win. I know I didn't. Ed has been magnificent. I often wonder how we would have managed all these years without the love and confidence and help of our friends and family.——Before you get this you will have seen or talked with Jack. I haven't even read the court opinion as J. took it to Washington with him. Just what happens now we don't know—am sure the State Dept. doesn't either and I can't help but wickedly hope that they are scratching their respective heads. They must have thought they'd never see Jack again. We may go

on the ping steam forever, but I should think that there'd have to be some kind of technical reinstatement in any case, and then I suppose that Jack's career could be "jerry-rigged" in whatever way is going these days. But nothing can be done the way it was before. Also to tribe me any more "opinions", pro and con, which you may glean on this subject.

I haven't properly answered your letter at all and really don't try to except to say that I think Mark has done nobly in all his work and I am very impressed about the amount of Latin he has had and that he is now taking both French and German. My one real complaint about public schools is that they don't stress languages enough. Will get the book on "The Kaiser" you recommend as the two I have read aren't biographies and I'd like to read a good one. I hope the boys and Ellen have a fine time in "the west." Teddy must, especially, love all the riding.——Lisa, thanks for your call the other evening. I didn't know till then that you had already talked with Jack in his office. And please thank your parents again for their good wishes. I think most of the Foreign Service, with a few exceptions that both you and I can name, must be happy about this decision. Give our love to Connie too.——Will try to make my next letter more coherent. Much, much love to you and Marshall.

Caroline

Thanks for the Dylan Thomas article. I don't see how his wife stood it. He was no doubt a genius but imagine being married to that kind of man. Awful!

Had a telegram from the Seiberts, too.

Gin is off on Friday and very happy about her summer plans. But she's too thin. Weighs only 110 and is five feet six. This makes her look elegant but another five pounds wouldn't hurt.

You must have been soaking up your air-conditioning these last few days.

Bob heard the news in the wilds of Wyoming - Yellowstone Park to be exact.
We're going to be in Guilford, Conn. with the Heads, July 2 - 8.

APPENDIX 5

Lawyers	Libel	
Ed Rhetts (case)	1962 - 1963	9,000 (paid earlier) 25,000 (Sale of Sauce Stock) 1962 4,000 (1963) 2,000 (1964) $40,000 (case)
(Sauce Lawyer (Ike Rosen)) Sauce suit		(23,000 (1962))
Washington Lawyer - (Warner-Gardner) (case)		4,000 (case) (1962)
Joe Rauh (")		7,000 (case)
		$74,000

Case
40,000
7,000
4,000
$51,000

Others

Ginny & Griffith	$3,000.-
Bob	3,000
Mudgetts (Midge & Mary)	6,000
Oberlin	3,000
Philips - for £s	3,000 (1963)
	18,000

74,000
18,000
$92,000

(over)

Sasco Sales

Income Tax on Sasco Windfall

320,000
47,670
252,230.00
— 522.00 extra
251,708.00

Salary refund 32,500.00
Income Tax — 5,750.—
26,750.00
Retirements — 525.00
26,225.00

+ 26,225
277,933.00
— 92,000.—
185,933.00

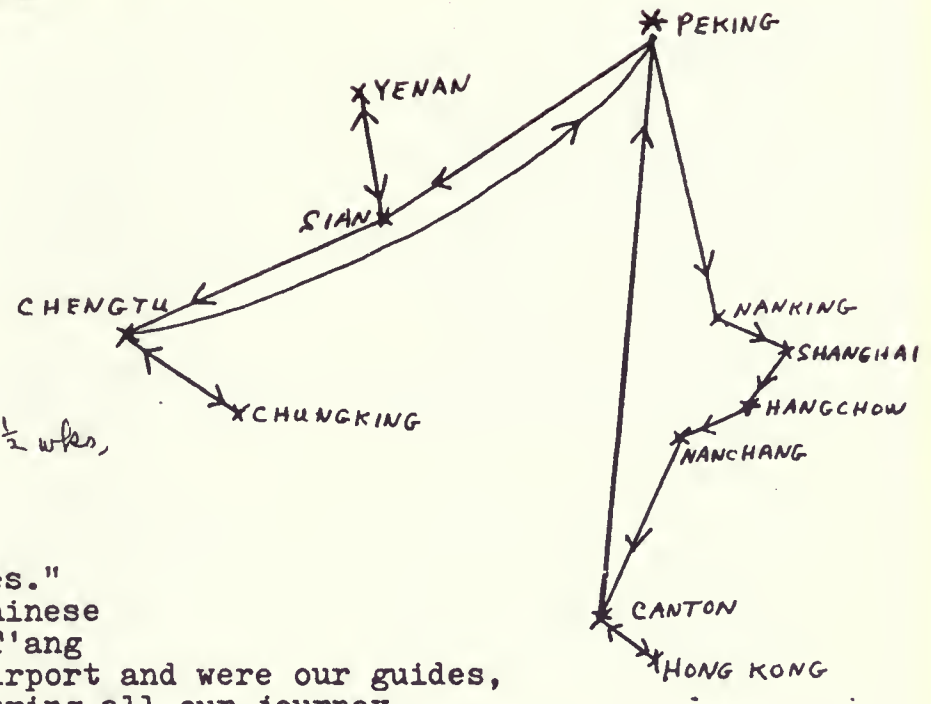
House — 49,500.—
$136,433.00

C.S.

Later
Perkin $4,000

Pub. D.

CHRISTMAS 1971



Dear

On September 23rd Jack and I left San Francisco for the People's Republic of China. Fifty-six hours later, after a night in Honolulu and another in Hong Kong, and a direct flight from Canton to Peking, we put down at the Peking airport. The entire time we were in China, 6 ½ wks, we were the guests of "The Chinese People's Association for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries." Our two interpreters (Jack's Chinese stood him in good stead), Mr. T'ang and Miss Meng, met us at the airport and were our guides, companions, and good friends during all our journey.

We traveled about 6,500 miles (or 10,800 kilometers--think metric!) inside China--about 4,400 by air, 1,100 by rail, and 1,000 by car on trips outside the various cities we visited. In Peking, where we spent 17 days in all, we stayed at the old Grand Hotel de Pekin (now a guest hostel) where Jack and I used to go dancing so many years ago. The dining room was a small UN--Japanese, Koreans, Southeast Asians, Iranians, Africans, Western Europeans, Eastern Europeans, some other Americans, and even three people from the island of Mauritius. One thing that interested me was that none of the women from Eastern Europe wore pants outfits, whereas most of the other women did.

Our Peking stay was divided into two parts. During the first ten days we enjoyed the national holiday centered on October 1st. We did a great deal of sight-seeing--places we had been before and some new ones; visited the fine art and archeological museums in the Imperial Palace; spent a morning in a hospital where we saw three operations done under acupuncture anesthesia; went to a large commune, and saw an oil refinery. Whenever we had nothing else to do we went walking or shopping on our own. The old Legation Quarter seemed very deserted, peopled mostly by ghosts of the past. And all the city walls are gone. Only the gates are left standing. Peking has vast suburbs which have spread out in every direction.

A week after the National Day reception all the Americans in Peking, about 70 of us, mostly visitors but a few residents, were asked to an evening reception with Chou En-lai. This was the first meeting between him and Jack since the spring of 1945.

Immediately after this we spent two weeks in western China. First, Sian. There we saw more fine museums and a neolithic village, c. 3000 B.C., only part of which has been excavated. The Chinese are taking great care of their antiquities. From Sian we flew to Yenan which has become a kind of shrine of the Revolution. Jack spent about four months there altogether, in the summer and fall of 1944 and again in the spring of 1945. We saw the cave house which he shared with Col. David Barrett, and the house in which Jack once had a very long conversation with Chairman Mao.

(over)

From Yenan we flew back to Sian, where we visited a secondary school, and then on to Chengtu, the capital of Szechuan, where Jack and his brothers were born. The house and compound are still there, lived in now by several Chinese families who were completely astonished to see strange foreigners coming to look at their house. Szechuan is the only place we experienced "mob" scenes, in the sense that no foreigners have been there for many years, and people wanted to see what foreigners look like! I was laid low by bronchitis in Chengtu and stayed there--ministered to by a pleasant lady doctor and Hsiao Meng--while Jack and Lao T'ang went to Chungking for three days. This is the city in which Jack spent most of the war years.

Then back to Peking for a week. It was at this time that Jack had a three-hour meeting with Chou En-lai in which I was also included, and which naturally made me feel good. I suppose the private meeting with Chou was the climax of our trip.

From Peking we went to Nanking, Shanghai, and Hangchow--each for two or three days--by train. Shanghai was one of our old homes and we saw where we used to live and where Jack went to school as a boy. We also visited factories and saw urban housing developments and kindergarten-nursuries. Nanking and Hangchow were both new to us. Nanking is a pleasant, uncrowded city with a fine park, a famous bridge across the Yangtse, and the Sun Yat-sen Mausoleum, among other things. Both here and in Peking we visited excellent and well-kept zoos, and there were giant pandas in both zoos. Hangchow is one of the great beauty spots of China. Its beautiful West Lake has been famous for centuries. We had hoped to go to Changsha and Shao Shan, but when we reached Nanchang by air we were told that the weather in Changsha was too bad to land there. So we flew straight on to Canton for our last four days in China. Then back to Hong Kong for a few days, and a fast flight home where we arrived tired out (the bronchitis had finally caught up with Jack), and where we have been sorting out our thoughts and experiences ever since.

Our impressions?----well, for the most part they are very like those of all the other foreigners who have visited China recently, but unlike most of them, our impressions have been heightened by the fact that we both--Jack was born there--lived in the old China. We felt as tho we were seeing a new country. The old semi-feudal China, racked by internal decay and external pressure, is gone. In all our travels we saw no signs of hunger or starvation. People are well fed and clothed. A few patches in the country, but no rags anywhere. There is no dire poverty or grinding toil. Children of all ages are well cared for. In the old China girl babies were sometimes left to die, and many girl children were sold into semi-slavery and prostitution. We were told by both Chinese and foreigners that prostitution and VD are practically non-existant in China. People work hard, usually a seven and a half or eight hour day, but nearly everyone, including country people, has a long noon rest period--one to two hours. Both Jack and I noticed a great feeling of equality and comradeship between men and women, and women are in nearly all kinds of work. We were told that 50% of the doctors and dentists are women.

There are millions of bicycles. In both city and countryside, along with buses, they are the main form of transportation. There are no more rickshas; only a few pedicabs mostly used by old people. The rest of the traffic consists of trucks and carriers of various kinds, and "private" cars for official use. We were taken by car wherever we went unless our destination was within walking distance.

There are many other things to write about. The clothes which are not all blue--dark brown and green and grey and khaki are also popular, and women wear light-colored blouses under their jackets. Some middle school girls wear gaily printed skirts and white blouses during the warm weather, and little children are brightly clad. Both men and women wear pants and jackets, often of different colors, so the effect is not necessarily of a "suit." Girls wear their hair in two pigtails, long or short; older women have bobbed hair. People smile easily, and little children nearly always clap hands when they see foreigners. It is customary to clap right back, and this we did. We had no difficult or unpleasant experiences. Nor, except for the bronchitis which hit others as well, did we have any healthy problems. Everything, city streets included, is kept very clean. We ate Chinese meals twice a day. Our breakfasts were foreign; in Peking we were always served yogurt in little china pots, a custom, I suppose, left over from the days when the Russians were in Peking.

China is bursting with industrialization. Irrigation projects of all sorts--dams, canals, and hydro-electric works--have been completed and are being expanded. There is electrification all through the countryside. Reforestation is being carried forward on a vast scale, and there is extensive and intensive land cultivation and reclamation. The man-made ravages of past generations are being repaired.

I could go on and on. But one last small item. Many of the planes we rode in--all Ilyushins, the largest of which was a prop-jet--had background music. But not the very small planes in which we flew to Yenan and back, Ilyushin twelves. After we were aloft and the tea and fruit had been served, the little stewardess, on both occasions, said she would entertain us with some songs. Whereupon she sang us three Shensi peasant songs. The passengers, 16 of us, all clapped our appreciation, she smiled, and the flight was soon over. Her costume was blue pants, a khaki jacket, and a little visored cap, and she looked about fifteen, although actually nineteen. I asked!

This brings many Merry Christmas and Happy New Year wishes from us both----------

Caroline and Jack.

Events vindicate Sen. McCarthy's victim

By ARNOLD ALRAMS
Times special correspondent in the Far East

HONG KONG—On the day following Peking's admission to the United Nations, Premier Chou En-lai summoned an old acquaintance to reminisce about past troubles and talk of future possibilities.

It was a poignant occasion for the premier's guest, a former United States foreign-service officer named John Stewart Service. The U. N. vote marked another major vindication of prophetic judgments Service had made and been punished for in the past; savoring it in the presence of Chou was more than he had ever dreamed.

"It was one of the most moving moments of my life," Service said in an interview last week. "Chou welcomed me warmly. He said he was sorry for the personal misfortunes I've suffered because of my friendship for China. He said my reports had been accurate, and that it was most unfortunate that the policies I had tried to promote were meeting such belated acceptance."

HE SAW CHOU on two occasions, however, and came away feeling that the passage of time had taken little from the premier, whom he described as an "extremely patient, very controlled" man who is "the master of his situation."

John Stewart Service
1957 photo

On the other hand, he said, China itself had changed significantly in the 27 years since he last saw the country. A tall, distinguished-looking man with greying hair and professorial manner, Service's taciturn face turned animated as he described evolving features of a life-long love.

"The face of the land has changed," he said. "Farming communes, irrigation projects, terraced hillsides, planted trees — they've all changed it. But most impressive of all is the change in the Chinese people. They have a self-confidence that I never saw before."

REVISITING long-remembered places with his wife was fine, said Service, who was born and reared in China by missionary parents. But his feelings when he first crossed Hong Kong's border bridge to re-enter China were far more intense.

"Almost impossible to define," he remarked. "It was a feeling of great satisfaction, a feeling of coming home — of returning to a place I never thought I would see again."

He displayed no visible emotion, however, when outlining his troubles and the treatment he suffered during the McCarthy period. "I was never bitter," he said, "because I always expected to win."

Service, now 62, was among the group of government specialists victimized by the wave of political controversy and national recrimination that engulfed the United States after Mao Tse-tung's Communist forces drove Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists from the China mainland in 1949.

FOR FILING reports contrasting the Communists' growing popularity and power with the Nationalists' corruption and weakness, and for urging Washington to deal pragmatically with the Communists because they were probable winners, these men subsequently were accused by the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of being responsible for America's "loss" of China.

Chou is well-versed in that chapter of United States history, said Service, who was discharged by the State Department in 1951, reinstated by the Supreme Court six years later, and retired in 1962. But rather than dwell upon the past, the Chinese leader devoted most of their three-hour meeting to discussion of the future.

Chou largely reiterated previous demands for withdrawal of all United States forces from Southeast Asia, and the end of American treaty ties to Taiwan; but he also extended an interesting new offer to Chiang.

ACCORDING TO Service, the premier suggested that Chiang relinquish his position on Taiwan and return to the China mainland where, Chou promised, he would be granted an "honorable position." Chou did not elaborate, Service said, adding: "I don't think he expects Chiang to take up that offer."

The former foreign-service officer, a faculty member since 1962 at Berkeley's Center for Chinese Studies, declined to speculate on reports of recent political upheaval within China. He said he saw no indications of unrest.

He also declined to predict the outcome of President Nixon's planned visit to Peking. He noted, however, that the Chinese "generally play their cards pretty straight, and when they say they will not budge on the issue of Taiwan, they probably mean it."

IN HIS TIME, Service did a lot of card playing as well as negotiating with Chinese leaders; he also drank their wine and danced with their wives at weekend parties. He did much of this during three months spent at Yenan, the Communists' wartime headquarters, as a member of Dixie Mission, an ill-fated United States effort to establish contact with them in 1944.

Dixie Mission was a potential turning point in Sino-American history. It marked the peak of wartime relations between American and Communist leaders, and Service was in at the start. With eight years' China experience already behind him, and serving as a political adviser to Gen. Joseph Stillwell, Washington's special envoy, he came to know Peking's future leadership as intimately as any American ever has.

Service was greatly impressed by the "intellectual grasp of major issues" that Mao demonstrated in many conversations, including one marathon affair lasting eight hours. Mao, he said, "was an easy man to talk to" at that time: it may be less easy now. Service did not see the chairman during his Peking-sponsored six-week tour.

Service's trouble started in 1945, when charges of disloyalty were leveled by Gen. Patrick Hurley, President Roosevelt's specially-appointed ambassador to China, against embassy staff specialists who opposed him on most major issues; soon afterward came the Amerasia Case, in which Service and others were accused of passing classified documents to a left-wing magazine.

Although a grand jury quickly cleared him of those charges, they surfaced again in 1951, at the peak of the McCarthy crusade. They effectively ended his government career, even though he was subsequently rehired by the State Department.

IS THERE REALLY no bitterness over a shattered career, ruined because of the opportunistic actions of a political demogogue? There was a knowing nod, recognition of deep hurt, but it was quickly replaced by a smile and signs of inner peace.

"I've had a good life," said John Stewart Service, one day after revisiting China. "I'm ending up with a certain amount of honor, and I've never had to go back on what I've said, or to work for a policy I thought was wrong. I've kept my self-respect. These days that's pretty good, I think."

APPENDIX 8

p. 29

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1975

My Title was "Chinese Spring, 1975" But the article is mine

Homage to China

Much better than this one.

By Caroline Service

BERKELEY, Calif.—It is a truism to say that without food nothing else is possible. My husband and I spent April, May and June in China. In May, as we traveled from Peking to the banks of the Mekong River in far southwestern Yunnan province, my thoughts about China centered on food growing.

We traveled by plane, boat, and minibus; but the greater part of our trip was by train—first from Peking to Hankow, and later from Kunming to Changsha, a long circuitous route through the little-seen (by foreigners) provinces of Yunnan, Kweichow and Kwangsi.

From the train windows we could see endless cultivated fields mixed with terraced hills, uncultivated mountainsides and, occasionally, poor land with sparse crops.

In the north the winter wheat was standing green in the fields, just beginning to ripen; in central China it was ready for harvesting or was already in; and in the southwest a second crop of rice was being transplanted.

One day, looking from the train window at the people working in the fields, I said to our woman companion: "We are all riding on the backs of the food growers." As I said this many things about China fell into place in my Western mind.

Without the mighty effort that has been made to be self-sufficient in food, the Chinese could not have made their enormous forward strides in other fields. This self-sufficiency has been achieved by devoted, persistent, and determined effort — not only in the cultivation of food itself, but in the building of vast irrigation and flood-control projects, and in the manufacture of chemical fertilizers.

Mechanization is taking place all over China. There is no unemployment and the Chinese hope to keep it that way. How increased mechanization and full employment will be integrated with each other in the future is still a question for the future. Today nearly all the young people from the cities go down to the countryside when they graduate from middle school.

These young people stay in the country, usually not far from their own homes, for a few years, and then most of them return to the cities to jobs in factories, offices, or government. Some go into the army, and a few go on to university. Other young people replace them in the countryside.

In the United States, where so much of what we eat seems to originate in a supermarket, and where agriculture is largely big business, we rarely connect the food we eat with individual human labor. Except for the migrant farm workers, whom most people prefer to forget, we are generally unaware of the immediacy of food production.

The vast bulk of the food raised in the United States is done by 4 or 5 per cent of the population, not 80 or 85 per cent as in China. There is no general consciousness in the United States, except when wheat is sold to the Soviet Union, of the absolute, overriding importance of food production.

In China it is impossible to be unaware of this importance. By the time we returned to Peking in early June the winter wheat was just on the point of being harvested. Everyone, the foreigners as well as the Chinese, talked of the harvest. To me, brought up in cities, this was a new and exciting experience.

Secondary schools dismissed their classes in rotation so that students could go to the nearby countryside to help with the harvest. The doctor who was treating my back at the hospital told me one day not to come the next day as he would be in the country "helping with the harvest." It is easy to suppose that this was just a symbolic gesture, but if so it was a willing one.

When I think back to the 1930's, to the chaos, hunger, starvation, disease and grinding poverty that had a hammerlock on China, the transformation that has taken place since 1949 is nothing less than stupendous.

I never met anyone in China in the nineteen-thirties who had any idea that China could advance from medieval misery to a modern state in the short space of 25 years.

In fact, everyone just assumed that China would always be "poor and backward and miserable" — nothing could be done for such a mass of illiterate people most of whom were landless peasants.

But it has moved into the world of today by the heroic and selfless labors of its own people. I would think that a nation such as ours, which prides itself on its own work ethic, would understand China's great achievement and wish it well.

Caroline Service lived in China from 1933 to 1940 with her husband, John Stewart Service, once a leading State Department expert on that country.

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